AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR M

MAY 1980 $2.00*

AMAZING EXCLUSIVE
Ayatollah Khomeini writes about sex and behavior

INTERVIEW
An unrepentant Bob Hawke

MIND POWER
The way to beat illness

Sex and censorship in the Aussie cinema

Your sexual horoscope

Australia's first
Playmate of the Year

PHOTO REPORT
Behind the lines with Asia's most vicious rebels

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PLAYBILL

May, a month to remember. Remember Rosemary Paul, our first cover girl, our stunning Playmate of October? Well, Rosemary has brushed aside the hottest competition a beautiful young girl can face to win the judges' acclaim as our first *Playmate of the Year.* For this historic honor, Rosemary wins cash and prize — an Alfa Romeo Alfasud Sprint — to the value of $25,000. To celebrate her joy — "The news left me speechless"— Rosemary strikes a new series of dramatic and revealing poses for **Rico Mettbach** in a very stylish pictorial.

Amid the Afghanistan crisis, the other tragic Asian country, Kampuchea, has been forgotten. PLAYBOY jogs the memory of social conscience this month with a young Australian's incredible account of life among the Khmer Rouge. **Joseph Murphy** has spent most of the past eight years in Indo-China. His story and photographs blend into an incredibly moving record of life and death in that savaged land we call Kampuchea.

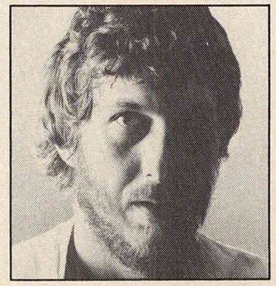
Life and its beginnings weigh heavily, too, this month on the zany mind of the inimitable **Phillip Adams.** Our occasionally resident humorist goes into the backyard and the fish tank to observe the sexual trysts of animals, insects, snails and even octopuses. **Leone Bremer-Kamp's** art work is an impish foil for Adams' voyeuristic journey into the wild kingdom.

Complementing Playmate of the Year Rosemary Paul is a fetching young Kiwi, Debbie Cole, who bares her rustic soul and luscious body for **Colin Stead's** camera as *Playmate of the Month.* Photographer **Nick De Scoise** adds visual spice with an intriguing fantasy pictorial about a girl-on-the-end-of-the-telephone . . . and glamor, too, comes in word form, the words of Linda Ronstadt, the songbird with a face to launch a thousand ships. Coaxed by interviewer **Jean Vallely,** the first lady of rock talks candidly about herself, her career and the life in her men.

We commend two contrasting articles by a pair of fine science writers. **David Black,** in Mind Power and Medicine, examines the power of the human mind to arrest debilitating and even fatal disease, while **Bill Congreve** journeys into space to find the fountainhead of an unlimited power source which NASA (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration) believes may eventually convert the world's energy shortfall into a surplus.

The freelance writer and photographer **Allan Moult** describes an underwater hunt at night for a photograph — of an angry territorial grey reef shark. It's a one-that-got-away story with differences, one difference being that Moult gives would-be scuba divers an exciting but practical lesson with words and pictures. Then we have former Australian Ambassador to Washington **Alan Renouf** examining the possibility of a neutral Australia. There's **Seth Gregory** giving basic advice on how the futures market works, while film-maker **John Lamond** reviews the very relevant relationship between censorship and sex in the Australian cinema.

The fiction in Australian PLAYBOY this month is a double offering of the best and the brightest. Two of Australia's finest writers, **Robert Drewe** (best sellers *The Savage Crows* and *Cry from the Jungle Bar)* and **Morris Lurie** have supplied two superb fiction pieces. Drewe writes of a languishing cartoonist with anguished recollections and delusions. Lurie has produced a finely wrought story about two lovers and the spectres of infidelity. So much for fiction; the facts are that this issue, with lovely Rosemary Paul as Playmate of the Year, is a magazine to enjoy, and enjoy again.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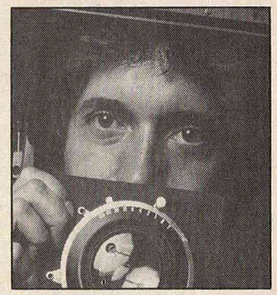
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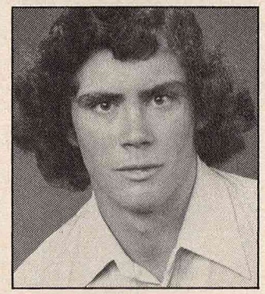
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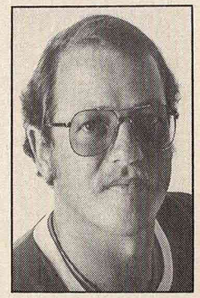
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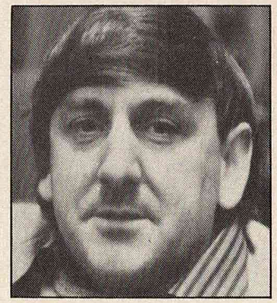
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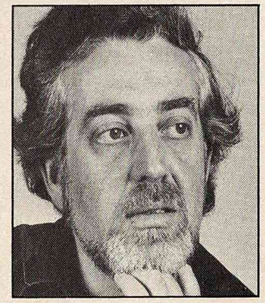
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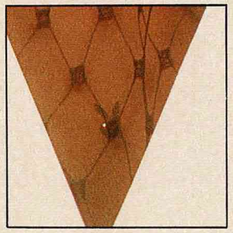

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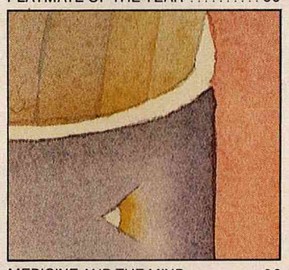

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Hi-Fi to turn on your friends, even when it's turned off.

Too often with hi-fi equipment, something that looks good doesn't sound good. And equipment that sounds good often doesn't look good.

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The semi automatic direct drive turntable spins around at the chosen speed with incredible accuracy. A stroboscope and speed control help you keep it that way. Wow and flutter is just 0.04%.

The cassette deck features a Dolby noise reduction system to remove the hiss and leave you with just the music.

The speakers are a 3-way, bass reflex system that provides crisp, clear sound right through the frequency range.

The whole lot matches, with a brushed steel finish, and it's housed in a simple, stunning matching rack with glass fronted record storage.

The price? Around $1300.* Add up all the components, and it becomes quite a neat bargain. The Sanyo F7 system. Hi-fi that's as good to look at as it is to listen to.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

WESTERN WONDER

All right, fellas — you've done it again! Back in February, '79, I thought you'd given yourselves a hard act to follow with sumptuous Karen Pini.

But the Wondrous West has even more treasures to offer — Australia's own Charlie's Angel, or should I say Priest? In a word — wow! Incidentally, isn't there a remarkable resemblance between Jane Priest and Candy Loving?

L. O'Toole
Sherwood, Queensland

NEW STYLE

Your February centrefold of Lesley Clark was the first I have really appreciated. What's wrong with me you may ask yourselves. Well, it's not so much the subject, but rather the presentation. The February centrefold is the only one that I can recall being sharply in focus. The previous centrefolds have all been the "soft look", i.e. they appear slightly hazy.

Maybe most guys like the soft look. I don't! I like my women completely in focus. After all, a centrefold is there to be looked at. I hope to see more "in focus" centrefolds in future. Please keep 'em coming!

Leo Johnston
Richmond, Victoria

Styles change, Mr Johnston, and it looks like you're right in tune with the times. Our "dreamy" look is giving way to a crisper and more defined presentation.

QUEEN OF HEARTS

Thank you for a great magazine, long awaited and much appreciated. I have read every issue so far. I must congratulate you on the January, 1980, Playmate, Bronwyn Parker. To me, she is really the "Queen of Hearts". A truly beautiful woman — closely followed by both Rosemary Paul and Karen Pini.

Andrew Jenkins
Jannali, NSW

BO BLUES

"Sitting in my lonely cell, locked in with my thoughts, thinking of the girl I loved who never cared at all."

These are the first two lines of a song a former cellmate of mine wrote, and they convey my feelings precisely after seeing your wondrous layout of beauty; a more magnificent specimen of womanhood than Bo I

cannot recall. She is truly beyond compare.

I would cut off my right arm for a single night with Bo, but since this is impossible, how about putting in another photograph? If you don't publish a picture of her again, I shall surely go quite insane.

A. Bartho
HM Prison
East Maitland, NSW

Keep a grip on yourself, Mr Bartho. Here comes Bo to the rescue with another picture we're sure will save your sanity.

NUMBER ONE

As most people are aware, there are two men's magazines in Australia and, as a result, there has been quite a deal of argument about which should be number one.

As far as I'm concerned, and I know many people will agree with me, Australian PLAYBOY is number one. If you continue your interesting articles and stunning pictorials, you will have no trouble maintaining your winning position. If you can keep up the great standard, I won't mind being a rabbit.

J. Peet
Bexley, NSW

NATURAL BEAUTY

Your pictorial on Deborah (PLAYBOY January) was your best yet. It's nice to see a natural beauty for a change — as opposed to your usual painted, plastic centrefolds. Obviously, Deborah doesn't require make-up, because she's beautiful enough in her natural state.

Ken Avery
Box Hill, Victoria

AMAZING ADAMS

Thank you for your *Playboy Interview* with the remarkable Phillip Adams (January). His opinions as usual are interesting and his views on death controversial, but good reading.

Phillip Adams and Barry Humphries are unique Australians. Humphries, I hope, will also be interviewed by you. And a return to Phillip Adams would be enjoyed!

P. Taylor
Woonona, NSW

DARK BEAUTIES

So far, I have not missed a copy of Australian PLAYBOY, and I have thoroughly enjoyed each edition. But, as yet, there has not been a colored girl featured. So how about one for *Playmate of the Month.*

Stephen Wells
Gladstone, Queensland

Well, we're waiting to hear from all you colored ladies out there ...

BUY NOW

Your January, 1980, issue quotes on Page 11 that all back issues, except the first, are available. But Australian Consolidated Press (publishers of Australian PLAYBOY) inform me that only the month of March '79 is available. Now who's right?

Brian Andrew Sutcliffe
Brighton, Victoria

Sorry, Mr Sutcliffe, but you've got to be quick — we carry only limited back issues. Right now, our Back Copies department has a few issues left of November, December, January, February and March. But really, the only safe way is to rush out to the newsstands when each issue of PLAYBOY is published and buy your own copy.

A playboy's guide to cigars.

Any self respecting playboy must know enough to choose a cigar that enhances his image. (The image of a man who knows.)

A man who doesn't choose an oversized cigar, but one that gives ample choice of size and shape. Half Coronas. Panatellas. Scooters. Café Crème.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BLIND EYE

We hear of one particular health fund where more than a few claimants are testing the patience of the women clerks who process their claims. In the space provided to list the nature of your illness, some frustrated wits have been penning in "masturbation blindness".

The girls, we understand, turn a blind eye.

HER HABITS SLIPPED

A Catholic nun, Chelsea Newman, didn't take long to leave the pristine tenets of her faith behind after being expelled from her convent last year.

The former nun — who was asked to leave because "she showed some immature feelings" — degenerated to the sleazy life of a high-class call girl, barrister Ian Hayden told Mornington Magistrates Court in Victoria.

That her habits had slipped was evidenced by Senior Constable Tony Black. He told the court that, while investigating a prostitution racket, he and Senior Constable George Thornton had discussed prices with Newman in a motel room as she puffed on a marijuana cigarette. She told them it would cost $90 each for half an hour, or $130 an hour for sex, he said.

Newman, 24, now a clerk of High Street, Prahran, was placed on a $100 12-month good behavior bond for possessing and smoking marijuana. The charge of loitering for the purposes of prostitution was dismissed after Magistrate John Gleeson agreed with barrister Hayden that she was wrongly charged. "She was not doing it in a common way," Mr Hayden said. "It is a call-girl situation."

It certainly was an uncommon case.

REVERSE EFFECT

QUESTION: When does an operation on somebody else make you feel better?

ANSWER: When you happen to be the wife or lover of a man who has had a vasectomy done

Australian doctor James Leavesley polled 50 men who have had vasectomies — and reported their partners felt better for it. "The most dramatic result in the questionnaire was that almost half the women's general health improved," Dr Leavesley said. "You could say that he had the operation and she felt better."

Only one man, however, said that *his* health improved after the operation.

LOVE FINDS A WAY . . . .

A keen-eyed visitor to Perth Police headquarters recently couldn't help but notice a little extra-curricular activity in the well-tended garden courtyard.

There, among the luxuriant shrubbery, two carefree young girls brought a little pleasure into the lives of two ah . . . "hardened" criminals.

It was a sunny afternoon, and the girls were obviously overcome by the beauty of their surroundings. So were the two trustee prisoners who tend the gardens and are allowed visits from their loved ones.

What could be more natural, among the *monsterio deliciosa* and chirping crickets, than to pair off and make whoopee . . . even if it is in the full view of at least four policemen?

The only things not laid that afternoon were charges.

NASTY PLANT

A terrible piece of work is the double-gee plant. An inspired Englishman brought it here from South Africa in 1830 — to eat. The runners between the diabolically prickly seedpods taste a bit like spinach. The plant is called "dub-beltgee-doorn", or devil's thorn in Afrikaans, hence the "double-gee" Australianisation.

In WA, it is known as double-gee, in South Australia it is "three cornered jack" and in other States the "spiney emex" which is closest to its botanical name, *Emex Australis*.

All this preamble is to show the double-gee is a very nasty plant. So the thought of a domestic garden laced with them is horrible. That's why it is so difficult to believe that two

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young uni students got work as part-time gardeners at the Perth residence of Sir Charles Court and were only sacked weeks after they had planted double-gees throughout his lawn.

It is certain, however, that they are not the same men who were selling double-gees to Americans at Exmouth a few years ago. Their spiel was that the horrible prickly things were "Mountain Devil eggs", cradled in cotton wool in a matchbox to be kept at a constant temperature. And only $20 a pair.

IT REALLY HURTS

Some of these S & M places sure know how to hurt a guy. One in Sydney promises: "No sex, no massage, but satisfaction guaranteed."

NO NOSE

And on the drug front . . . an Australian manufacturer has developed a contact cement guaranteed to bring glue sniffers unstuck. Connoisseurs will be shocked to find the contact cement, called Safety Plus, has "no nose" and cannot make them high because it is non-toxic.

NO MORE MOOS

Alf Garnett would have a tough time keeping out of the courts in South Africa after the latest judgment which made legal history: a man was found guilty of slander because he called a woman a cow.

The hero of television's *Till Death Us Do Part* would no longer be able to refer to his wife as a "silly old moo" without the possibility of facing the same penalty imposed on Christian Ehrson, who pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined $180. Judge Chris Eksteen, however, suspended the fine.

The judge's decision reversed a ruling of 18 years ago which made it permissible to call a woman a cow.

EGG HAZARD

A word of advice to all those who want to avoid abnormally large drooping testicles (surely that must be the majority of us).

Our informant in Malaysia tells us it is customary, after a woman has her first baby, to celebrate with a banquet on the next full moon. At the end of the feast, red dyed eggs and slices of pickled ginger are distributed to guests as a symbol of fertility.

Now we come to the dangerous bit: men should avoid these eggs at all costs if the eggs have been boiled on the previous day. Otherwise, so they say, you could end up with a pair of testicles to do a prize bull proud.

You have been warned.

You're driving home from the pub and suddenly there's an almighty crash, and you're clambering out of the wreckage of your car. Stone cold sober, things would be bad enough, but after a few drinks you could be in real trouble with the breathalyser boys.

Until you remember the old bottle-of-brandy-under-the-seat trick. You take a few huge gulps. To calm the nerves, of course. Not even the police protests prevent you taking another gulp. After all, you've had a terrible shaking.

In court, you're charged with driving with a blood alcohol content more than three times the legal limit. You tell the court that, an hour before the accident, you'd had two glasses of wine. An analytical chemist gives evidence that you would have been under the limit at the time of the accident — although three times above it after your brandy binge. The evidence is accepted by the magistrate and the case dismissed.

Another defence is evidence from an analytical chemist to show the blood alcohol level would have been much lower at the time the accused person was driving than when the test was taken, because the alcohol takes time to be fully absorbed into the bloodstream.

So effective are these defences that the maximum penalty is rarely imposed in Australian courts and frequently the driver is given no penalty at all.

Not surprisingly, a number of analytical chemists are now specialising in the breath-test field.

Needless to say, the number of people driving round with flasks of brandy under the front seats of their cars has grown amazingly.

Nobody, however, has gone to the extremes of a French motorist who swallowed his breath test bag. A blood test showed why he did it!

PATRIZIA

Well-known in Italy for her romantic roles on TV and in the movies, Patrizia Gori loves life's simple pleasures.

Patrizia likes to put worldly worries aside, take a picnic basket into the garden — and get an all-over tan...

MARTHA

Little more than a year ago, Martha Thomsen, a shy student from the rolling wheat country of eastern America, decided to postpone her studies and take a job as an air hostess based in swinging New York. The high-flying life agrees with her, and she's putting off the decision to return to university. "I love this city," she says. "I may never leave."

Pre-budget stock still available!

One of the real ingredients of success is an open mind.

It is not easy to convince some people to drive a Citroën. But if you are successful enough to have a luxury car, may we ask whether you achieved that success by following everyone else?

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It makes normal driving expectations quite out of date. Its safety is remarkable, its high speed performance is sensational, its city performance makes driving a pleasure. It has a proven, simple, economical 4-cylinder engine. It has every luxury, mounted in what is possibly the most revolutionary car of its time.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

At the age of 18, I'm the only guy (I think) in my group of friends who is not yet sexually experienced. In fact, I've never even come close to scoring. I'm very nervous when I'm around girls, and my mates' efforts to line me up with someone only make me more embarrassed. I don't have homosexual tendencies because I'm very keen to find out what it's like to go to bed with a girl. It's just that, when I get close to one I like, my nerves cause me to blab like a fool, while inwardly I seize up — can you help? — N.L., South Australia.

In spite of what your mates say, not all men are fierce girl-chasers. There are many guys your age who are very sensitive about their sexual prowess and their experience. You'll improve your chances of meeting someone you like if you look further afield than the girlfriends your mates select for you. If you listen to women these days, you'll hear that most prefer non-aggressive men. That doesn't mean weak or insipid, but you can take our tip that they're sick to death of the likes of Tarzan and James Bond. Rest assured — your problem is something that most people now enjoying happy relationships experienced in their youth. And, like youth, it doesn't last long.

Why did Muhammad Ali drop the name of Cassius Clay? Did the religion he adopted require this? — K.N., Victoria.

Ali changed his name when he joined the Black Muslims, a black nationalist separatist movement founded in 1930 by Wali Farad as the "Nation of Islam". The group subscribes to the theory that black Americans were members of an ancient Muslim tribe. Devotees are required to adopt Muslim names, avoid all contact with white men and follow exemplary lives free of the "white vices" of drug taking, drinking and random fornication. After 1945, the preaching of black activist Malcolm X, who later broke with the movement, raised group numbers to 100,000. Black Muslims demand a separate state for blacks and reparation for wrongs inflicted at the hands of whites. Muhammad Ali, the three-time world heavyweight champion, is the movement's best-known convert.

Iam a young guy with very oily skin that's sensitive and blemishes easily. And I have little or no money to spend on expensive acne cream. Can you tell me about any natural, fairly inexpensive face cleansers? I've heard that both lemon juice and cucumber are quite good. — D.C., Queensland.

Did you know that Marie Antoinette used to go off her head over her oily skin? We found an old recipe of hers for a face mask: simmer two cups of milk, the juice of a lemon and a nip of brandy over a gentle flame. Apply to the face and allow to dry for 15 minutes, then rinse with cool water. Cucumber has been used to close pores, soothe tired eyes and clean the face since the 15th century. It contains a hormone that assists in preventing wrinkles. Mashed cucumber is great put on your face after a steam bath. Come to think of it, have the bath with a friend — she'll put roses in your cheeks as well.

My problem is women — women too weak and emotionally insecure to be true. In the past year, my love life has been riddled with women (which is okay considering I'm 20, male and normal), but unfortunately, all they ever seem to need from me is my shoulder to cry on! I'm not knocking it — it usually gets me where I want to be (in bed). But one-night stands aren't all there is in life. I have yet to stay with one woman for a whole month. Most of them go back to their original boyfriends and patch up broken relationships. Perhaps I shouldn't be so free with my advice. Am I doomed to play father confessor forever? — B.G., NSW.

That's up to you. If you give the impression of being a "father confessor", you'll continue to attract sad-eyed women, out to show their ex that they're still desired by a man — and almost any man will do. Maybe you should change your tack. Pluck up the courage to join a lively gathering of people talking about exciting things — and avoid the dark corners where you've been picking up all the lonely hearts.

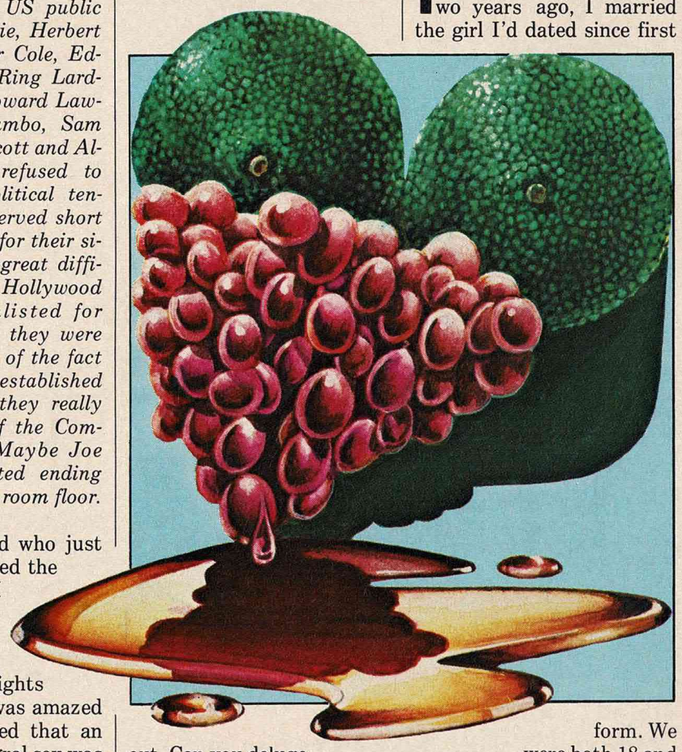
My wife and I are happily married and have had three children in the five years we've been together. Our sex life is perfect except that neither of us is looking forward to the next 25 years of her having to take the Pill and me feeling guilty about it. Several of my friends have had vasectomies, and I wonder if this isn't a much better way of preventing unwanted pregnancies and staying healthy — without drugs and mechanical claptrap? — B.C., W.A.

More than 30,000 Australian men had vasectomies last year, so you'd be joining one of the most popular clubs in the country — that of the happily married man with no desire for any more children in his present or in a future relationship. The operation itself is very simple, but should be regarded as permanent. It can be performed quickly in a clinic or surgery using only local anaesthetic. A small incision is made in the upper side of the scrotum and then the vas (tube) which lies just beneath is severed. The ends are sealed, and the vas is carefully placed back into the scrotum, which may not even require a stitch to repair the nick. Physically, it makes no difference to your sexual drive or performance, and most couples find that sex is even better without the threat of pregnancy and the danger and inconvenience of chemical contraception. Within a week of the operation, you'll feel great, and then you have three months (or 16 ejaculations — whichever comes first) to use up the sperm already in the tubes. After that, no worries — or babies.

Can you tell me what the Hollywood 10 was? I have heard many stories about politics in Hollywood, but

am puzzled by this particular reference. — A.J., NSW.

The Hollywood 10 was a renowned group of writers, producers and directors who refused to give evidence before the House Un-American Activities Committee (the US Government's version of a national witch hunt designed to expose communists and communist sympathisers in the US public eye). Alvah Bessie, Herbert Biberman, Lester Cole, Edward Dmytryk, Ring Lardner Jnr, John Howard Lawson, Dalton Trumbo, Sam Ornitz, Adrian Scott and Albert Maltz all refused to discuss their political tendencies and all served short prison sentences for their silence. They had great difficulty working in Hollywood and were blacklisted for years, long after they were released, in spite of the fact that it was never established whether or not they really were members of the Communist Party. Maybe Joe McCarthy resented ending up on the cutting room floor.



As a 26-year-old who just recently discovered the joys of oral sex, I have been busy making up for lost time. When discussing its delights with a friend, I was amazed when he remarked that an added benefit of oral sex was that it eliminated the risk of contracting VD. Is this true? — P.B., NSW.

Gasp! We hope your friend doesn't offer his advice to too many people. Because, if they're taking it, your area could be in for a VD epidemic. A number of strains of VD can be transmitted through oral contact, and syphilis heads the list. Gonorrhoea can be transmitted by fellatio as can the herpes simplex virus. What your friend may mean is that your chance of infection by way of oral contact may be considerably less than from penile contact. Several medical researchers believe this to be true, but don't accept it as gospel. If you think you've already been caught out, see your doctor or, better still, visit the free VD clinic attached to a hospital. Home remedies like vinegar douches and disinfectant gargle are no match for the hardy VD germ.

I suppose most of us take showers these days, but there's nothing like a warm bath; soaking in something sweet-smelling to get me in the mood for a big night out. Can you deluge me with ideas for baths for me and a pal— I.J., NSW.

Many ancient cultures developed their social life around group bathing. The Romans, for example, at their marble baths of Caracalla — which accommodated 2300 citizens at one time — held competitions to see who could come up with the most exciting bath fragrances. The winners have been handed down to us — skin-invigorating mineral, steam, herb, oil, and friction baths are all courtesy of the Roman Senators. But, since a group bath doesn't interest you, more intimate macerations can be had by soaking in a tub containing a sachet of camomile, rosemary and pine — it will attract your loved one and repel insects later in the evening. Almond or avocado oil in the bath soothes and helps prevent your skin from puckering up. Mary Queen of Scots used to bathe in tubs full of raspberry juice and perfumed milk, but the most expensive bath in history was undoubtedly taken by Queen Mary — who used nothing but best French wine!

Two years ago, I married the girl I'd dated since first form. We were both 18 and wanted to start a family. Two years and a lot of attempts later, we've found out that my wife can't have children. We're considering adoption, but it would be years and years before we could get the child. We are hoping Adviser can put us in touch with a local organisation similar to the one in America which arranges for the husband to father a child by another woman. The baby is then adopted by the husband and his wife. My wife and I both want a child who is at least a part of one of us. — G.B., Queensland.

As far as PLAYBOY *and the Child Welfare Department know, there is no such organised baby farm in Australia. If there is, it's illegal. We're sorry to sound negative, but are you aware of the problems you'd encounter if you tried to pay a girl to have your baby? The natural mother of a child born outside of a marriage has sole legal rights in determining its future. You, as its father, have* no *rights. Under the Adoption of Children Act, a single mother commits an offence if she places the child for adoption through anything other than an authorised adoption agency. In America, some courts have taken the view that a fee of $20,000 is a fair price for the mother of a child to be paid for such a "service"; our courts take a somewhat dimmer view of such contracts. It would be considered an unauthorised placement, and the court could ultimately refuse to allow you to adopt the child in your custody. You would only be considered legal guardians. The natural mother could quite easily apply to have the child returned to her, even years later. It's far better for you (and your future children) to go about adoption through legal channels.*

We're throwing a bucks' party for a friend, and would like to give him an inflatable love doll. Can Adviser tell me where I can buy one? — I. B., NSW.

Why any man who is getting the real thing in a few weeks would want a plastic lady seems a mystery to us. However, any sex shop can show you the latest latex model. Whichever of the popular characters (Fanny, Judy, Patsy or the Love Torso) you choose, she'll need a partner at the wedding. Superman Elton doll, a male love doll, should do the trick. Prices vary according to the doll's ability to please and the number of exotic optional extras. PLAYBOY *wishes your friend, his wife and dolls every happiness.*

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4888, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

WHINGEING YANK

I do believe I have discovered a new species: a whingeing Yank! G. M. Newberry's outburst *(The Playboy Forum,* February) is rather amazing in the light of many sullen Americans I met while visiting his homeland. I stress, however, that not all Americans that I met were unfriendly.

Furthermore, not all Australians are like the ones he describes, yet he refuses to concede that. His omission of a statement to that effect destroys his whole argument against Australians (and he is a PhD, no less!).

He also seems to be suffering from a dose of American superiority, a very common complaint. I suggest that, possibly, he has an unendearing manner at times when he is dealing with people.

Of course, the very sound of an American accent upsets a lot of Australians. This is generally traced back to the arrogance of US servicemen here during World War Two. The first impression we got was a bad one, and it stuck!

B. Breen
Kew, Victoria

DRINK AND DRUGS

The facts as written in Lee Patterson's investigation, Drink and Drugs in Australia's Armed Forces (PLAYBOY, December) are quite true. I served in the Citizen Military Forces (CMF) from May 1964 to November 1967, and the Australian Regular Army for nearly 10 years, from November 1967 through to June 1977.

In 1964, at 17, I was introduced to the evils of strong drink. If one didn't take part, one was considered to be not a straight bloke which, in the company of other soldiers, was to be without friends. Then I hit Vietnam in the late '60s. There it was — as much A-grade dope as you wanted and, with pockets full of cash, there was no problem getting it.

A pal of mine, an armored recovery vehicle (ARV) commander, could stay as high as a kite on two joints and a couple of cans of beer for about 24 hours. When he came back to Australia, he was a wreck.

Duty personnel know what goes on — just as I, as an NCO, did. The trouble is that these people are comrades in arms. One would become an extremely lonely man on base if one became a "dobber". So you turn a blind eye.

There is a system in the services called a "buddy system". You are a team; you cannot operate alone. In a strategic situation if you go for a crap, you take someone along with you to protect you. All this means if you dob a serviceman in, you are alone.

On many occasions, soldiers on active duty were doped up and their immediate superiors powerless to do anything, because they knew they would wear a round in the back of the head during the next encounter with the enemy if they ever dared to speak up.

I know of one fellow who found himself suspected of taking drugs, and his wife heard about it. When he got back to Oz, he found his wife had shot through and left the children with a neighbor. He took a length of garden hose, went out on the Puckapunyal tank range and gassed himself to death.

It's not only drugs either, or the beer-swilling privates and NCOs. The officers are just as bad. There are the ones who come on parade in the mornings pissed out of their minds and abuse hell out of the men. A digger feels belittled, so he grabs that reliable crutch — drink and drugs.

If he's lucky enough to have a "missus", he gets tanked up at the end of the day and takes his frustrations, his bitterness, his hatred for a "boss" he can't hit back at verbally or in any other way, out on her. I have seen many a good man and woman break up.

Army villages such as Anzac, Holsworthy, Singleton, and Puckapunyal, to name a few, are dens of iniquity where I have personally witnessed wild parties with booze and drugs and key swapping.

Incidentally, Regimental Aid Posts (RAPs) and military hospitals are just as guilty. They dispense drugs such as Valium for a simple toothache or headache.

John Allan
Ingleburn, NSW

FALLING ANGELS?

Why must the rock media (The Rock Machine, PLAYBOY, November) continually refer to The Angels as Australia's top band? The group perform re-hashed rock and roll, with a minimum of flair. The Brewster Brothers execute unimaginative, uninspired riffs and lead breaks. To our minds, bands such as Midnight Oil and The Boys Next Door display vigor and creativity that surpass the mediocrity of straight rock.

As for Doc Neeson's apparent musical dramatic abilities, why doesn't he, and the author of The Rock Machine (Paul Gardiner) take a look at Peter Garrett (Midnight Oil's lead singer). This man exudes something which is not often seen in the Australian music industry.

M. Harvey
A. Clark
Oakleigh, Victoria

QUOP MENACE

I must congratulate Gary Sturgess on his article Menace of the Quops (PLAYBOY, March) and PLAYBOY for publishing it. Most other papers and magazines seem to have the view that, as long as the Governments are not tampering with the freedom of the press, they don't give a shit what happens to the "small" man's rights and freedom.

Why don't you have Mr Sturgess as a regular contributor, monitoring each month what unlimited power all forms of government are giving themselves? We might not be able to stop them, but at least we will be awake to what the bastards are doing.

Patrick Dixon
Coorparoo, Queensland

THE OLDER WOMAN

It's like the bubbles on champagne: once they've gone, it seems flat. Men and women age in different ways — men lose interest as they get older, and women gain it. So it seems natural that older women are interested in younger men and sometimes beautiful and lasting relationships are formed

because the man rejuvenates her and helps to keep her attractive, while she supplies that extra bit of mothering men appreciate.

There is not one thing that makes a woman look more radiant than the love of a man, whatever her age.

However, there is the hovering fear of the competition with the younger girl and the insecurity when she is faced with her presence. Also, the self-consciousness of feeling criticism of some insensitive people.

The May-December romance can be an incredible interlude, an affair of ecstasy and enjoyment, or perhaps just a change from a dreary marriage partner.

What does it matter—love is ageless and, wherever we find it, let's envelop ourselves with it and enjoy it to the full.

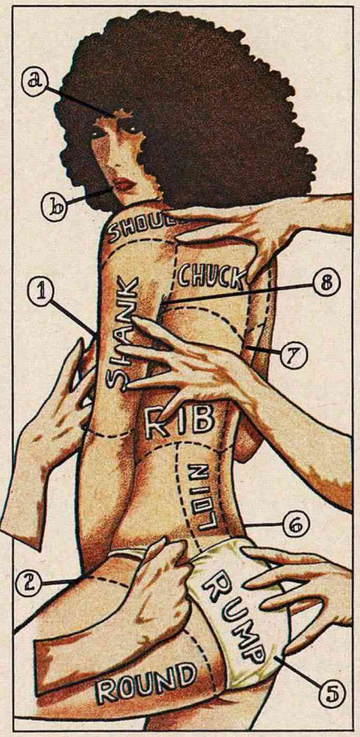
Aimee Swift
Bondi, NSW

NOT-SO-ROUGH RIDERS

Compliments to PLAYBOY and Ms Heather Brown for the fine feature Ride 'em Cowgirl (PLAYBOY, September). Unfortunately, these factual accounts of Heather Brown's trials and tribulations at a recommended rodeo clinic have prompted an unfavorable letter from a subscriber in the January edition. I am impelled to respond to this well-meaning person, as I object to the public slander of a wholesome sport, particularly by an authority whose depth of conviction is confirmed by his-her request to remain anonymous.

Rodeo may be defended from many standpoints; it is a traditional native Australian sport and a product of our heritage. It has a code of sportsmanship which, in my opinion, surpasses that of any existing sport with which I am familiar.

Sports such as rodeo are not cruel, because every recorded injury is undesirable and regretted. In fact, the Australian Rough Riders Association (ARRA) devotes four pages of its official rules book to conditions ensuring humane treatment to livestock involved. Flank straps that we use are not painful devices. They serve to increase the bucking animal's action and to cause him to kick higher. If it is pulled too tight, the animal cannot buck, and will be unable to stand.



The electric prodder is powered by from three to 10 flashlight batteries, with the average being three for rodeo use. The prod produces five to six thousand volts of electricity, but virtually NO AMPERAGE. The prods run on "induced voltage" with only one-millionth of an ampere present. And since amperes are what cause burns, the burning power of an electric prodder is entirely absent.

A person can run a comb through his hair and produce 25,000 volts of electricity — five times that used in an electric prod — but without amperage, the person feels no more than a tingle.

As the walls of a bucking chute are carefully enclosed to prevent a kicking animal from catching its hoof in an unnecessary gap, the allegation of prodding in the genitals is unbased, by reason of the obscure angle required to apply the prod. The complainant should take some lessons in anatomy.

The ARRA board of directors is adamant that rodeo must be supervised to minimise injuries and prevent instances of cruelty.

With due appreciation to Robert M. Miller, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, for his valued assistance.

Jim Stuart
Secretary
Australian Rough Riders Association,
Warwick, Queensland

HOW TO MAKE OUT

Nobody admits it, but the fact is everybody is eyeing everybody else up, usually checking out their sexual credentials. It has always happened: the wolf whistle, the sly look, the blatant bum pinching of the Italians. And there's nothing wrong in that.

But what I find unhealthy is the obsessive lengths to which it is taken these days. People STARE. Rather than a complimentary glance, the hungry gaze is everywhere on our streets, trying to eke out satisfaction from every square centimetre of naked flesh or flimsy dress. Rather than people expressing their sexuality openly and sincerely, it seems to be furtive.

Our society is supposed to be democratic, which means we should feel open to express ourselves without fear of recrimination. So I have a few suggestions: (1) Next time you board a bus or go into a restaurant alone, don't sit by yourself. There are usually a lot of people sitting alone. Just make your introductions and start talking. Something is bound to happen! (2) Instead of staring at a lady in the street, tell her how beautiful she looks. She might just return the compliment. (3) Accidentally bump somebody in a crowded store and make profuse apologies. All you have to lose is your fear!

Angus Throsby
Lane Cove, Sydney

SHELL BUFF

I am 18 years old and have been collecting shells for three years, having now amassed some 2000. I would like to point out some conspicuous errors in your article Sea Shells — a Beachside Goldmine (*Playboy's Pipeline*, February). The first of these is in connection with *conus gloriamaris* — the glory of the sea. Mr John Cockerill, the author, cites a figure of 25 specimens known. This figure was accurate until 1970, when two divers in the Solomon Islands discovered more than 100 specimens. The location was later destroyed by an earthquake, but specimens now turn up regularly in the Philippines, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands I know of 30 specimens in Mackay alone.

Further on it is claimed 500 types of cowrie are known. In fact, only 250 species are known. Most shells found in Australia by the Taiwanese are listed as Australian, as can be observed by viewing any Taiwanese dealer's price list.

The article also claimed the *volute thatcherie* was in the $500-$600 price range. In my experience they can be bought for $200. Something called a *queenslandica* is also mentioned. If the shell referred to is *pellasimnia queenslandica*, 50 cents is more accurate. If it is a *cypraea queenslandica*, $900 is more appropriate.

The article fails to mention that, unless it is a very rare shell, a dead-collected specimen is of little or no value. The shell must be collected with its animal still in residence, otherwise color and gloss are sacrificed and the value therewith. The animal is usually removed after collecting to prevent odor, but in a scientific collection, it may be preserved either inside the shell itself or in a separate container.

L. S. Jones
Mackay, Queensland

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EXPERIENCE

a visit to the doctor can be traumatic — or it can be positively stimulating

I AM 39 and a bachelor. I play regular sport (both outdoor and indoor), keep myself in pretty fair condition, enjoy a reasonable sex life and consult a doctor only once every couple of years. Recently, because of pressure of work, my sex life was going through a drought period. Imagine my consternation when a very itchy rash developed on my scrotum, under my penis, on the inner thighs and towards my anus. It was just about driving me mad, so my biennial visit to the local GP was brought forward.

After the receptionist had taken down the necessary information on a file card, I was ushered in to the doctor's consulting room. Surprise! Surprise! Seated at the table was a woman. Taking the card from the receptionist and glancing at it, she waved towards the chair and said: "Sit down, Mr P---. What appears to be the trouble?" "Well," I stammered, "it's rather a personal thing."

"Mr P---, all illnesses are of a personal nature, and if it is of a sexual nature, you can possibly now realise how a woman may feel being intimately examined by her male doctor."

What had I got to lose — except a rash? So I told her of my complaint. She listened attentively, taking notes all the time, then told me to go into the examination room, remove all my clothes and lie on the table. I was just taking off my underpants when she came in.

She proceeded to take my temperature and blood pressure, completely ignoring the area of my complaint. As she turned away to the shelf on the opposite side of the small room, I had a chance to check her out. She was dark-haired, quite attractive, of medium build, around 30, and as she slipped on a pair of latex gloves, it was evident that under her short white smock she wore only a pair of blue bikini panties. As she turned towards me, her breasts (unrestrained) bobbed invitingly.

Looking at the area of the trouble for the first time, she asked: "What is all the powder for?" I explained that it was the only way I could get any relief from the itch. Then she said: "I will have to remove all that powder first so I can carry out an examination. Please draw your feet up and lie back."

She turned back to the side table and, when she returned, she had a shallow tray of warm water and cotton pad. She spread my knees and proceeded to bathe the offending area. "How long is it since you had intercourse?" she asked as she washed my penis. "About three months," I told her.

"I thought it must have been some time ago, because you appear to be very easily aroused," she said as she pulled the foreskin back. "Was that straight sex, or any variation?"

"Oral and straight," I said. "I'm not into any kinky methods."

She was washing my balls by this time, and there was no need for her to worry about the "ole fella" being in the way, because he had suddenly attained full erection. She finished washing and drying the insides of my thighs, and put the tray of water on the side table. Then she made a very thorough examination of my thighs, scrotum and, finally, "Freddy," pulling the foreskin well back.

"Do you have any more pain or discomfort with an erection than when you are flaccid?" she asked. "No," I replied. "Well, I don't think you have any sort of real complaint, just a dermatitis caused by the heat and aggravated by washing detergent. I suggest you change your washing powder. Meanwhile, I will prescribe a soothing cream."

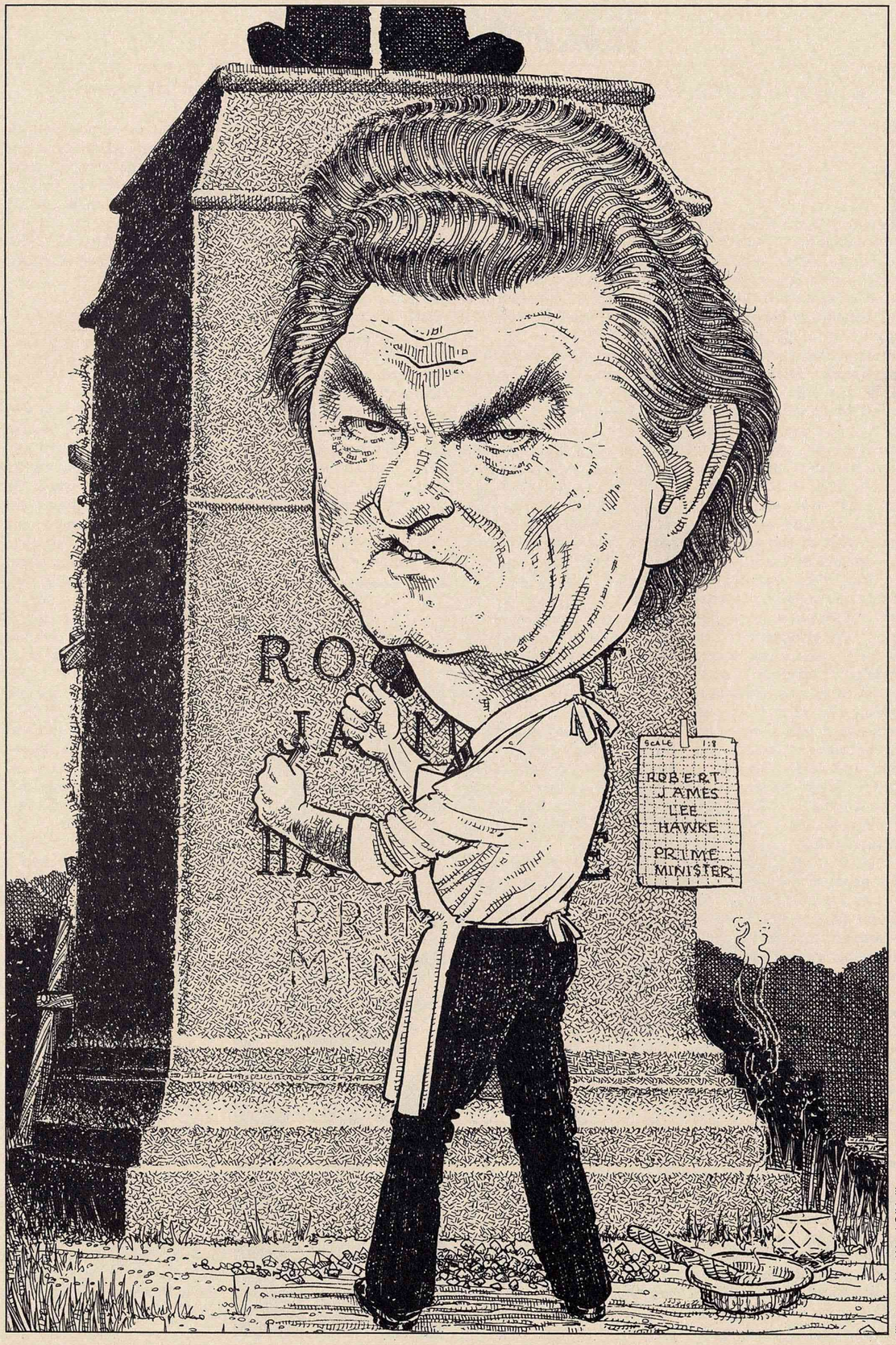
Once again, she turned to the side table, and when she returned, she had a tube of cream in her hand. She had also removed her gloves.

"I hope you won't find this too embarrassing," she said, "but seeing that I am responsible for your present agitated condition, I think it's only fair that I offer you relief." Spreading my upraised knees as far as possible, she proceeded to rub the cream on to the affected area, starting with my thighs, and then my balls, gently squeezing them until it was enjoyably painful. She then turned all of her attention to "Freddy".

By this time, she was definitely turned on, because her nipples were very evident, and it was obvious she was enjoying her work. So, reaching down, I found the insides of her knees and slowly worked my way up to the small portion of nylon that protected her. She allowed me to stroke her a couple of times before she moved away and said: "Please Mr P--- this is purely therapeutic. The slow hand job went on, and brother, she was an expert! When she realised I was about to come, she covered my penis and her hand with the small towel she had used earlier.

She then wiped me dry with a moist tissue and a second towel and said: "You may get dressed now. Apply the cream I'm going to prescribe three times a day. If it hasn't cleared up within a week, come back and see me, though I can tell you you will not receive the same kind of treatment again."

She turned from where she was washing her hands to watch me dress and said with a broad smile on her face: "Female doctors are not so bad after all, are they, Mr P---?" Apart from the fact that she was a good looking woman, she was also a good doctor. Unfortunately, the cream she gave me completely cured my complaint, and I have had no good reason to go back.



Illustrated by Ward O'Neill

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

BOB HAWKE

the master strategist on hayden, the party, women, booze and leadership

THERE WILL be two Federal elections in Australia this year: one for Bob Hawke, the other for members of the House of Representatives and half the Senate. Those Australians who for years have waited on Hawke to move to Canberra may breathe a sigh of relief.

But will Malcolm Fraser? Or Bill Hayden?

Hawke goes to Canberra as an established star. Not since Bob Menzies left the post of Attorney-General in the Victorian State Cabinet for Federal politics has there been such a high-profile debut. The Menzies move was made in 1934. In fact, not even Andrew Peacock with his tantalising affair with Shirley MacLaine has been able to outshine the glittering nature of Hawke's public persona.

Whatever the substance of Hawke — and this interview, the longest ever with him, may help with your assessment — the man has a natural ability to provoke argument, admiration, enmity. No union boss in history has exercised the muscle of the ACTU presidency so publicly and with such seeming influence as he. Now Australia waits to see if the road to Canberra will take him on to the prime ministership.

Throughout the 1970s, Hawke occupied equal time with Prime Ministers and pretenders. After receiving saturation media coverage, to the undisguised envy of other politicians (and let's not forget public heroes and stars in general), he dominated popularity ratings.

Australians have watched in admiration as Hawke moved from one headline-snatching event to another. In industrial disputes, the uncanny timing of his interventions to produce peace from chaos has made him an industrial relations Houdini.

His negotiating abilities have involved numerous settlements, such as cooling the potentially violent live sheep dispute in 1978, the Victorian power dispute a year earlier, and many others. He featured in countless public disputes with government figures, and members of his own Labor party — even when he held the symbolically unifying position of the party's national president. There were the clashes with Gough Whitlam when Labor was in office, the Iraqi loan funds affair, and various duels with Malcolm Fraser since.

Through it all — the intemperate outbursts, the reports of collapses, the public displays of hubris — Hawke has retained his high public approval, and this explains the nervousness in Government and Opposition ranks about his arrival in Canberra.

Among many political observers, however, there are a number of question marks about Hawke. They wonder how easy it will be for him to make the switch, to adjust to the life of a backbencher (if Labor does not win the election), and the hard slog of a parliamentary existence. After so long at the centre of media attention, will he miss the whirring cameras and the daily round of reporters asking for yet another comment?

But Hawke has tuned his natural talents so sweetly to every challenge during his long career. There were the distinctions from the University of Western Australia, a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford, that noble institution which bestowed not only a doctorate but a cricketing blue and a world beer drinking record, then a breather at the Australian National University before beginning his public life. He was democratic-socialism personified as he swept spectacularly through the Arbitration Commission and into the ACTU and, predictably, into the Labor Party hierachy. By 1969, Hawke was well-versed in the Labor numbers game. Taking the Labor left under his wing, he outpolled the heir-apparent to the ACTU presidency, Harold Souter, after the retirement of the legendary Albert Monk. Hawke's been playing numbers ever since, to the point that elements of the left, who helped him to win union power, are conspiring to bring him down.

In the past six months — following an untidy public brawl with Gough Whitlam — Hawke has learned the value of a tight mouth. To loosen that notoriously fast lip, PLAYBOY *sent* ***Andrew Clark*** *into Hawke territory. He reports that he found a new Hawke — a man careful of word and booze. Not an alcoholic drink passed Hawke's lips during the eight-hour interview spread over two days.*

PLAYBOY: Right now you're into consensus. Isn't there a striking contrast between this mellow style and your recent relationships with the parliamentary leaders of the ALP?

HAWKE: Consensus doesn't mean an absence of argument.

PLAYBOY: No, but during your term as president of the ALP, many of the often vitriolic disputes became public. Let's just take one of the many examples. After you had attacked the Labor Government on its tax policy in 1973, Gough Whitlam made a very rude remark about you at a National Press Club luncheon . . .

HAWKE: What did he say?

PLAYBOY: You must remember.

HAWKE: I don't remember everything Gough said.

PLAYBOY: He rebuked you for your criticism and as he sat down he said quite audibly: "F— him!"

HAWKE: Oh, well, that would be par for the course with Gough. He had a very firm view that anyone who expressed disagreement should be stuffed. It's more accurate to say that, for a period leading up to 1972 and for the period of that Government, my relations with the parliamentary party in general, the Government and with Gough were marked with an identity of purpose — getting them into Government and maintaining them there. Although that was overwhelmingly

the position, there were some exceptions. Perhaps those exceptions were highlighted, but I submit that, if you want a proper perspective and an analysis of the position, the way I have put it is accurate.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that your public criticism of the Government, which was often couched in personal terms, did not damage the Labor Government's standing?

HAWKE: That is an entirely different proposition.

PLAYBOY: Let me put that proposition to you.

HAWKE: On occasions, the strength of my criticism was used to create the appearance of real difficulties and problems. Go back to my criticism of the announcement about placing a second international airport at Galston on the eve of the Parramatta by-election. That criticism stung them and that certainly didn't help, but events proved me correct. It was an unbelievably idiotic decision. You'd really have to sit down and think to come up with something a Government could do that was more calculated to lose an election. I felt it had to be said. Similarly with the Bass by-election in June, 1975. That was the beginning of the end for the Labor Government. If it wasn't for Bass, Labor would have gone its full term.

PLAYBOY: Were you talking to Clyde Cameron in the last months he held the Labor portfolio?

HAWKE: I suppose if I went through my diary, I could tell you the times. There were some strains between us.

PLAYBOY: Can you provide personal anecdotes which might help flesh out party feelings at that time?

HAWKE: One story involves Gough and the famous night of the loans affair in December, 1974. At a previous meeting of the executive of the party, many members had expressed strong dissatisfaction about the way in which the Government was proceeding on a number of matters significant to the party and the organisation. They complained that the matters were being settled without consultation. A special meeting of the executive was called toward the end of the year to thrash out this particular matter. The meeting was called the night before Gough went overseas, and was held in the library of The Lodge. I was in the chair, and a number of speakers spoke very strongly — perhaps none more strongly than John Ducker — about the way in which the Government was behaving. Gough undertook that, in future, nothing which would affect the welfare of the party and organisation would be undertaken without appropriate consultation. While the meeting was going on, Gough and his mates were in and out of the room like fiddlers' elbows. I finally exploded and said: "We changed the bloody constitution of the party at your insistence, Gough, so that parliamentary leaders would have the opportunity of being represented on the parties. Here we have this meeting and you are in and out, up and down. Now, for God's sake, be in the meeting or don't." It was obvious that something which they couldn't talk about was going on. We were to learn later, of course, that they were finalising the loan raising arrangement that night.

PLAYBOY: You mean that a $4 billion decision was being made during a meeting called specifically to discuss a lack of communication?

HAWKE: Yes. We were there talking about consultation and they were doing just that. In the light of subsequent events, it was not amusing.

PLAYBOY: After last year's annual conference, you asked a television reporter if he was suggesting that the fact you had walked by Bill Hayden without speaking would have any material effect on the fortunes of the Labor Party. What was the significance of that question?

"By the time you get an election, you may find Hayden-Hawke has been made into a position of strength in the party."

HAWKE: Let's be accurate. What I said was: "Do you think whether I passed Bill Hayden in July, 1979, is going to have any effect on what happens to the Labor Party in the elections in 1980 or later on?" It goes back to the question of perspective. If ever there was an occasion reflecting an almost universal lack of capacity among Australian political journalists to put an issue into perspective, you have it there. I think you would agree.

PLAYBOY: Why would I agree?

HAWKE: I think you will agree that their "brilliant conception" of that situation was way off the mark. I regarded the incident with enormous amusement, and it reinforced my conviction of the lack of capacity for perspective among Australian political journalists.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the obvious tension between you and Hayden is helping the Labor Party?

HAWKE: I am not sure what you are talking about when you refer to the "obvious tensions" between Hayden and myself.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying there has been no acrimony in private and public conversations between you and Bill Hayden over the past six months?

HAWKE: You have the delightful capacity to think you are putting the same question again. That is a different question to the one you just put. Your first question referred to the tensions between Hayden and myself. You then asked if there has been any acrimony between us in the past six months. I hope you will agree those are separate questions. Which one do you want me to answer?

PLAYBOY: The tension one.

HAWKE: I don't feel any tension when I am with Bill Hayden. If Bill feels any with me, then that is something you will have to ask him.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that some people in the party are worried about unanswered questions over leadership of the party; questions that have arisen since you became the endorsed candidate for Wills?

HAWKE: I think there is some feeling in some sections of the party of certain problems in regard to the Hayden-Hawke position. I am sure some people feel that.

PLAYBOY: Does it help a political party when there is an open question on the subject of leadership?

HAWKE: Well, if an election takes place at a time when this is an unresolved position, and there is speculation about whether a person is the leader or if he is going to remain leader, then I guess that is unlikely to be an electoral plus.

PLAYBOY: That's as far as you want to go on it?

HAWKE: Yeah, because I don't want to be drawn into any hypothetical situation. What I am saying is that, by the time you get an election this year, you may well find that the Hayden-Hawke thing has been made into a position of strength in the party. It might be seen that Hayden is going into an election campaign concentrating on areas in which he has a special experience and confidence — like economic management. He was, after all, Treasurer in the latter stages of the Whitlam Government. I might be putting emphasis on the industrial relations area where I am perceived to have certain capacities. I guess that could be seen as a good combination.

PLAYBOY: The press quoted you during the national party conference as saying that Hayden was just a temporary leader.

HAWKE: You have got to recall that Adelaide was a very traumatic experience, and I don't want to go into details publicly for fairly obvious

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reasons. I had some strong feelings there. Bill Hayden is the leader of the Labor Party, and what I have said — and will continue to say — is the truth: that is, while he is leader, he will have my full support in trying to win Government.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect Hayden to support you in your battle with Bill Hartley and Tom Ryan, both of whom are prominent members of the party's socialist-left faction in Victoria?

HAWKE: That is a matter for Bill to decide for himself.

PLAYBOY: Would you like him to?

HAWKE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you help Whitlam when he was trying to have the old left-wing Victorian executive disbanded in 1970?

HAWKE: You really don't display a full knowledge of what happened because, in the outcome, it was the judgment of most that, if I hadn't, in fact, finally supported intervention, it wouldn't have succeeded.

PLAYBOY: At what time did you support intervention?

HAWKE: When the Federal Executive first came down, I argued that I thought intervention was unwise. After a lot of argument and discussion, I became persuaded that intervention was appropriate and that I should support that position.

PLAYBOY: How would you work under Bill Hayden as Prime Minister?

HAWKE: Oh, I guess that I would work under any person as Prime Minister. I would be able to do my job.

PLAYBOY: If you were in parliament, it wouldn't matter to you who was Prime Minister?

HAWKE: I suppose you have easier relations with some people than others. But that's a personal thing. I don't think it would or should have anything to do with the way you do your job as a minister.

PLAYBOY: You don't think there is a strong personal element in politics?

HAWKE: That's another classic *non sequitur* — one question is one thing, and that's another. In answering the question about how I would work as a minister under Hayden as Prime Minister, I said I didn't think that doing your job as minister should have anything to do with the Prime Minister. You then asked me if I didn't think there was a personal element in politics. Of course there is a personal element in politics, but that is a quite separate question.

PLAYBOY: But you don't think your attitude toward the leader of the Cabinet would affect your performance?

HAWKE: I don't think it would. If you have a portfolio, you have a job to do. the job involves intrinsic issues that have a life of their own. The only way in which I could see a problem arising — whether Hayden or anyone else be Prime Minister — would be if you felt that the issues of your portfolio were, for personal reasons, not receiving appropriate attention. But I cannot conceive that situation arising.

PLAYBOY: How would you work under Paul Keating if he should become the leader of the Labor Party?

HAWKE: This is just so hypothetical — but again I take the view that, whomever the party elects as leader, I will work in that situation.

PLAYBOY: There obviously has to be conflict in public life, but in yours there also seems to be an aura of drama — clashes, heated statements and emotionalism.

HAWKE: I don't think there is an aura about me, but I have been in some dramatic and emotional situations.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about the strain of parliamentary life?

HAWKE: No. On the contrary, I think I will be subject to less strain in many ways than I have in the past decade. I wore, if you like, two hats during the '70s. From 1972 to 1978 I was national president of the ALP as well as being president of the ACTU. And in terms of time, thrusts of energy and thinking, they were two very compelling jobs which, on some occasions, were tempered with the possibility of tension and conflict. It was a period of one election after another, and it was physically draining to have the responsibility of the party presidency at the same time as being president of the ACTU. Now I am moving to a position where I will be totally involved in the parliamentary side of politics. Another factor is that I am older and, I hope, wiser, partly because the experience of the '70s has been a unique one.

"I said that, if I became Prime Minister, I would give up drinking, so I suppose I did make it a public issue."

PLAYBOY: There have also been a couple of well publicised collapses in that experience?

HAWKE: Oh, a couple. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about your ability to take it if you get into a high ministerial office or even become the Prime Minister?

HAWKE: Not really. I am not saying that, after a prolonged period of very hard work, the old body won't say "enough" and have a rest. I suppose that has happened to Fraser. I guess that could happen to me.

PLAYBOY: Apart from your renunciation of the demon drink, how has your life changed in the past 10 years?

HAWKE: I have less sleep than I used to, though, when I was research officer and advocate for the ACTU in the '60s, I worked unbelievably long hours when I was on cases. But then the pressure went off in between major cases, and I was just doing ordinary old research. In the '70s, the work load was unremitting and I just didn't stop. I suppose the basic change when I am in Australia is the absolute lack of privacy except when I am locked up in my home. I just can't go anywhere in Australia as a private person any more.

PLAYBOY: You brought the question of your drinking into the public domain.

HAWKE: That's not quite right. No, I am sorry. I think you are right in a sense that, on one famous television program, I was asked something out of the blue by Mike Schulberger and I said that, if I became Prime Minister, I would give up drinking. So I suppose that I did make it a public issue.

PLAYBOY: Your answer implied that you thought there was a problem between your drinking habits and your capacity to fulfil high office.

HAWKE: No it didn't. It meant that I answered that question honestly. I think that the presidency of the ACTU is a very high office — perhaps the second highest in the land in many respects. I have no doubt at all about my ability to fill that position — with considerable distinction, if I may say so. But I felt there could be circumstances which are quite different to those in which the president of the ACTU finds himself — in which confidential or secret information might not be handled sensibly if you've had too much to drink.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sort of drinking problem?

HAWKE: Not in the classic sense in that I have never been able to do my job. I had a feeling when I went off it for six months last year that there were occasions in which it had become too much of a crutch. When I was locked into a national dispute situation, for example, the tension would become so great that I would be looking forward to the end of the day when I could say: "For God's sake, let me forget all this and have some grogs." I didn't think it was very intelligent to let grog become that much of a crutch.

PLAYBOY: Many people find that one particular book or author sticks in their minds. Do you?

HAWKE: One of the most remarkable

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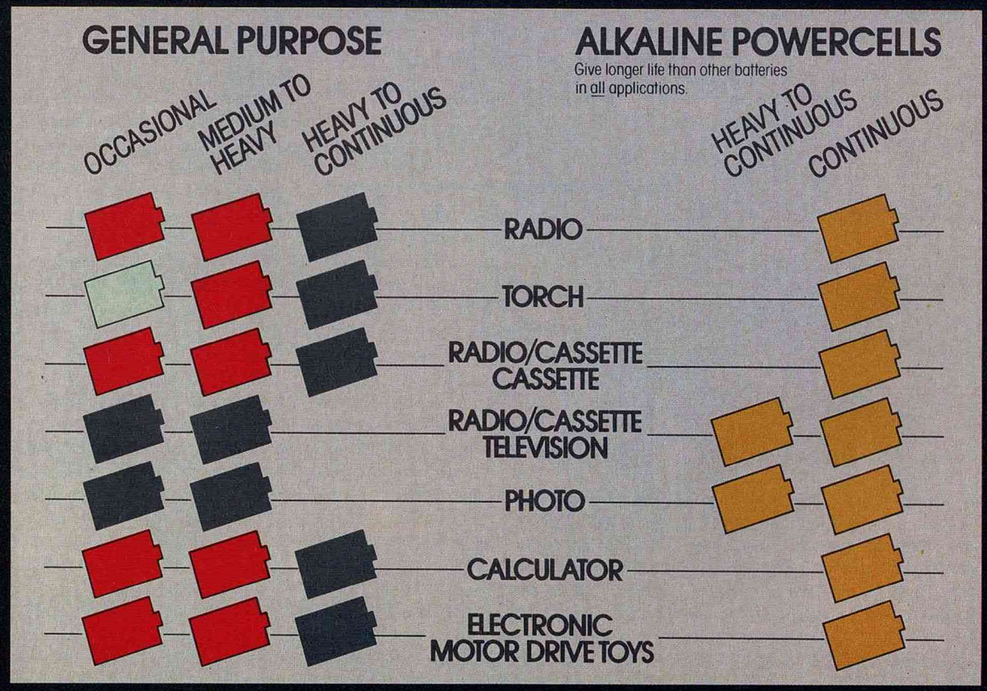

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things I have read is *The Endless Adventure,* R. S. Oliver's biography of Robert Walpole, written in 1930. The first part of the book is a political essay, and one of the most perceptive things I have ever read on politics. Oliver's view is that politics is the most noble profession, and that politicians are improperly and unfairly judged by the public, by armchair critics and by newspaper editors and their proprietors. He believes politicians are, in many respects, better people than their critics. He develops an interesting thesis on idols and ideals and the way in which ideals become metamorphosed into idols. Oliver looks at the pre-revolutionary Lenin, the idealist or apparent idealist, and his enormous magnetic quality for attracting people by his writings and his propaganda. But Oliver points out that, after the revolution, Lenin was a hopeless statesman. He then goes on to speculate on what will happen to the Soviet system. He argues that people who say that it's going to remain a model of socialism and ideals don't understand the process of politics. In fact, Oliver says it will become a rather barren bureaucracy — not distinguished by idealism, but by many of the devices of such a bureaucratic, dogmatic state saddled with all the problems which go with that. Some of the passages are remarkably perceptive in a book that was, after all, written 50 years ago.

PLAYBOY: There is a real bipartisan disaffection with politics. It has economic causes in that governments are seen to be incapable of resolving economic problems. Yet this is the time you have chosen to enter politics. Has your view of the incapacity of the parliamentary system to resolve problems become more sceptical?

HAWKE: You are absolutely correct in pointing to this public scepticism of politics and politicians. The whole political process has become an object not only of derision, but almost of contempt. I think this is extraordinarily unhealthy and dangerous for our society. In part, of course, this is the fault of the politicians themselves. I think it also reflects the inadequacy of the institution, unamended, to be relevant to today's problems. The Westminster concept was one in which responsible government meant the executive was responsible to the legislature. That had great meaning before the emergence of the party system which has essentially destroyed that vital element of the Westminster style of responsible government, because the parliament is not a body to which the executive is responsible. The executive is elected by the majority party, and the real argument does not take place in the parliament but in the party room. The parliament is a rubber stamp. This has diminished to an extraordinary extent the historic role and function of parliament and the Westminster system of responsible government.

PLAYBOY: Surely parliamentarians can see this?

HAWKE: The parliamentarians regard what goes on as a bit of a charade. That, too, is terribly dangerous and is a very fundamental part of the explanation for this change you have got in parliament.

PLAYBOY: To what degree is the two-party system at fault?

HAWKE: It's unreal to believe that the party system is going to disappear, nor do I believe it should. I don't think we want to get into the fragmented system of other democracies, because that can be even more destabilising. You have got to see how you can make parliament itself a more meaningful

"Today there is more concern for greater equality of opportunity than for redistribution of wealth."

institution. One possibility is to bring in executives from outside the elected parliament. I think it is also very important to expand the committee system in the House of Representatives. This might lead to an enlarged House, but there should be a number of standing committees to which members of the House belong. These committees should have the power to summon not only public servants but others, and they should be staffed with an adequate secretariat. These committees could examine proposed legislation and other aspects of governmental activity. MPs would then have a very real role and function in which they could question and improve proposals. The committees would also serve as an important channel of communication between Members of Parliament and public interest groups. I am sure this fundamental change could be very effective.

PLAYBOY: Why has the Labor Party been so rarely in office federally, and what can be done to achieve more frequent Labor Governments?

HAWKE: Traditionally, Australian people have been conservative politically, and this might have something to do with it. But I do not want to overplay this, because many people in the Labor movement have already done so. But there is no doubt that the media has played a significant role in that, overwhelmingly through our history, newspapers have been either non or anti Labor. That has had a considerable impact, although I must say that I sometimes despair of the way in which some of my colleagues tend to find the total explanation for our lack of success in the bias of the media. A lot of them are almost paranoid about it. We could use the media very much better than we do.

PLAYBOY: In simple terms, it is Labor Party policy to use the parliamentary process to extend the activities of the State to achieve a more equitable distribution of wealth. Do you think that policy is relevant today?

HAWKE: Your precis needs some amending. For a long time, the constitutional realities have limited the capacity of the party in government to increase State intervention.

PLAYBOY: It is limited, but when in office, Labor has extended the power of the State.

HAWKE: Yeah, but I just want to make the point that it hasn't been in terms of nationalisation.

PLAYBOY: I didn't say that.

HAWKE: No, you didn't, but I want to clear the air. If it is left like that, some people might not understand that point. It is correct to say that the concept of the Labor Party is for a greater degree of involvement of the public interest in decision-making processes of the country, and, yes, toward redistribution. And today there is more concern for greater equality of opportunity than for redistribution of wealth.

PLAYBOY: But to come back to my original question: do you think the basic belief of the Labor Party is relevant to the present?

HAWKE: I think that concept is just as relevant. There is still a great inequality of opportunity. But, as we go into the '80s, the situation is to some extent different to the past decade. When Labor went into office in 1972, it was in the context of a post-World War Two pattern of full employment, steady, if not spectacular, economic growth and moderate inflation. Given that background, the Government, naturally, wanted to concentrate on redistribution aspects and didn't really think there was a major problem in keeping the economy growing. That was something the Government felt was just going to happen. Now, of course, Labor's misfortune was that acquisition of the treasury benches coincided with a fundamental change in the economy — here and in the rest of the West — and the problem became one of keeping the economy moving and of maintaining full employment opportunities. And that means the major task now is of trying to adjust society to the new economic environment. There is much greater emphasis required now upon economic performance. The scope for giving effect to broad programs of redistribution is more difficult.

PLAYBOY: In the industrial area, you have been characterised as one who was left of centre and became a moderate. Is that true?

HAWKE: I would now be more in the centre than I was. That's true.

PLAYBOY: What has caused the shift?

HAWKE: I have become more convinced of the fairly conservative nature of the Australian electorate. It's crystal clear that, in the present and in the foreseeable future, the electorate will not be very responsive to radical programs. Let's respond to that, accept it and try to work within that framework. Through time, the electorate will become increasingly depressed by the evidence of the so-called socialist States, especially by their incapacity for humanity. We will look to the United Kingdom to some extent when we're talking about political models, and it's hard to argue that their process of nationalisation has been a rip-roaring success. In other words, the success or otherwise of concepts and philosophies turns more and more upon the strengths and weaknesses in the human character. While you might say, within the philosophic or ideologic sense, that one system is better than another — and I believe that is true — on the evidence available to us, the Socialist or quasi-Socialist system doesn't seem to produce the outstanding results one would hope for.

PLAYBOY: Are you a disillusioned Socialist then?

HAWKE: I adhere to a democratic philosophy as a matter of principle. I would like to see a more public interest-represented society in Australia, but I am probably a little more questioning about the pace of change than I used to be. The basic problem we and the rest of the Western world face is not so much the need for a particular philosophy or ideology, but something much deeper and more emergent. That is a sense of understanding of the enormous dimension of the crisis confronting us all, and the emergence of a much greater degree of consensus about those problems. The change of emphasis in my approach is a product of my perception of the crises.

PLAYBOY: Your parents have said that you enjoyed your childhood. They didn't spank you and always tried to reason things out with you. Do you think you were spoiled?

HAWKE: Yes, I was. Before my brother died in 1939, he was away at boarding school in Adelaide, and so I was effectively an only child for a lot of the time. And after his death, all the love and attention was concentrated on me.

PLAYBOY: How did being spoiled in childhood shape your character?

HAWKE: I don't know. I find a question like that difficult to answer or to quantify. At least in my earlier days, it made me somewhat selfish, and it gave me greater expectations as to what was my right. But I feel I've grown up and I've got over that.

PLAYBOY: What effect did your brother's death have on you?

HAWKE: I felt a great sense of loss. I was only nine when he died and, for most of the time, Neil was at Kings College in Adelaide and I only saw him on holidays. It was a somewhat different relationship in terms of permanence than most brothers have. I remember I had a great love and respect for my brother. When we did get together at home, we used to have bike races, and I thought that was marvellous. I had the normal feeling that a young boy has towards his big brother.

PLAYBOY: Did his death color your

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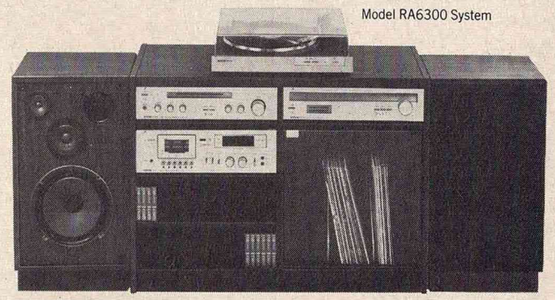

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views about religion during that time?

HAWKE: No, I was too young.

PLAYBOY: It's been said your attendance at a world conference of Christian youth in India in 1952 was a watershed for you.

HAWKE: That was quite a turning point, because I developed a deep feeling there about the hypocrisy and irrelevance of organised religion. The conference was held in the south, where the highest literacy rate of any part of India reflected the long influence of the Christian church. It was also an area of great poverty, and one couldn't help but contrast that with the ostentatious wealth of many of the church leaders. I recall being at the large home of one of the leaders on Christmas Eve. One carol we were singing contained the line: *Christ to the world we bring, the world to Christ we bring.* That stuck in my mind because there was the world outside lying and dying in the gutters, and we were singing about bringing Christ to the world and the world to Christ. It was all so false. On another occasion, they had this huge feast in a large garden belonging to the Bishop's court. The tables were groaning with food, and the poor people were looking over the big wall at us gorging ourselves. This stuck in my gizzard. During the conference, the Communist Party put on an enormous rally at which at least 100,000 people turned out. Although there was an edict that we were to have nothing to do with the rally, I got caught up in the march. I met the leaders of the rally, and they talked in a way which was much more relevant to the needs of the people. And sure enough, just as I predicted it, *that* Indian State of Kerala elected the first communist government in the British Commonwealth.

PLAYBOY: The people were more receptive to the *Communist Manifesto* than the Christian message?

HAWKE: The church had publications at fanciful prices which were totally beyond the purchasing capacity of the people. The communists also had their bookstalls filled not only with propaganda literature but also with Russian classics, and everything was at giveaway prices pitched at levels compatible with the people's capacity to buy. That was the beginning of the end of my attachment to the church. The experience changed my belief in what I perceive to be basic Christian principles. I think those principles have continued to play a part in my life and how I look at things, but I really have become agnostic. However, it's not valid to be totally cynical about the church. There is a lot of evidence that many sections of the church are evincing considerable concern about people's problems.

PLAYBOY: Has becoming agnostic changed your views about dying?

HAWKE: I have never had any fear of death. I came close to death after a motor bike accident in 1947. So, following the accident, I became conscious of death and, in one sense, that period in which I spent a week on the critically ill list was a turning point in my life. When I survived, I decided that I would do everything as well as I could. I had been coasting until then and was nowhere near in top gear. My lack of a conscious fear of death doesn't mean that I don't want to live or that I want to die.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that, during your Rhodes Scholarship in England, you knocked down one of two thugs who attacked you in London and critically injured him?

HAWKE: Well, we got out of trouble, but it is a misrepresentation to say I severely injured him. It was a frightening thing. I just knew instinctively I had to look after myself. Fear gives you strength and enables you to do things you don't normally think you can do. There was part of that in it, and I was able to get out of what was a critical situation.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to the carping criticism from the left of your own party over your relationship with Prime Minister Fraser.

HAWKE: Well, they wouldn't know what my relations were with Fraser. That criticism was made soon after the election in 1975. I had to see the Prime Minister, and my action was seen as wrong. That attitude is absurd. During the great majority of Australia's history, Federal Government has been in the hands of our political opponents. We have always had to deal with them in this period. As president of the ACTU, my job has been to do the best I can for the membership. As distinct from the rather stupid ravings of some people at that time, the overwhelming majority of people whom I represent would have criticised me — and rightly so — if I hadn't met with the Prime Minister in any matter which involved the representation of their interests. I take no notice of that sort of absurdity.

PLAYBOY: I understand you've had social contact with people in high society such as the Clarks (the family of Sir Rupert Clark, Melbourne's only baronet) and the Lee Steeres of Perth.

HAWKE: I spend no time with the Clarks. I have never been to their home. I have seen the Clarks at the races, and perhaps at some other public function to which we've been invited. I like Ernest Lee Steere very much. I have been to his home once — either on a Christmas or New Year's Eve. He is a man who is very much respected by the Labor movement in Western Australia.

PLAYBOY: Have you been influenced by businessmen such as Sir Rod Carnegie and Sir Peter Abeles?

HAWKE: Not substantially. One talks to these people, but, by the same token, I suppose, as the years have gone, I've spoken to a wider range of communists and socialists here and round the world. I don't think these people have ever influenced me to change my views.

PLAYBOY: But you are said to be a close friend of Abeles. Have you stayed in his home in Sydney?

HAWKE: I have never stayed at his house, although I have been to his home on a number of occasions. But, yes, he is a friend.

PLAYBOY: But he hasn't influenced you ideologically at all?

HAWKE: Not ideologically, no.

PLAYBOY: Overseas, you developed a good relationship with the former Israeli Prime Minister, Golda Meir.

HAWKE: Oh, yes. I first met her in 1971 when I had my daughter Susan with me. I was talking with Golda about deep matters and Susan was sitting in the corner. We each had a glass of soft drink and Susan knocked hers, and it spilt on to the floor. There was this old woman in the middle of an intense conversation who, as some sort of grand maternal, sprang up and dashed round the desk to comfort Susan, who was upset by what she'd done. The real grandmother came out, and once Golda saw that everything was all right with Susan, she went back to her seat behind the desk and resumed the discussion. But the most memorable moment would have been at the end of the Yom Kippur War in 1973. I arrived just after the war had ended and went up to and beyond the Golan Heights. I climbed through scores and scores of burnt out and battered Russian tanks. I saw all the evidence of death and carnage. Then I drove down to Jerusalem and met Golda Meir in the Prime Minister's Office. We had a long talk. She was distraught. She wept when she talked of the enormous burden that had been upon her, because, in the days before the Arab attack, intelligence reports indicating a massive enemy build-up and an imminent attack had been reaching her. She had to make the awesome decision whether, as Israel did in 1967, to make a pre-emptive attack. The decision had ultimately been left to her. In the event, she had decided against an attack and, as a result, thousands of young Israelis were killed and wounded. She felt personally responsible for the deaths.

"I just hope that I respect women more as equals than I tended to do when I was younger."

PLAYBOY: What about Moshe Dayan?

HAWKE: I have had long discussions with him here, and in private conversation, he is what he projects publicly — a very alert, lively, agile person. I have great respect for the current Defence Minister, General Weizman — a very charismatic, intelligent man capable, I think, of compromise. I have also met Prime Minister Begin. He is a small man, yet there is a sense of determination and strength about him. But, while he takes extreme positions, I think if it hadn't been for Begin, it would have been very difficult to get the Camp David agreements. It was much more viable, in terms of acceptability, for him to make those decisions than it would have been for the Israeli Labor Party.

PLAYBOY: Some see a parallel between you and Teddy Kennedy in that both of you are popular and running for high office . . .

HAWKE: I don't.

PLAYBOY: He is regarded as charismatic and so are you.

HAWKE: I'd like to point out some obvious differences. I don't cheat at exams, and I don't drive off bridges.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted that you have been, at some stage, a selfish person. Does that extend to your relationship with women?

HAWKE: Yes, in part I guess it did. I have developed more respect for women than I once had. Prejudices have been brought into our religion and into our politics, and I have been a victim of that. But I hope also that I have developed more respect in a personal sense.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

HAWKE: The very language that men use tends to be condescending. We don't treat women as equal human beings, and I hope I have become more conscious about that. Although I am talking about men generally, I include myself, and I just hope that I respect women more as equals than I tended to do when I was younger.

PLAYBOY: Does the lack of privacy you mentioned earlier hurt your family?

HAWKE: It has at times. But my wife has been tremendous in the way she has protected herself and the family. She has done her very best to try and see that, within what are impossible limits, she and the children have had the chance of being their own people.

PLAYBOY: What about the effect of publicity on your children?

HAWKE: At times it has been very hurtful. In 1973-74, in the Middle East dispute, when emotions were at their most bitter, they had some rather unpleasant experiences at school. At times, they had to have police guards.

PLAYBOY: I understand Bill Hartley's children also had police guards.

HAWKE: What an irrelevant remark. A lot of people had police guards. I didn't know you were talking about Bill Hartley. I thought we were talking about my children. But, for all the unpleasant aspects, there are corresponding plusses for them — opportunities that wouldn't otherwise have arisen. The important thing is, they have emerged as beaut kids.

PLAYBOY: In terms of relationships between Labor personalities and the media, you are an exception. Why have you had such success?

HAWKE: Firstly it is a question of accessibility. Before I became president of the ACTU, I was disturbed by the way in which my predecessor, Albert Monk — a man for whom I had the highest regard in other respects — was almost frightened of the media. I

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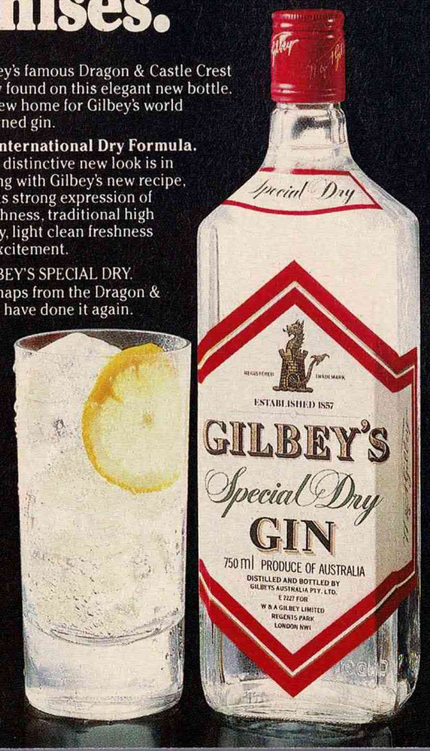

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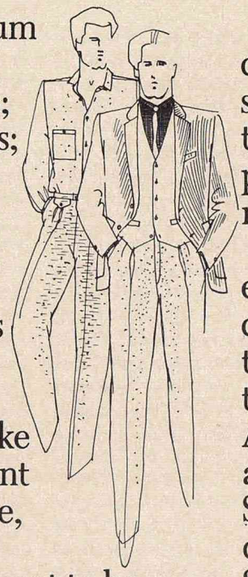
What a woman takes off you is going to be more important in the '80's.



Remember when Mum knitted your jumpers? Remember white shirts; blue, brown or grey suits; only brown or black shoes? If you do, you'd probably like to forget.

These days men aren't grey personalities when it comes to clothing. They like colours. They like style. They like to look sexy; even elegant in a casual, comfortable, sort of way.

And yet men don't want to be slaves to fashion's whim. One word sums up the attitude of men to clothing in the 80's– individual.

You should be able to create your own style; not be dictated to.

It's *your* personality, not the fashion that counts.

Strike 1 feel just the same way, so they've designed a range of clothes that co-ordinate; allowing you to create your own fashion statement. Pants, shirts, jackets, vests. Colours are muted– navy, browns, tans, fawns, burgundy, greens and earthy, rich, warm tones. The fabrics– Donegals, Tweeds, Herringbone, Flannels– some imported from France and Italy, and all are the finest available in Australia this year.

Strike 1 pants are made for comfort as well as sexy rugged styling. This year the leg narrows toward the ankle. Fronts sometimes pleated, but it's nothing outrageous, rather stylish and elegant.

Jackets too reflect the casual elegance of the new decade. Strike 1's collection follows the European trend, in principle, with unstructured jackets; yet all are fully lined. A deep centre vent, patch pockets, and inserted top pocket make the Strike 1 interpretation of Europe's design almost a necessity for your 80's wardrobe.

Shirts are a whole new ball game to Strike 1. That means the styles haven't been weighed down by years of boring tradition. Rather, the designers have come up with fresh, invigorating concepts. Small cuffs. Small collars– cut away, square, round, even button down. The fit is loose, for comfort and raunchy good looks. The colours are a co-ordinate dream while the textures range from plain, through surface interest to checks.

Also new to the Strike 1 collection are waistcoats. In stunning colours that co-ordinate. They feature deep V-fronts and fob pockets. Tailored well in rich corduroy.

That's the 80's.
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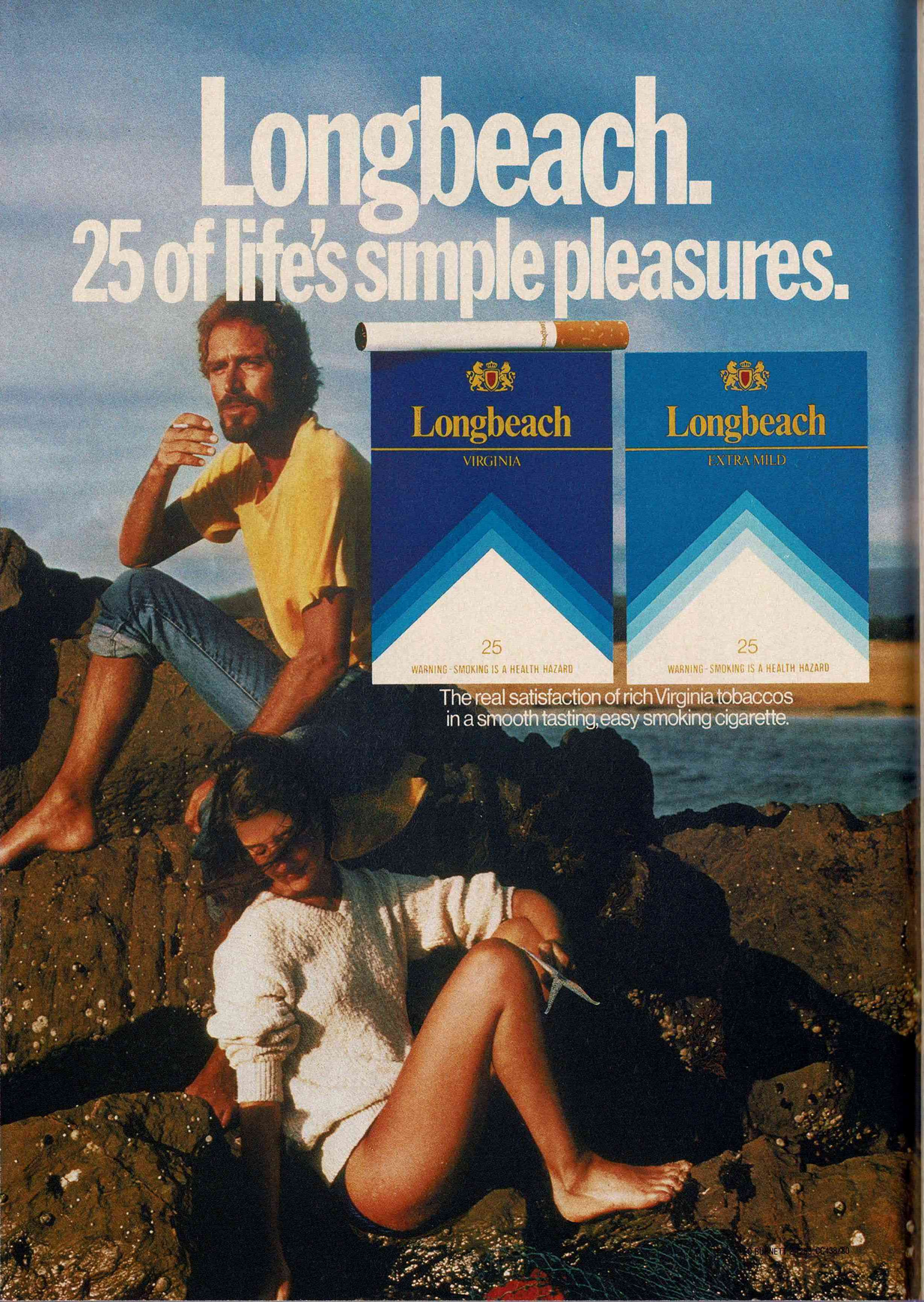


thought Albert far too often missed opportunities for presenting the ACTU position. I was determined that, if I got the presidency, I would make sure that I was available to the media at all times so that the ACTU viewpoint could be expressed. While neither the trade union movement nor the Labor Party owns newspapers or television channels, the general media is consistently available to us. Other factors are that I am articulate and I tend to be good copy because I don't beat around the bush.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have been over-exposed?

HAWKE: At times, I suppose, but under, or non-exposure previously was the real problem, and one would rather run the risk of over-exposure.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship do you have with Rupert Murdoch?

HAWKE: I wouldn't know. I had lunch with a group of newspaper people, including Murdoch, recently. Prior to that occasion I had not seen him for a long time. I bumped into him on a couple of occasions during the spring racing carnival, but I certainly don't have a close relationship with him.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your consistently high poll ratings?

HAWKE: I haven't yet sat down and analysed it.

PLAYBOY: You don't think about it?

HAWKE: Of course I look at the ratings. I guess there are a number of factors. One would be that people respect the fact that I will talk about those issues they apparently find of interest. I talk about those issues in a way which they regard as straightforward, and they think I call the shots as I see them. I am a good communicator. If I have got something to say, people are left in no doubt about what it is that I'm thinking or saying. Another factor is that I am regarded as a pretty ordinary sort of guy; people don't find me a remote person. I am also seen to work hard on issues which tend to be important and to affect people in their own lives. What I am about isn't terribly esoteric.

PLAYBOY: What is your favourite form of relaxation?

HAWKE: The single most important relaxing thing is fishing. Sport, too — either playing or watching. I like reading about racing, studying and thinking about form, times and distances. That is a great form of relaxation, because your mind doesn't go completely neutral as happens with some other forms of relaxation. It has also been profitable.

PLAYBOY: Does your interest in racing extend beyond punting?

HAWKE: Three friends and I share a lease in a noble animal. I do have a lot of friends in the racing world. Some of my dearest and closest friends are Colin Hayes and his family. We are very close indeed. He is a great horse trainer and an extremely fine human being. I have many other friends among trainers. I know Tommy Smith well, as I do a lot of the trainers in Melbourne. I could just keep on naming them — Bob Hoysted, Noel Kelly . . . Among the jockeys I know Roy Higgins very well and John Stocker. One of the great characters and a good friend is George Mulley. He is one of the great Australian characters.

PLAYBOY: And what about in the political world? You appear to have been a good friend of Don Chipp.

HAWKE: That went back to one incident, the real details of which I don't want to go into. It was when he was a minister and someone came to me and tried to give me some allegedly damaging information on Chipp's personal and private affairs. You know what my attitude is toward that sort of business. I warned Chipp

"I think there is a perception that my overwhelming concern is for this country, its people and what is best for it."

about this person, and told him that was not the way I played politics. That particular incident might have proved significant to Don. But it wouldn't have mattered whether the person involved had been Don Chipp or anyone else — I would have taken the same view. While I don't agree with all Chipp's positions, I think he showed considerable courage to buck the machine.

PLAYBOY: And John Gorton?

HAWKE: I like John Gorton as a bloke. I found him a good person to deal with. He was honest and straightforward in his dealings with me and would listen to a point of view. He did not have a closed mind. There is a lack of pomposity about the man, and that appeals to me. He tended to be a disaster to himself, and he didn't seem to understand that he needed to take closer account of his colleagues' position. The Liberal Party hasn't got a tradition of loyalty to its leadership,and I don't think that Gorton sufficiently understood the need to get consensus among his colleagues, because he tended to come to a decision with no unanimity.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your attraction for people who aren't normally Labor supporters?

HAWKE: Much of it goes back to what I said in response to your question about my popularity rating. I also think there is a perception that my overwhelming concern is for this country, its people and what is best for it. I certainly hope there is, because that is the truth. I happen to believe that, in terms of political parties, Labor is the one which offers the best political instrument for achieving that. It doesn't mean that I look through Labor Party spectacles on the big issues. I try to understand other people's points of view.

PLAYBOY: What particular capacities do you have for finding solutions to industrial disputes?

HAWKE: Obviously experience and hard work. I work day and night on disputes. The employers and governments also know they can trust me, and that gives you a status.

PLAYBOY: Why was 1974 one of the worst years for strikes?

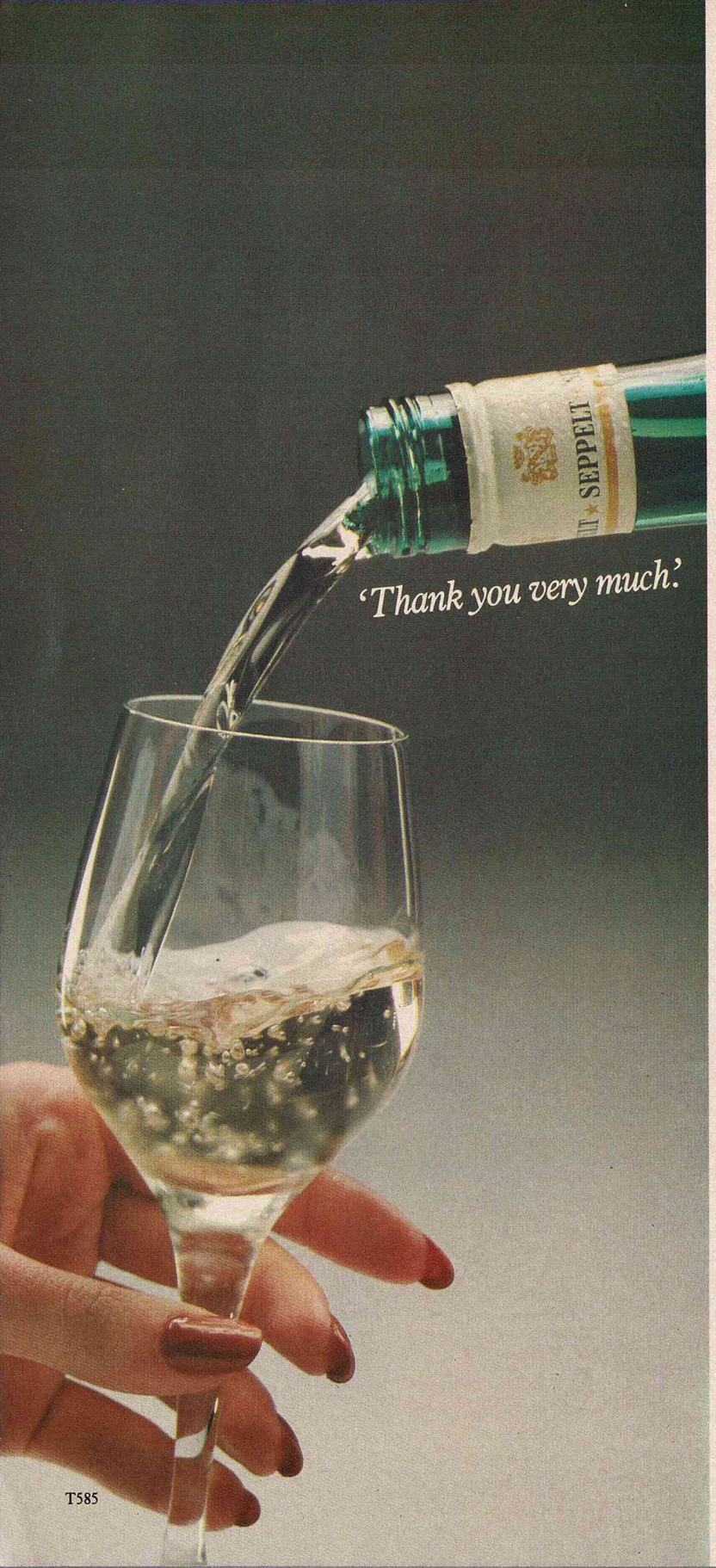
HAWKE: Very simply. You had a burgeoning economy, inflation, and full employment. The enormous capacity for higher wages was there. It was also true, to some extent, that workers' expectations were engendered by the advent of a reformist government.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel personal disappointment or that you had failed because of the high level of disputes?

HAWKE: I just had the feeling that the whole thing was a bit unreal in 1974.

PLAYBOY: What was the funniest dispute in which you have been involved?

HAWKE: While it wasn't funny at the time, I guess the most amusing was the Sinatra episode. We got caught up in that because some of his bodyguards roughed up some Melbourne cameramen and journalists. Sinatra and his people refused to compensate or apologise, and we were approached to see if we could do anything. I spoke to the union involved at the airport, and they agreed that, in the circumstances, they wouldn't allow him to leave the country. Although Mr Sinatra seemed to think that couldn't be done, the realisation finally dawned that it could, and it was arranged for me to see him in the presidential suite in the Boulevard Hotel in Sydney. I am sure he must wear a corset because, when I met him, he seemed to me to be an extraordinarily fat and flabby man — not the image that comes across in his public appearances. He was surrounded by his people, including his lawyer, and they waffled a bit. When they said they were confident they could get out, I suggested Mr Sinatra was going to have to have a good walking-across-water act unless he could arrange



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some form of transport of which I was unaware. In the event, they made a statement of apology to the people concerned and off they went.

PLAYBOY: And the most serious dispute you faced?

HAWKE: In terms of what it could have done to the country, it was not one of the major oil or power disputes which could have ground the economy to a halt, but the live sheep dispute in '78. With hundreds of farmers marching on pickets on the wharf in Adelaide, we were within 30 minutes of violent bloodshed, and that could have resulted in anything. Both sides were armed —not necessarily with guns, but with sticks and bars and that sort of thing. If we hadn't been able to resolve that one, I think the confrontation could have resulted in deaths. And if that happened, who knows where it would have all ended.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about a serious dispute developing in the uranium industry?

HAWKE: You have to look at this in real terms. Labor is being provided in the fabricating shops throughout Australia, and the manufactured equipment is being moved to the mining sites. Labor is also available on the sites. Without making value judgments, that is fact. Now, if the circumstances continue, and if you have a lack of symmetry, if you like, between what some union leaders say in a congress or conference situation and what their members are doing, then it seems difficult to see any industrial confrontation erupting. At the last congress, I saw my responsibility in terms of my position as president of the ACTU. I had to look at the industrial realities and put the position as I saw it in those terms, and that's what I did. And it seems to me that subsequent events have tended to confirm the view I expressed then. I know what the policy of the Labor Party is, and, as a member, I accept that policy. But if, during the time leading up to the next conference, my judgment is that the policy should be changed, then I will exercise my democratic rights within the party to try and achieve that change.

PLAYBOY: One reason advanced for your popularity is that people regard you as very Australian. How do you feel you are the archetypal Australian?

HAWKE: I mix very easily and happily with people. I don't have to force myself to mix with others — it is natural to me. I suppose it's a lack of pomposity or addiction to some particular group or structure that makes people Australian.

PLAYBOY: What are the most distinctive aspects of Australians?

HAWKE: There is a lack of knee-bending to tall poppies. You go to an Australian racecourse and compare it with a Pommie racecourse — the difference is just incredible. Everyone drinks at an Australian racecourse — it doesn't matter if the bloke is a millionaire, a knight or the garbage man. People mix, and each bloke is as good as the other. Society is not stratified. Sure, there is income stratification, but the bloke on the lower level considers himself just as good as the bloke up the line. This is reflected in the way they mix with no firm lines of demarcation. This doesn't mean that privilege and poverty aren't very real in Australia. They are. I am talking about the way in which people behave when they are at the course or the cricket. They cut across lines in an attitudinal way. There is a sort of paradox here. The fair-go-mate type of thing means something in Australia, although, of course, in many respects people don't get a fair go—certainly not the underprivileged groups. It's hard to put your finger on, but I think the things I have mentioned are significant. We in Australia have a less classridden society than most.

PLAYBOY: What sort of future do you see for Australia?

HAWKE: If you look at it now, you have got to say that we are in a more difficult and potentially divisive situation than we have been since World War Two. The '70s have been a watershed. We have moved from a position of fairly consistent full employment and economic growth to one of a great uncertainty about our capacity to restore — at least quickly — full employment. I believe that changes in economic policies would improve that situation considerably, but, in addition to that, you have the fundamental factors of technology and international change. It is going to require a great sense of purpose and preparedness on the part of everyone to rethink a lot of their positions. The great problem is to get people to do that quickly. If we can get people to understand the new environment and the difficulties in which we are operating, then I think we can have a great future. In very real standards, we are still the lucky country in relation to our land and the natural resources beneath the land. We are a fairly peaceable community with a wide range of talents. And we have got all the ingredients for a good future, but the question is whether we are able to harness all those resources. It is going to be very much a political challenge to get the community to understand the nature of the problems and the way in which we are going to have to change.

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BEHIND THE LINES WITH THE KHMER ROUGE

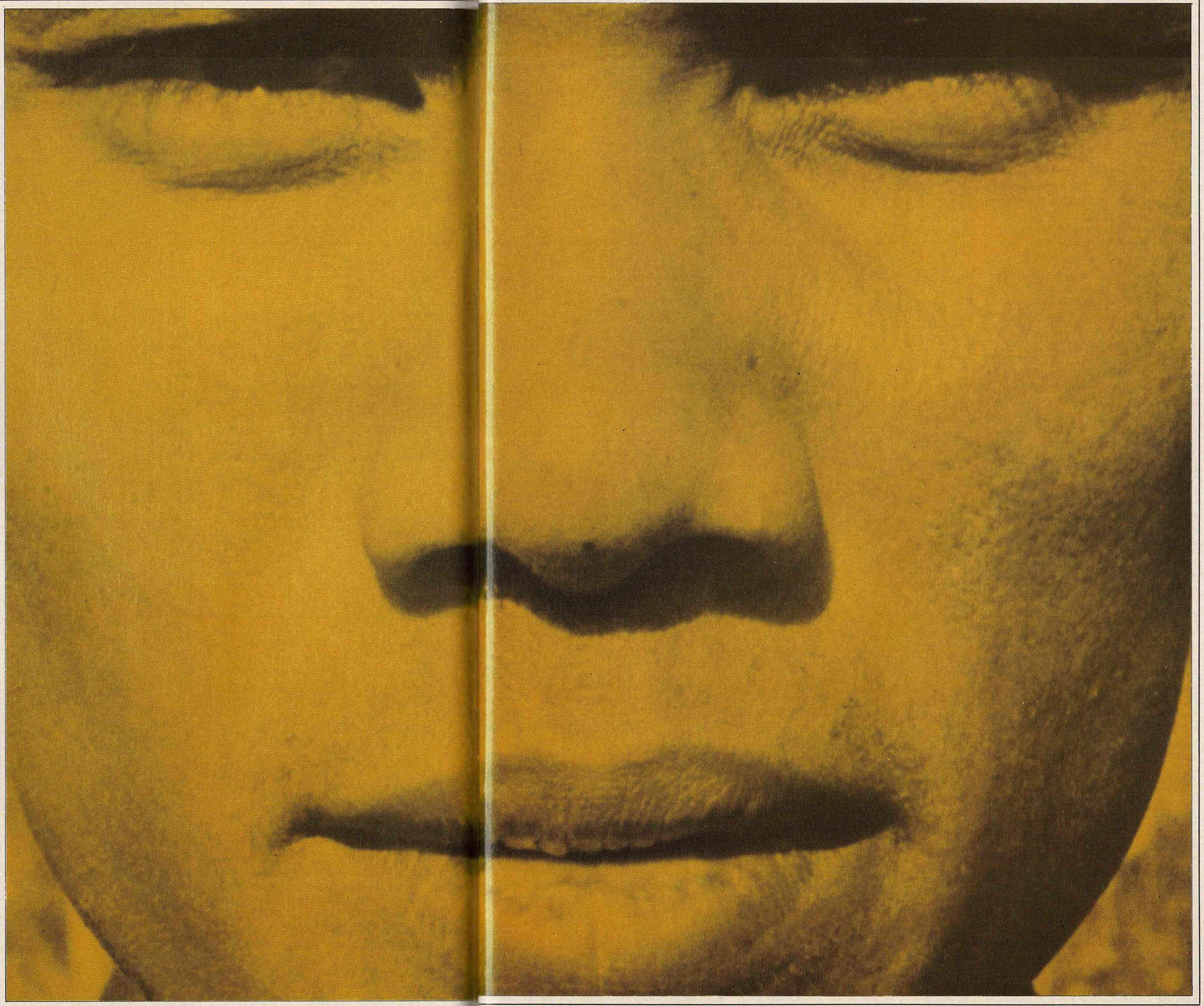
an exclusive report from an australian on patrol with the remnants of pol pot's communists

article **BY JOSEPH MURPHY**

THE HAMMOCK's gentle motion ushers me to sleep. As my drowsy focus takes in the roof of the straw shelter, I am vaguely aware of the woman crouched beside me, softly rocking me as one would a baby. The dreamy Khmer rhythm of the nearby concert music holds me delicately in the semi-conscious limbo of not-quite-sleep, just enough aware to take stock of the situation.

So, these people are the dreaded Khmer Rouge. These are the supporters of Pol Pot, the man responsible for the greatest genocide since World War Two. Not even Hitler or Stalin came close to wiping out almost an entire population. If the stories are true, some of these people must have acted under Pol Pot's orders. In 1974, I had

Photography by Joseph Murphy



heard Phnom Penh-based CIA agents relate savage tales of these "black pyjamaed bastards". Those stories contrast sharply with this peaceful setting. They'd said that even laughter was banned under Pol Pot's murderous regime, and — as if to put the lie to the tale — the laughter explodes from the concert audience as the comedians follow the musicians. Throughout the night, I will hear this gleeful laughter rise and fall in innocent mockery of the plight and abject deprivation facing the wretched populace of refugee camp Nong Sammet 007, just a few kilometres inside Kampuchea, close to the Thai south-western border region — the focal point of one of mankind's greatest refugee tragedies.

My thoughts are checked by a sudden change in mood from the concert stage. To the sound of electric music, the singers call death and destruction down upon the invading Vietnamese, and the soldier in the green beret and worn jungle fatigues thrusts emphatically with his M16 rifle. His jungle camouflage uniform suggests that he is a Khmer Seri, which confirms the reports that the former US-backed forces of Prince Sihanouk have linked with the Khmer Rouge for the common fight against the Vietnamese.

His antics contrast sharply with the beauty of the delicate ballet which follows. The doll-like figures flutter and fly to the exotic tones of the traditional Khmer stringed instruments. A lump creeps into my throat as I witness this pathetic scrap of all that remains of the mighty Khmer culture which ruled much of Indo-China during the 17th century. Here, in this rag-tag refugee outpost, a remnant of the great tradition will burn briefly and brightly before the process of oppression extinguishes it for ever. Somewhere in the image of that delicate dance glowed the rhyme, the reason and the real tragedy of the Indo-Chinese conflict. One day it may end. But what will be left?

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With the night's cool comes a reprieve from the stinking, fly-blown heat of a Nong Sammet day. I had arrived at the camp in my capacity as a volunteer relief worker, and had spent a memorable Christmas Day swilling beer and whisky cocktails from the communal aluminium bowls. During a break in the merriment, the Khmers had opened up on their hatred for this dusty hole and their resentment at having their backs against the wall of the Thai border while the Viet invasion threatened to engulf them. The Khmers had only two requests: "Give us the weapons to drive out the Vietnamese," and, "Tell the world what is really happening in our land." It was then that I learned from my host — his eyes bulging with fear — the real identity of these men.

"Khmer Rouge!" he had hissed.

"Yeah?" I responded in alarm.

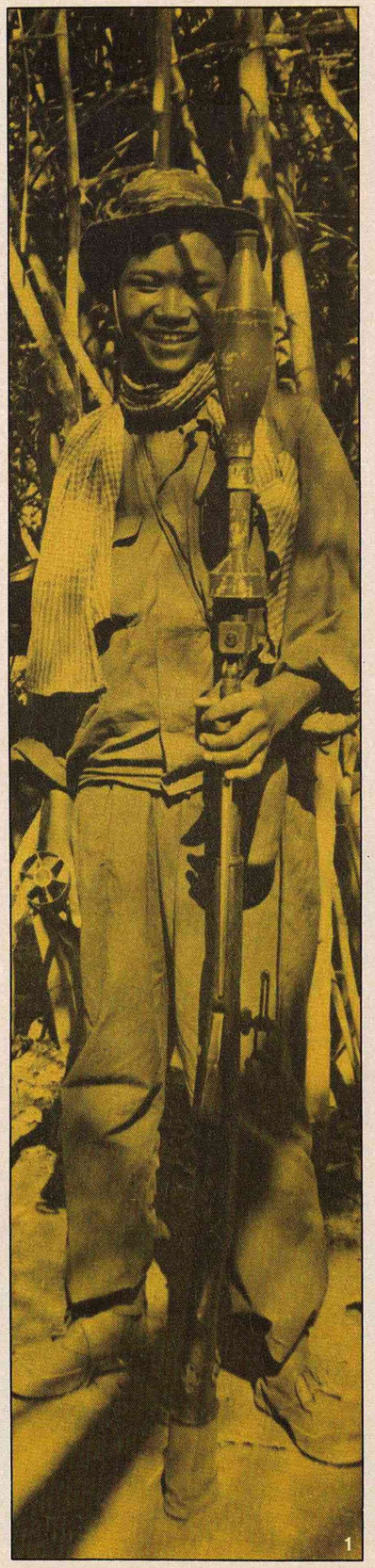
•

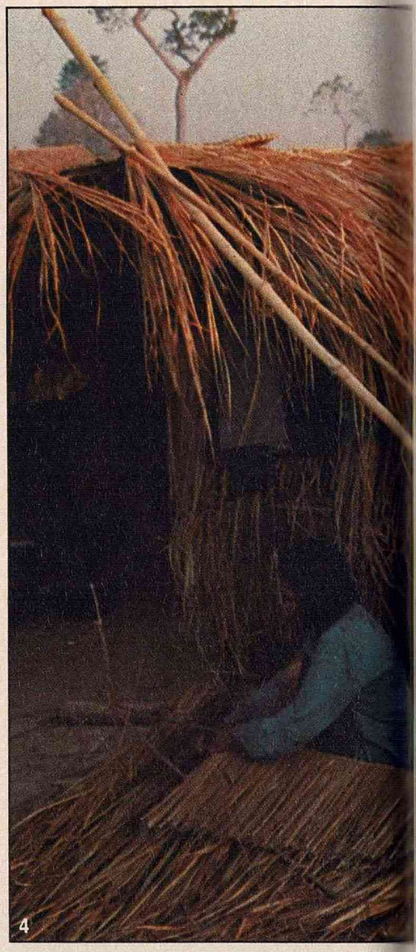
At first, it is difficult to identify the many factions among the Khmers. The Khmer Seri, Khmer Seriki, Khmer National Liberation Front and the Khmer Rouge form a disjointed and factionalised opposition against which the Vietnamese will have little problem forcing a complete victory. Despite some evidence of unity between the Seri and Rouge, the only real elements of resistance are coming from organised Rouge forces in the west and south-west mountain areas.

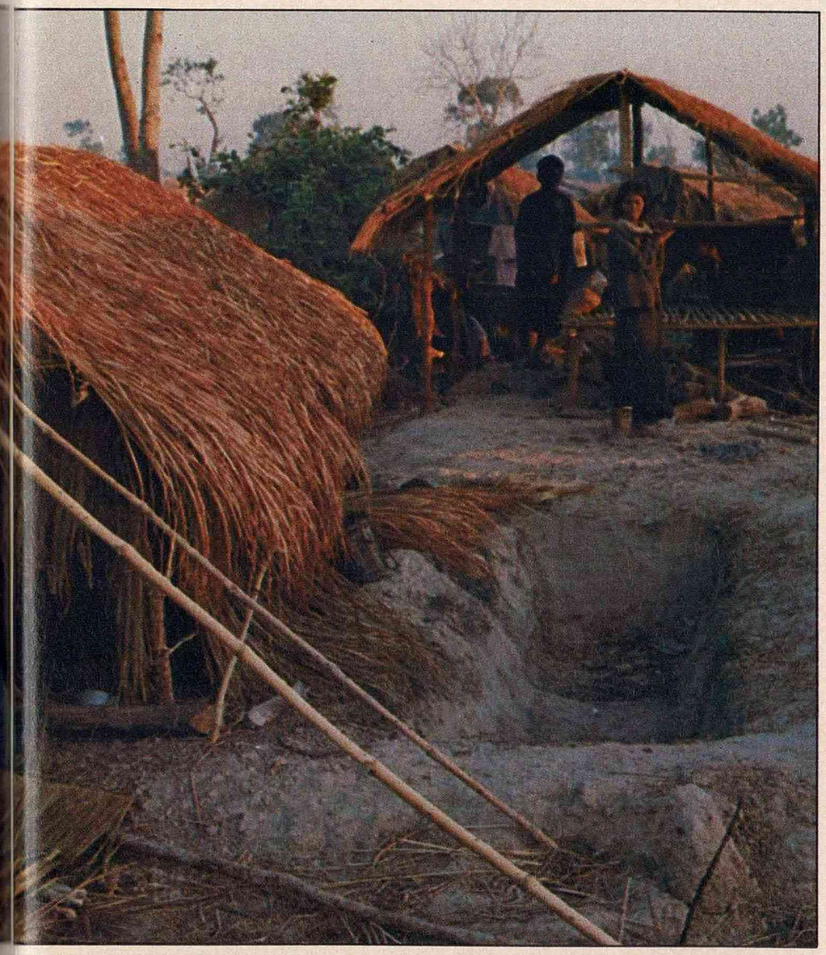
I learn this from Han How. He is the fourth in command of the Khmer Rouge military forces at 007 (Nong Sammet). I'm told that I will go with his forces tonight, and I'm asked if I am afraid to die. My momentary flashback recaptures the anguished, tearful faces of the two young Khmer Rouge I had witnessed a few nights earlier as they confessed to having been forced to participate in a throat-slashing foray upon villagers who had co-operated with the Vietnamese. Drawing a deep breath, I suggest that: "When your number's up ..." and the agreeing nods among the men confirm that the adage has stood the test of translation.

The party breaks up after the concert, and we head out with Han How. I am led by the hand through the black shadowy maze of the camp toward the Khmer Rouge lines. My guide is a Mrs Moon. A short time earlier, to the delight of the audience, I had joined her on the concert stage in an impromptu dance. It provided great hilarity and — they had said — brought me closer to them. Mrs Moon's husband was killed by Pol Pot's forces in Phnom Penh, but it is the Vietnamese she now regards as the enemy.

In Han How's quarters, the oil-lit tranquillity is complete as his wife and her younger sister nurse two of his four small children. The scene is a juxtaposition of images with the items of war, scattered about the dwelling, being as accessible as the basic household utensils. An assortment of machine guns, rockets and grenades litter the room, while a toddler plays with an empty clip from an M16. Han How sits on his hammock, and his wife places the baby in his hands. As I see the sparkle of fatherly joy light up his face, it is even harder to grasp the image of this







(1) A Khmer Rouge teenager poses with the hardware of war as (2) the patrol assembles for commander Han How's briefing. (3) The soldiers — some of them no older than 10 — move through the arid scrub outside refugee camp Nong Sammet 007 (4), leaving behind the thatched dwellings and defence entrenchments of the village. (5) Outside the perimeters of the camp, the Khmer Rouge take up a defensive position against the long-anticipated offensive from their enemy, the superior Vietnamese forces.

Khmer Rouge fighter and patriarch as the savage jungle guerrilla.

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It is seven kilometres to the Khmer Rouge first line of defence. As the patrol snakes from the camp, Han How points out a bewildered family group crouching in the dust. As they shiver in the morning cold, we learn they were intercepted by a Vietnamese patrol and stripped of all their belongings save the barest clothes. They are now refugees.

It is along this corridor that some of the International Red Cross and UN food relief makes its way to the interior. The Vietnamese will not permit trucks to make the journey, so the supplies are conveyed by bicycle convoy or on foot. We move aside for the stream of bicycles, knowing that it will take them four days to reach their objective, the town of Battambong. In 1974, I had completed the taxi trip in just four hours. Mrs Moon had told me that the people of Battambong are very poor. That means starving.

As we pass check-points on the way, the young Khmer Seri soldiers, armed with M16s and Russian AK47s, are amused by the farang (white man) in the black peasant pyjamas of the Pol Pot forces. They even giggle and mutter "Pol Pot".

In three hours, we reach the first lines of defence against the Vietnamese. The Rouge regulars are armed with AKs, M79s and rocket-propelled grenade launchers. They are not dug in, and I recall how I had been thankful for the entrenchments as I crawled and quivered under Khmer Rouge fire in the 1974 assault on Phnom Penh.

"So," muse my silent thoughts, "at last we meet. I certainly haven't forgotten you lot. I learned what fear was all about in Phnom Penh. That all-erasing fear which temporarily blots out all memory and emotion. Yes, I can even taste it now."

I look around. This is ideal tank terrain, and the Viet armor could simply stand off and pound these guys to dust. The hopelessness of their position is compounded by their shortage of arms and ammunition. There are between 3000 and 5000 troops scattered along this perimeter, but the numbers amount to nothing. Bivouacs of four or five soldiers are stationed at intervals of about 200 metres. The opening barrage of the expected assault would turn their tinder-dry shelters into fire storms, leaving them exposed to the troop rush which would surely follow.

We rendezvous with another, larger group, and Han How confers with their commander. Some of the soldiers are no older than 10, but this is not surprising in a country which has lost the majority of its male population to 30 years of war and oppression. Their commander is 30, or older, and his section is the most heavily armed outfit that I've ever yet encountered. Their weaponry includes 60mm mortars. The snap of AKs opening up in the nearby bush makes me flinch, but there is not a flicker of distraction among any of the others. It's not surprising. These people have been hounded by helicopter gunships, B-52 barrages and now the invading Vietnamese. War is their daily business, and has been for almost 30 years.

Joseph Murphy, 31, of Brisbane, has spent a good part of the past eight years in Indo-China. He arrived in the region in 1972, and the following year went to Vietnam. He gained a job through CARE relief agency in Saigon, working as a volunteer at Min Qyui hospital in a town called Qom Tuom in the central highlands of Vietnam. Murphy's function, being a welder by trade, was to teach the Montegnard people to weld and to help in the construction of the hospital. From 1973 to 1975, Murphy travelled and worked in Cambodia (now Kampuchea) and Vietnam. In Kampuchea he came into contact with communist forces. He left Saigon six weeks before it fell to the North Vietnamese in 1975. In 1973, he had met his Vietnamese wife in Saigon (they were married in December, 1974). Murphy has not heard from her since a week before Saigon fell. He went to Hanoi in 1976, hoping to trace his wife, but the Vietnamese would not give him permission to visit Saigon. From Vietnam, he travelled to Thailand via Laos, and from there to the Philippines where he worked as an extra in two films, *Apocalypse Now* and *The Boys of Company C*, both of which were about the Vietnam war. Murphy spent November and December of last year in Thailand and Kampuchea working as a volunteer relief worker. He speaks Thai and Vietnamese and has an understanding of the region which can be gained only from living there for some time. His accounts and photos have become his own records of the immediate history of the region.

On the camp perimeter, the women and kids burrow, often with their bare hands, to depths of 15 metres or more in the quest for water. This is no lush Asian jungle but an arid region bearing many similarities to outback Northern Territory. So they dig. That's all there seems to be left in Indo-China — strongwilled women and lion-hearted kids.

I once saw a bushfire threaten a Thai village of straw thatch huts. The situation looked hopeless till kids, in the thousands, rushed out and fought the flames with such ferocity that they stopped the fire's progress and finally defeated it.

In Kampuchea, as soon as a kid can squeeze a trigger, he becomes a soldier. In the mornings, I watched girls learning to shoot. There is no alternative when non-stop warfare has culled the male population to a ratio of three for every 10 women.

•

The sight of black pyjamas on point prompts more bewildered stares and more shrieks of laughter. We straggle into the teeming camp, and I crawl exhausted into Han How's straw shelter. There is no relief from the thirst, and the flies swarm and buzz from the filthy garbage and excreta pits, settling on people, food and weapons.

The crackle of AKs out on the perimeter snatches me away from my private discomfort. The ripple of machine-gun fire chimes in with a chattering response. Something's up this time. Scruffy kids are tumbling from everywhere as the shooting intensifies. They're jumping right over each other to reach the best positions on the mound and, in spite of the risk of death, the momentary adrenalin pump plucks them briefly from the squalor of their immediate situation. Half-terror madness races like electricity through the camp.

As suddenly as a referee's whistle signals the end of a match, so the grenade's "krump" brings the proceedings to a halt. Voices swell into a murmur which rises to become excited chatter. Reassuring smiles, a few shrugs, and the adrenalin switch returns to neutral.

"What happened?"

"Who knows?" is the resigned response. "Who knows?"

"Will the Vietnamese come soon?"

"Yes, yes. The Vietnamese soon will come. Any time."

•

I awaken from a few hours of exhausted sleep to prepare for my return to Thailand. They've given me some money and placed their orders. Forty metres of black cotton and polyester tomorrow? Can do. Mrs Moon's team of seamstresses have a lot of uniforms to make. I change into the accepted Thai-Western outfit: Levis, batik shirt and sneakers, to make it through the border crossing.

"I'll be back tomorrow with some more Mekong whisky. We'll have a good party tomorrow night, eh?"

"Yes, yes." And that broad smile beams again. "We very happy for you. You very lucky for us."

"Dammit, Suzy, the ice has melted."

THE ANIMAL SWINGDOM

birds do it, bees do it, even koalas in their trees do it — read on, and discover the thrilling and sordid details of how

humor **BY PHILLIP ADAMS**

GATHER ROUND kiddies, while your Uncle Phillip tells you about the wonders of sex.

You see, I've just been reading an article in an American newspaper about a Mr Hy Freedman, who wrote gags for Groucho Marx for more than 15 years. And when he wasn't writing gags for Groucho, he was collecting information on the private lives of the lower orders.

I'm sure your mummy and daddy would like me to tell you all about it, to save them the embarrassment.

For example, did you know that the well-named cockroach puts the *Kama Sutra* to shame with its 35,000 different mating techniques? Or that the orang-utan does not limit his swinging to trees? That the sage grice (that's plural for sage grouse) have 100 sexual encounters a night which is 23 times more than the average League football player?

Okay, you knew all that. But I bet that no one at your kindergarten realises that the male octopus uses one of its eight arms for intercourse. Which is why you hear octopuses muttering in their rock pools: "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo."

Then there's the seahorse, which has no truck with male chauvinism: at mating time, the female comes galloping up and plonks her eggs into a special pouch in the male's stomach. He then fertilises them and carries them about while she swims off without a maternal worry in the world.

When it comes to sex, the backyard snail is very fast indeed. It has affairs "that would make Anita Bryant decide never to set foot in her citrus garden again". Mr Freedman portrays their goings on as "lurid, sadomasochistic and bisexual". So, if you've ever felt sorry for those poor creatures with their one big foot, dragging their houses about, forget it.

When two snails get together, right off they're double-dating. They both have a complete set of male and female genitalia so that they can impregnate each other at the same time. It's an instant orgy. And not only that, but one species of snail can even impregnate itself, saving it the trouble of going out.

Yet Roman snails are even worse. They're the large ones you get in restaurants, or used to, before the following revelations. When they mate, "the sedate vegetable garden becomes transformed into a Roman Bacchanalia. For openers, the two voluptuaries stand foot to foot, glued

Images by Leonie Bremer-Kamp

in an impassioned kiss while rocking back and forth in a throbbing dance".

Then, reveals Freedman, one of them releases its *spiculum amoras* and pierces the other's skin. "The wounded snail will react to the pain, but even more with a renewed surge of passion, whereupon it reciprocates with its own *spiculum amoras.*" Thus sadomasochism is something snails have in common with the graduates of English boarding schools who like to be whipped by ladies in leather belts, mesh stockings and high heeled-shoes.

Kiddies, I'm afraid I have to make a further confession on the snails' behalf. Believe it or not, there's one species of snail that has sex in groups of six, linked together like a daisy chain. The first snail takes the female role, the last takes the male role and the four in the middle have the best of both worlds. Little wonder daddy's forever running around the garden sprinkling Defender.

At this point, let's hear Mr Freedman philosophising on philandering. "Whether it's because of our large brains, superior intelligence, tenacious memory, spiritual nature or ever-present conscience with its concomitant offshoots of fear, guilt and anxiety, or some combination of these human qualities, humans are the only species with sexual problems."

Apparently for the other million known species of animals in the world, "sex holds no mystery, is not a vehicle for any hang-ups (with the possible exception of the bat) never a *cause célèbre* for puritanical censors and is not a frightening, degrading or unnatural experience". And this applies even for those species that practise rape, incest, homosexuality, bisexuality, orgies, urolagnia or matricide in the course of their coupling.

Freedman reveals that the frog is a rapacious rapist that uses his baritone to attract a mate to draw her close. The second she's in reach, he springs into action and forces his attention upon her. And if he fails to lure a lady, he'll attempt intercourse with any small creature that has the misfortune to be passing, or even with a pebble.

So, whatever you've read in your fairy stories about kissing frogs, put it right out of your tiny minds.

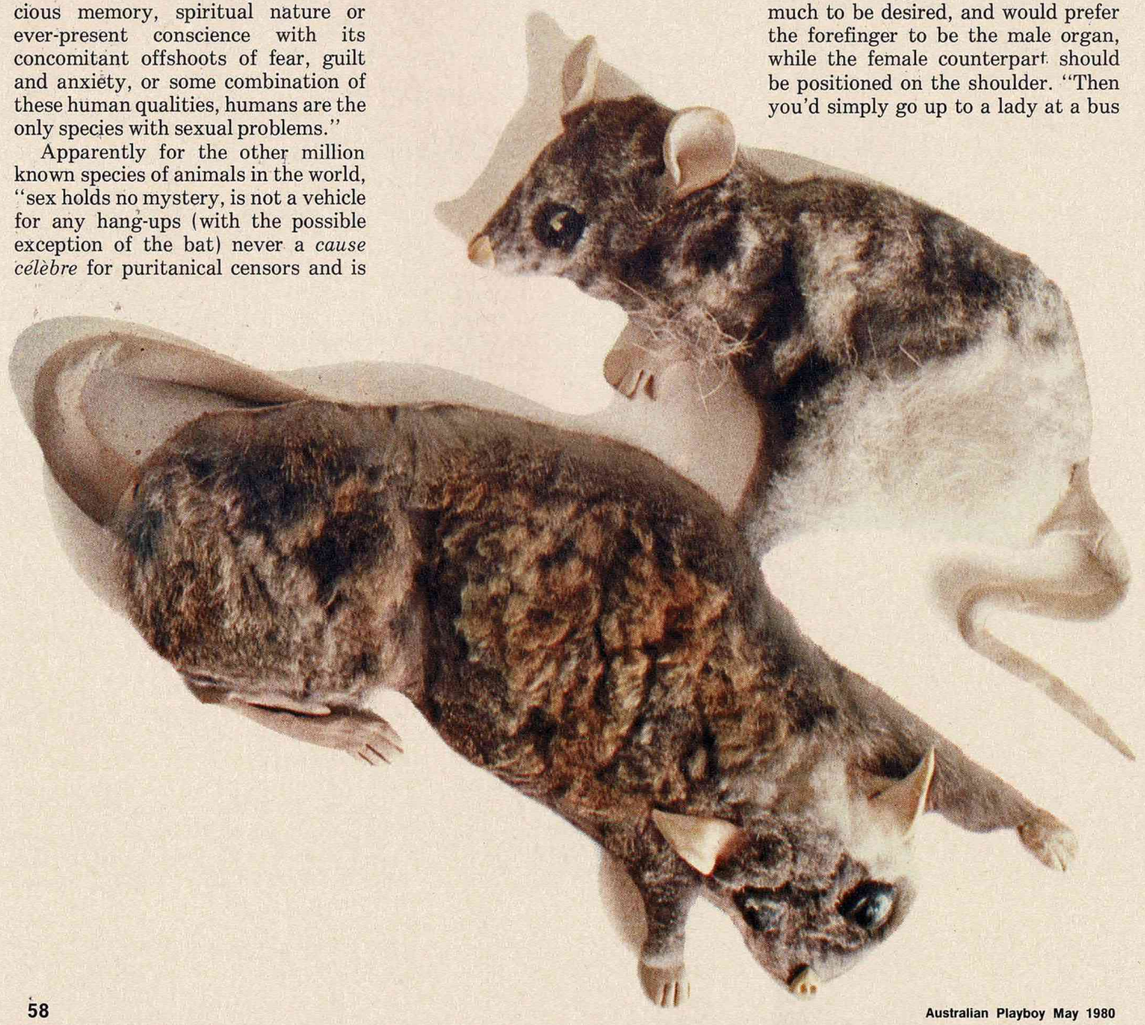
This brings us to the female porcupine, which could be described as a waddling contraceptive. It would appear that evolution has made eroticism such a painful experience for the creature that she ignores it, for fully 364 days of the year.

Yet all the time, the porcupine is porcupining for it. So, on the 365th day, she becomes nymphomaniacal and couples for a marathon four hours. Mind you, it's possible that the porcupine's quills get imbedded, as well as his *spiculum amoras,* and that three and a half hours of that ardent writhing is simply an attempt to shake themselves free.

This brings us to masturbation (stop that Tommy!), all too common in the animal world. Take the male deer. It can bring itself to climax by rubbing its mossy antlers to and fro against a bush, in much the same way as a Botanic Garden Flasher. As for the dirty-minded dolphin, it uses a stream of gushing water for self-stimulus, while a variety of animals use their tails — filthy little brutes.

Oh, I forgot to give you the details of the octopus. When he mates, the male uses one of his tentacles to reach inside his breathing funnel and remove a cartridge of semen. This is then placed, via the tentacles, in the female's mantle. All very polite.

Which reminds me of Spike Milligan's complaint about the positioning of human genitalia. He believes that both the design and location leave much to be desired, and would prefer the forefinger to be the male organ, while the female counterpart should be positioned on the shoulder. "Then you'd simply go up to a lady at a bus stop and tap her on the shoulder," says Spike, "and you'd get gratification and information about the next bus exactly at the same time."



Let us now consider that vulgar vaudevillian verb "to goose". This probably derives from ancient myth. Indeed, I've got a Roman statue in my gallery window depicting a roly-poly cherub clutching the goose sacred to the goddess of erotica, the beautiful Aphrodite.

Sadly, he's rather the worse for wear, as both his head and his *spiculum amoras* are missing. Yet, despite this cruel act of circumcision, it causes outrage among the dowagers of Toorak. Shades of Michelangelo's David at Myer: last week we had a visit from the local shopkeepers demanding that this immoral marble object be taken off display or covered up.

Yet the goose is anything but promiscuous. Unlike the bullfinches, which are home wreckers, and the pigeons, which have open marriages, two geese will remain together for life — for as long as 50 years. If a goose (or drake) loses its mate, it will fly long distances in search, day and night, for weeks on end. And if it fails to find its spouse, it will sink into deep depression, with a "permanent look of sadness".

Sometimes, a surviving male bird will seek solace in the befeathered embrace of another bereft bird — of the same sex. They'll settle down to domestic bliss, a couple of middle-aged pooves. Mind you, a single female will sometimes join the pair, setting up a *ménage à trois* that can last a lifetime. Shades of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.*

But for fidelity, nothing beats the female mouse. She'll breed only with the approved male, and in the event of another male managing to mate with her, she'll abort within four days.

Such admirable examples notwithstanding, the general picture of the menagerie would cause blushes among the staff of the sleaziest massage parlor. One realises that the goings on in Sodom and Gomorrah were nothing compared to those on Noah's Ark.

All in all, it's surprising that the RSPCA doesn't stand for the Royal Society for the Provision of Contraceptives to Animals. And I haven't had the courage to tell you about the oyster, yak or three-toed sloth.

Now kiddies, just to make sure you've all been paying attention to Uncle Phillip's little lesson, I'd like you to run about the kinder and play Roman snails, frogs and porcupines.

Playmate of the Year

she's on top of the world, and our number one girl; she's rosemary paul

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

SHE'S the cover girl on the first issue of Australian PLAYBOY, our hazel-eyed Centrefold last October and blonde schoolgirl Robin Hunter in Channel 10's *The Restless Years*. Now Rosemary Paul scores a quadrella by becoming the first Australian **Playmate Of The Year,** adding prizes worth $25,000 to her many and tantalising personal assets.

So much for the good news. But the bad news is that Rosemary is *Mrs* Paul. Husband Jeremy, however, isn't oh-so possessive that he minds others assessing Rosemary from his own intimate viewpoint.

"If Bo Derek rates 11 on a scale of 10," he says, "then Rosemary must rate 12."

And so say all of us!

In common with most, Jeremy hooked on to Rosemary's allure the first time he set eyes on her. He was playing rock 'n roll in a Sydney night club when she walked in with a friend. The second thing he noticed was that she was obviously under age — "and out of context with the sleazy surroundings".

Rosemary was then just 17, a schoolgirl with P-plates. The whole band scrambled to make first contact. All, that is, except Jeremy.

He acted cool, which, given that women are contrary creatures, goes some way toward explaining why, five years later, she wears his wedding ring.

Rosemary is a Leo, generally happy, optimistic and, by her own admission, just a little crazy.

Since leaving school, she has worked as a body model — with the emphasis on *body*. She once trumped 300 hopefuls for an underwear account because she knew how to move *just so*.

"Mostly, I work semi-nude, modelling underwear,

"My ideal man? He is in his late 20s, well built and he has to be just a little crazy. I don't need to tell you who I'm describing."

"I know I must have some attractiveness, but I can't think what. But there's more going on behind my eyes than you can see."

swimsuits and bikinis," she says, and, natch, Rosemary is a perfect size. "I have enough bum to fill knickers and don't overflow a bra." She also models sexy clothes, slit up to see-level, and also poses for body care promotions. "That's a laugh," says Jeremy. "She's the slackest chocolate eater."

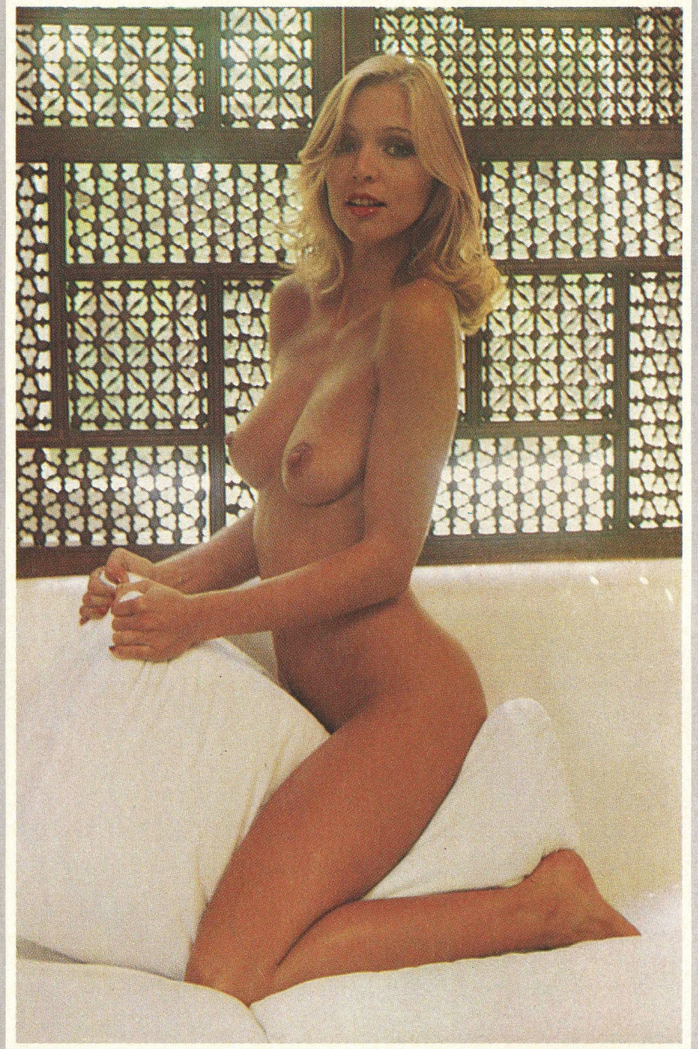
Modelling assignments were a passport to travel locations as far apart as Milan and Hong Kong, where Rosemary got the most acceptable of many proposals. Jeremy phoned from Sydney at three o'clock one morning and asked her to marry him. Rosemary's "yes" signalled the start of a comical exchange. Their respective telegrams saying: "Did you really mean it?" crossed on the wires. As did their back-ups saying: "Yes, but did you?"

Fans are lining up from the left since Rosemary posed for PLAYBOY and landed a 50-word part in *The Restless Years* that turned into a 13-week contract.

Now she's started doing video workshop with an eye to the main chance. "I'm very career oriented, want to do commercials in the States and make movies here at home," she says, adding the practical touch that "I've still got a lot to learn."

Chances are she'll get as much film and TV exposure as she's had in Australian PLAYBOY, an offer she readily accepted for two important reasons. The first — and

"If a clairvoyant had ever told me that, one day, I would be doing nude modelling, I would simply have laughed in his face."



"There are two types of women I admire. The first is like Mae West or Jane Fonda — women who have the courage of their convictions. The second type is like Raquel Welch, who I find physically attractive."

"Acting experience? Well, I once produced and directed a school play. It was Greek; about a guy whose mistress and long-lost sister meet in a brothel. Stern stuff."

why not? — was the chance of the fantastic prizemoney which she'll splurge on a three-month trip overseas, including a visit to Greece to indulge her interests in archaeology and anthropology. And the second was for posterity. "I'd like to show the pictures to my grand-children." Her own granny thinks Rosemary's nude photos are "just great."

But, more important, Rosemary posed for our Centrefold because she respects the PLAYBOY style of photography. "In years to come, PLAYBOY Centrefolds could be regarded as fine examples of 20th century art. The craft and skill involved in taking those pictures requires as much talent as painting a masterpiece."

KHOMEINI'S KOMMANDMENTS

from the writings of the iranian religious and political leader, a guide to everyday deportment

While Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was in exile in Paris, he published three works containing his interpretation of how Shi'ite Moslems should live. The books are remarkably detailed, covering every aspect of daily life from eating, sleeping and praying to conjugal relations and bodily functions. Titled The Kingdom of Learning, The Key to the Mysteries *and* The Explanation of Problems, *the books were translated from Persian into French last year and published by Editions Libres-Hallier in Paris.*

Although we have excerpted some of the more curious exhortations of Khomeini, we want to stress that the material is authentic. The specific rules and doctrines are presented in approximately the order in which they appear in the French text. The last two paragraphs, which deal with sexual relations between human beings and animals, are not included in the French text but are, rather, extrapolations of the ayatollah's general writings delivered as lectures to his followers. They were recorded by a reporter for the mass circulation Italian magazine L'Espresso.

Readers should bear in mind that these excerpts represent Khomeini's interpretation of the Shi'ite doctrine and do not necessarily reflect the spiritual rules most Moslems revere and live by.

HOW TO URINATE AND DEFECATE

Whenever one urinates or defecates, one must hide one's genitalia from the view of anyone past the age of puberty, including one's mother, one's sister and the feeble-minded. One does not have to hide one's genitalia from a husband or a wife. It is not necessary to hide one's genitalia with anything in particular – one's hand serves as a proper shield.

When one urinates or defecates, one must squat in such a way as to be facing neither toward nor away from Mecca. It is forbidden to urinate or defecate in the following places: the property of someone who has not given his permission; any holy place; tombs of the faithful (unless one wants to give the person offense).

It is not necessary to wipe one's anus with three pebbles or three pieces of cloth – one pebble or one piece of cloth is enough. But if one wipes oneself with a bone or a sacred object, such as a piece of paper with God's name on it, one cannot say prayers.

When one relieves oneself; one should avoid using one's right hand. After urination, one must press one's left hand three times to the area between the penis and the anus; then one must pull the tip of one's penis three times toward the circumcision scar; and, finally, one must shake the penis three times. The woman has no special instructions on what to do after she has urinated.

ON PURITY AND IMPURITY

Eleven things are impure: urine, excrement, sperm, blood, the remains of a corpse, dogs, pork, non-Moslem men and women, wine, beer and the sweat of a dung-eating camel.

It is forbidden to touch the Koran with anything impure. It is forbidden to write verses from the Koran with impure ink, even if it is just one letter. In such a case, the writing must be washed or scraped away with a knife.

The Koran must never be given to an infidel. If an infidel is holding the Koran, it is even recommended to tear it out of his hands.

ON ABLUTION

(the ritual washing away of impurities)

Sperm is always impure, whether it comes from coitus or from involuntary emissions while asleep. Thus, if one's penis penetrates a woman's vagina or a man's anus, either completely or just up as far as the circumcision scar, both persons become impure – even if they are prepubescent – and must perform their ablutions. If the man believes his penis has not penetrated the woman's vagina past the circumcision scar, ablution is not necessary. If sperm remains inside the vagina and does not come out, or if there is doubt as to whether or not it has come out, ablution is not necessary.

If a man – may God help him – fornicates with an animal, and he ejaculates, ablution is necessary.

Ablutions are recommended for the following cases:

- A woman who has used perfume for a man other than her husband.
- One who has gone to sleep drunk.
- One who has not prayed during a solar or lunar eclipse.
- One who has assisted in the hanging of a condemned person. However, if a person did not assist voluntarily in the hanging, ablutions are not necessary.

THE NAMAZ PRAYERS

(the five ritual prayers a Moslem says every day while facing Mecca)

While a man says his five daily prayers, he must make sure his genitalia and his posterior are covered, even if they are not visible to anyone. While a woman says her five daily prayers, she must cover her entire body, including her head and her hair. It is, however, permitted for a woman to leave her hands, her feet and part of her face uncovered. During the daily prayers, one can cover one's body and one's genitalia with herbs or leaves, but only when nothing better is available. During collective prayers, the woman must be behind the man.

ON FASTING

Coitus invalidates the fast, even if the penis has penetrated the vagina only as far as the circumcision scar, and even if ejaculation does not occur. If the penis does not penetrate up to the circumcision scar, and if no ejaculation takes place, the fast stays valid. If a man cannot determine with certainty to what length his penis has penetrated the vagina, even if he has gone past the circumcision scar, the fast is nonetheless valid.

If a man remembers he is supposed to be fasting during coitus, he must interrupt coitus immediately. If a man masturbates and ejaculates during his fasting period, his fast is invalid. If a man ejaculates involuntarily, his fast is valid; but if he does anything to facilitate his involuntary ejaculation, his fast is null and void.

ON MARRIAGE, ADULTERY AND CONJUGAL RELATIONS

A woman may legally belong to a man in two ways: in a temporary marriage or a permanent marriage. In the first case, the duration of the marriage need not be precise: in the latter case, the man must specify if the marriage is to last an hour, a day, a month, a year or longer.

A Moslem woman may not marry a non-Moslem man and a Moslem man cannot marry a non-Moslem woman in a continuous marriage, but he may take a Jewish or a Christian woman in a temporary marriage. If a man sodomises the son, the brother or the father of his wife after marriage, the marriage is nonetheless valid.

It is forbidden for a man to look at the body of a woman who is not his wife under any circumstances. It is also forbidden for a woman to look at the body of a man who is not her husband. It is tolerable to look at the face and hair of a prepubescent girl, as long as the intention is not to seek pleasure, and if one does not fear succumbing to temptation. But it is recommended not to look at the girl's chest or thighs.

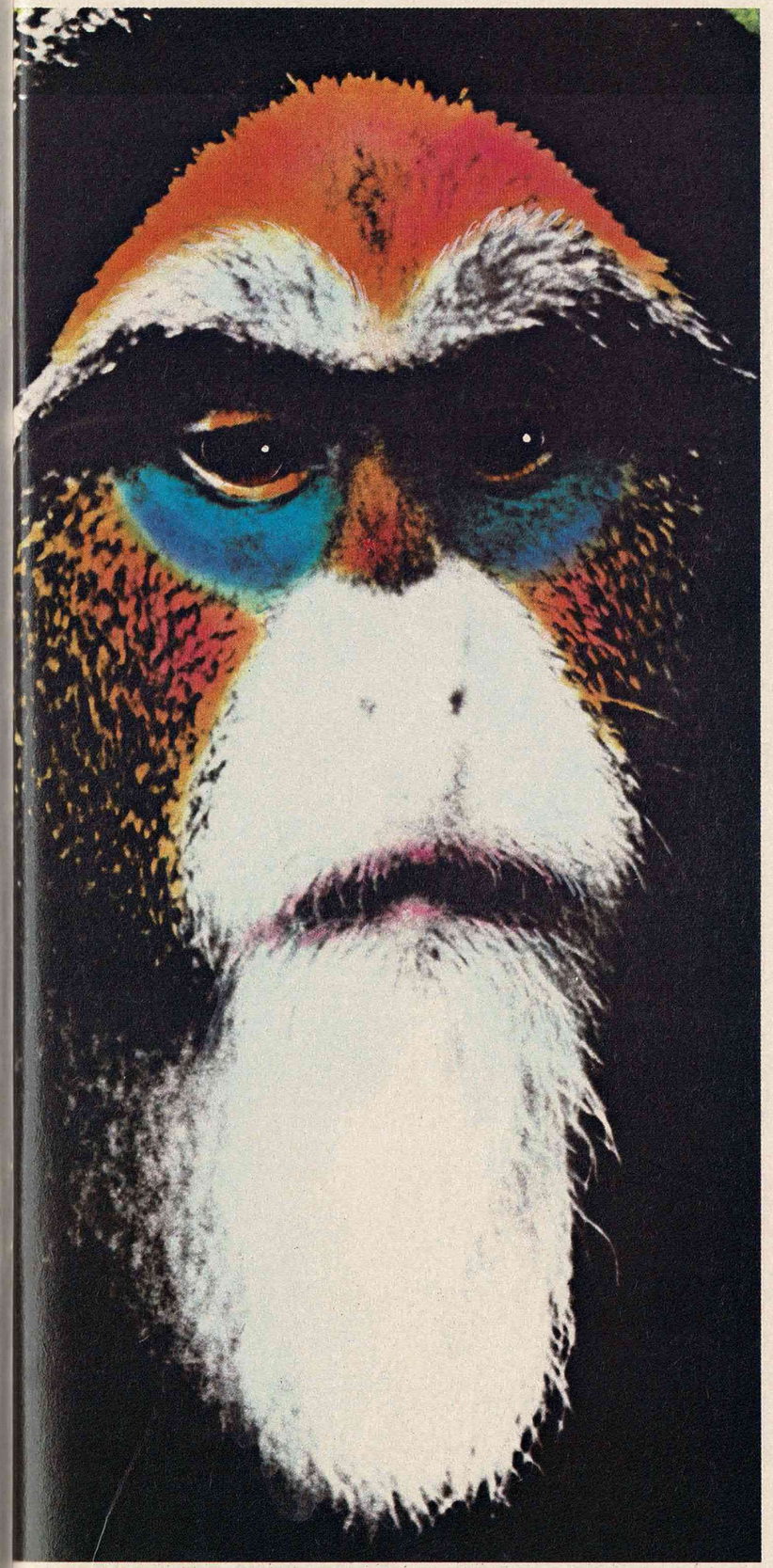
It is forbidden to look at the genitalia of others, even in the mirror or in a pool's reflection. It is even forbidden to look at the genitalia of a child who knows right from wrong. But it is permitted for a husband and a wife to look at each other completely. A doctor is permitted to look at someone's genitalia, but he must do so indirectly, using a mirror. If he must touch a woman's genitalia for medical reasons, he must not look at her genitalia. It is forbidden to look at a woman other than one's wife, an animal, or statue, in a sensual way.

A woman does not necessarily have to be believed if she claims to be menopausal. But she must be believed if she claims to be unmarried.

ON RELATIONS BETWEEN HUMANS AND ANIMALS

A woman cannot have any sort of sexual relations with an animal; that is reserved for men alone. A man may have sexual relations with animals only if the animal is female. Sexual relations with a male animal is a mortal sin. Coupling with wild animals is not recommended, especially with a lioness. What is recommended instead is coitus with domesticated animals, such as dogs, cats, pigeons, donkeys and lambs. After having sexual relations with a lamb, it is a mortal sin to eat its flesh.

It is forbidden to have sexual relations with any animal directly descended from an animal that a man previously had sexual relations with.



SAYING OF THE AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI: POLITICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS, translated into English and based on the French edition by Harold J. Salemson and specially edited by Tony Hendra with an introduction by Clive Irving. Available in an English translation in Australia from Bantam Books, Inc. English translation copyright (C) 1980 by Bantam Books, Inc. All rights reserved.

if you think what you see on screen is hot, wait till you find out about the pyrotechnics going on behind the camera

SEX AND CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIAN CINEMA

By JOHN LAMOND

WHEN INTERVIEWERS ask makers of sexy movies if they get turned on shooting naked bodies in heated scenarios all day long, most of them nonchalantly reply, "Of course not! With all those hot lights, booms, equipment, the crowds of technicians, the stifling atmosphere — how could it be? It's not sexy, not at all."

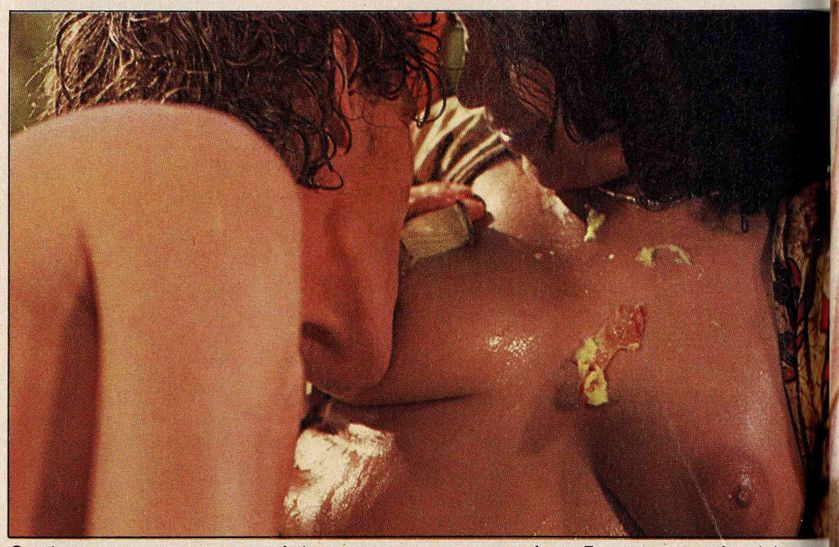
Well folks, as a bloke who has made four films featuring many naked or near-naked people, let me tell you that that is bullshit. Crumpet is crumpet.

Any man who tells you he's not even a little bit turned on, in spite of all the hot lights, when he sees a naked female bum (I'm a bottom man myself) on satin bedsheets in an erotic setting, has got to be queer. Then again, we put blokes in our pictures too, so I suppose that doesn't count.

Making erotic movies in Australia hasn't been easy. The critics are not very kind to me: "a piece of rubbish"; "a plastic bucket of celluloid swill"; "a blight on the Australian film industry" (that was from a Brisbane critic, so what can you expect?). The above gems are typical of how critics have described my pictures, *Australia After Dark, The ABC of Love and Sex Australian Style,* and *Felicity.* No doubt, they have their acidic type ready and waiting for my new movie, *Pacific Banana,* a comedy about two randy pilots who run a broken-down South Pacific charter airline called Banana Airlines.

One of my most interesting pastimes has been in my dealings with the Film Censorship Board. In spite of what some people may think, the Board is not anti-filth as such, but in fact seems to me to be very fond of watching pictures (you'd have to be to watch millions of footage a year as they do). They are also not as blue-nosed as is normally believed. The

Fantasm, a film produced by Tony Ginnane in the early '70s, showed more nudity and explicit sex than any other Australian-made movie had ever done previously.



On these two pages, some of the more steamy scenes from *Fantasm* — at far right, one is left wondering just which of the two characters is giving the pointers on sex.

classic erotic movie *Emmanuelle* was hacked about in the UK, but was untouched here. The beautiful *Story of O* was at first banned in England but released straight away in uncut form here. *The Language of Love* ran into strife in the UK, but, after some initial censorship problems, it ran for years in Australian cinemas.

Interestingly, when I was having laboratory work done on my first feature film, *Australia After Dark* in Stockholm, people there expressed alarm at my statement that the picture would probably have censorship trouble in Australia. "Why?" they cried. "There's nothing violent in your film." In Sweden, censors crack down hard on violence (considered by authorities to be anti-social behavior) but not on sex (considered to be normal social behavior). I'll drink to that!

Basically, in Australia, I think the problem is still one of conservative thought — not just on the part of the people but primarily on the part of government and media opinion makers. I'm sure that, if a few more fuddy-duddys in corridors of power said out loud that *sex was enjoyable,* and if a few more pinko pseudo-intellectual frustrated journos admitted that sexy movies can be fun, there could be more cinematic alternatives to the myriad "meaningful" Swedish dramas about depressed middle-aged lost souls who stare out of rain-spattered windows at bleak landscapes and philosophise about life, love and God.

But it seems that, in Australia, the definition of pornography is sex, full stop — not just sweaty musclemen with under-aged nymphets or drugged prostitutes — but anything sexy at all. To the antipodean mind, lovely black undergarments, beautiful nude paintings, softly erotic music, slinky bikinis, *all* things with sexual connotations of any kind, are pornographic, and should be suppressed.

Knowing this, needless to say, it is not too difficult to find an audience for erotic movies in this country. It is only a short hop, skip and jump from conception and scripting to casting — one of my favorite occupations. Before you jump to any conclusions, I must point out that at most casting sessions, my girlfriend is there — well, most of them anyway.

Any article concerning sex in the Australian cinema must certainly examine all the other pictures made with sexual or bawdy themes. Back in the early '70s when an Australian film was as rare as a 19-year-old virgin, *The Naked Bunyip,* was released, produced by Phillip Adams and directed by John Murray. This low budget 16mm documentary on sexual mores in Australia proved to be a sensation when it was released. A measure of how far we have progressed in our sexual maturity since then is the fact that *Naked Bunyip* has now been run on television, almost uncut.

Then came all the Bazza and Alvin pictures. Highbrow critics hate Barry McKenzie and everything he stands for, while audiences prefer not to take him seriously but instead have a great big laugh on his behalf. Bazza's own sexual naivety was touched upon in both *The Adventures of Barry McKenzie* and *Bazza Holds His Own.*

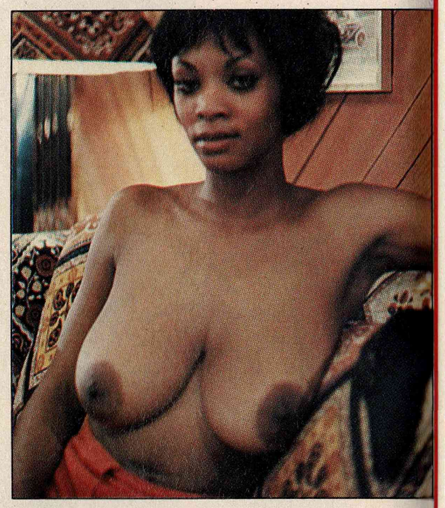
Both pictures were ably directed by Bruce Beresford, who has gone on to make more serious movies, such as *The Getting of Wisdom, The Money Movers,* and the-soon-to-be-released *Breaker Morant.* But Bruce, too, has tainted his image as a director, for in *Don's Party,* made a few years ago, we find one of the horniest scenes in any Australian film — an excellent sweaty bedroom scene in the back room at *Don's Party.*

Probably the one filmmaker to cop the biggest bucketting from the media, as well as the Women's Lib push, was Tim Burstall, director of the first *Alvin Purple* picture. *Alvin Purple* seemed to be everything the critics hated and (luckily) everything the public wanted in a film. Alvin was bawdy, funny and visually revealing, and, you should pardon the expression, it made Graeme Blundell's penis a household word. In fact, I think it was the first time the male genitalia had been seen in any Australian-made picture. This, of course, outraged the blue-nosed set, but I don't think it did any damage to the box office grosses.

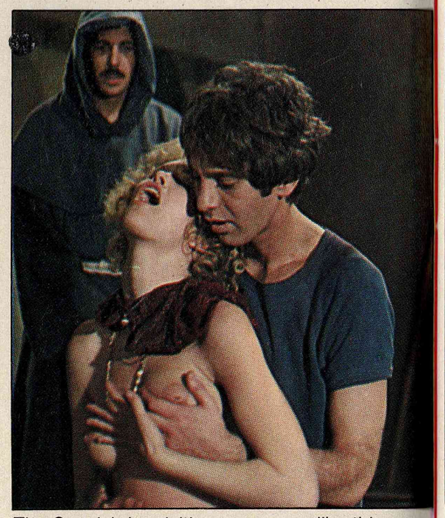
Prior to *Alvin Purple,* Tim Burstall had pioneered the rebirth of the Australian movie industry with a little picture called *Stork,* starring that gangly comic actor, Bruce Spence. *Stork* gets sex out of the bedroom and back on the screen where it belongs, said the ad blurb. It also got a lot of Australians out to watch Australian characters on screen. *Stork* was not a wildly sexy film, but was outrageous for its time and remains one of the funniest pictures ever made in Australia — which proves once again that supposedly conservative Australians are really dead-set perverts at heart.

But for me, one of the raunchiest pictures ever made in Australia, was a picture called *Petersen,* starring Jack Thompson and featuring some of Australia's sexiest screen stars — Wendy Hughes, Jacki Weaver, Helen Morse, and Belinda Giblin. When Thompson made love to Wendy Hughes on the floor of her office, he looked as if he really meant it, and I hope he did. Thompson also seemed to put all he

The uplifting shot above and two below are from Ginnane's sequel, *Fantasm Comes Again.*

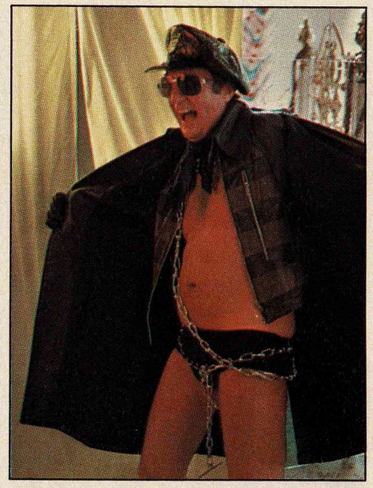


Performers find it easy to let it all hang out after a few relaxed appearances in the nude.

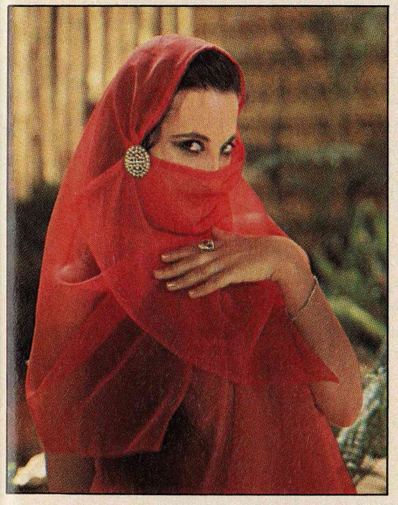


The Spanish Inquisition was never like this — the *Fantasm* duo appealed to all sorts of taste.

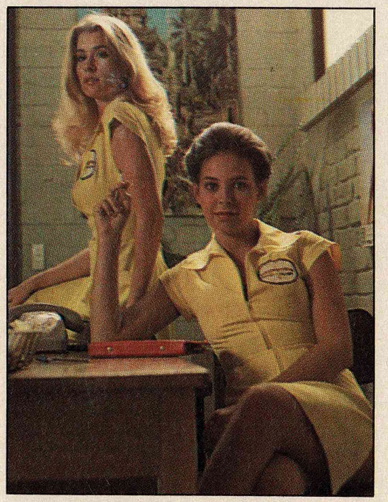
Some of the actresses in John Lamond's newest feature, *Pacific Banana,* on location in beautiful French Polynesia, are directed to appear *au naturel* before the camera.



Australia After Dark, an early Lamond picture, closely examined local exotica.



Pacific Banana updates the come-hither look of the earlier cinematic sex sirens.



John Lamond's film is about a broken-down charter airline with built-up hosties.

Whatever turns you on — *Australia After Dark* featured orgies and the unusual.

Filming on a sun-drenched Pacific island with an unlimited supply of quality wine and beautiful women brings about long-lasting friendships among cast and crew members.

This scene in *Australia After Dark* made it past the censor and remained in the film.

had into the other bedroom scenes with Belinda Giblin and Jacki Weaver. Unfortunately, in the bedroom stakes, Helen didn't get a guernsey, but I'm still waiting with bated breath.

About this time, out came another picture called *Fantasm,* directed by Richard Franklin. For its time, it had more naked flesh on the screen than anything showing in Australia. That same year, I got my chance to make my bold statement on film. At that time, the likelihood of me being given money by anybody in their right mind to produce something meaningful was about as remote as me winning the Robert Redford look-alike contest. What could I do, I wondered, that would stand up on screens all around Australia for 90 minutes and prove marketable to distributors.

I had always been inspired by the Italian picture *Mondo Cane,* which took a look at weird, erotic, obscene and way-out things from all over the world. For two years, I had collected cuttings from magazine articles and handwritten notes on all the similar exotica happening in Australia, and decided to make a picture called *Australia After Dark.* With a tiny film crew, I embarked upon an eight-week journey to every capital city and many of the major towns in Australia. Many of the stories we followed up proved to be journalistic bullshit, but just as many were true. Like the church in Western Australia that marries homosexuals, or the wildly way-out Madame Lash, who at the time resided in Sydney and had a wonderful set-up in her terrace house. It consisted of spiked walls, racks, torture chambers, and the strangest collection of people I've ever come across, if you'll pardon the expression.

Following hot on the heels of *Australia After Dark,* I made a little picture called *The ABC of Love and Sex Australian Style,* using some of the cast from the stage revue, *Let My People Come.* I put together what I hoped would be a witty but informative look at sex in Australia — down under, between the bedsheets. We dissected all manners of love and sex — in alphabetical order, starting with A for anatomy.

•

One of the most sinister aspects of censorship in Australia came to light when I made *ABC.* In Stockholm, I had shot two sequences that I considered most important to the picture. Remembering what sex experts had told me on male premature ejaculation and female orgasmic problems, I shot sequences concerning them as well as female masturbation. The sequences were shot in great detail, in a serious manner, and had been thoroughly researched. The sequence on female masturbation explained that it was a normal means by which females could reach orgasm, and I also stressed that this was a normal act for both sexes. The operative word here is *normal* — because, in many circles in Australia, particularly among some religious groups, the act of masturbation is considered abnormal.

Well, did the censors get stuck into this piece! They hacked the premature ejaculation piece to shreds and, worst of all, left some of the masturbation sequences intact but cut the close-up pieces and the bits that stressed the normality of the act. Naturally, this distressed me as a filmmaker, but it was far more worrying that here was a clear case of moral censorship, distinct from censorship that excises gratuitous sexually explicit material. In *ABC,* I was sincerely trying to explain and correct certain commonly held sexual misconceptions. In Australia the cut material is in a can somewhere in the Imperial Arcade, in the Film Censorship Board's office, but that *same* material can be seen on the screen wherever the picture is shown: America, Italy, Holland, Hong Kong, England, Yugoslavia, France, Germany, Spain. Makes you stop and think, doesn't it, folks?

One of the pictures I most admired was also one of the sexiest — *Emmanuelle.* So I decided to make one similar to it. Not an exact copy but a kind of *Emmanuellette,* aimed at a younger audience. Since making a film with a sexy theme set in an exotic far-away place had been considered by the French producers of *Emmanuelle* to have appeal, I concluded this would hold true in Australia too. Australian blokes can't all just want to go bush in Land Rovers and pan for gold and crutch sheep — they must be interested in exotic far-away places, too. So we invented *Felicity,* a picture which everybody said would flop, because you can't make imitation *Emmanuelles* in Australia and make them look as good, and which has now gone on to be sold in 40 countries, dubbed in five foreign languages, subtitled in Cantonese, Mandarin and Hebrew, and is in its fourth month in London's West End!

The story of *Felicity* is about a young girl who leaves a convent school in Australia and heads off to Hong Kong to stay with friends. The picture is really about her sexual awakening: she leaves Australia an innocent and is lead astray in the exotic East. To film this, we went into the seedy, seamy netherworld of Hong Kong by night — and believe me, it really exists! We filmed for a number of weeks in Hong Kong and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was truly a never-to-be-forgotten experience, with a few assorted sexual perversions and diversions thrown in along the way. If you think film crews and casts of beautiful people go on location and all end up having it off together, you're dead right. This was also my experience after spending a few weeks on the island of Huahine, near Marlon Brando's island of Tetiaroa, half an hour out of Tahiti, making my new picture which is called *Pacific Banana.*

•

Pacific Banana is a comedy about two pilots who operate a pathetic excuse for an airline called Banana Airlines, which travels between Australia and Tahiti. One trip it could be flying a load of milking cows, the next, a group of Randy Club Candy passengers (our version of Club Mediterranee), headed up by a girl with big boobs named Candy Bubbles.

Filming on the islands in French Polynesia under the hot sun seemed to do something to the cast and crew — what with an unlimited supply of grog and beautiful women, the inevitable happened. People did fall into bed together, and either ended up ultra-friendly or at each other's throats. It's all a bit extreme.

On screen, the cast all look happily amicable, but behind the scenes, the fingernails came out. When you see *Pacific Banana,* read the cast and crew credits, and try to guess who was on with whom, because I'll never tell — I'm sworn to secrecy.

I was, of course, a paragon of virtue. After shooting four films with scores of tasty people in various stages of dress and undress, I am sick of the sight of naked bodies. If you believe the above statement, you'll also believe that Father Christmas exists, that the Pope is a Jew and that the Moon is made of green cheese.

But I am getting out of the sexy movie business, and next month will begin a good clean horror film full of tasteful homicides. No more fornication to worry the blue-noses — give 'em good healthy murders instead.

Looking back, I don't think I've been the one who's made the sexiest film in Australia. I think that honor should go to Peter Weir, director of that truly fine motion picture, *Picnic at Hanging Rock.* There's a fleeting moment when Miranda, played by the luscious Ann Lambert, is watched by schoolboys as she lifts her skirts when crossing a stream and reveals a slight glimpse of thigh.

Or did I just think that's what I saw? All those schoolgirls and all that crinoline. That's *really* sexy.

"To get life insurance, you have to give me your family medical history. What's so hard about that?"

who is phillip?

together they were in love – and then a word came out of the night

fiction **By Morris Lurie**

EDWARD BAINBRIDGE slept like a top. Slept like a log. Slept like a stone. Slept like a brick. Doors could slam, sirens could wail, cars could start with a roar in the street outside at three o'clock in the morning. Laughter, shouting, the clatter of shattering glass, thunder and lightning and rain and wind could erupt all around with the instancy and violence of a civil war – *nothing* woke him. He slept. He needed eight full hours and he got eight full hours and that's how it had always been and always would be. When Bainbridge slept, he slept.

And then, suddenly, he was awake. In the middle of the night. Just like that. For no reason. Wide awake. And in the bed next to him, he discovered that his wife was doing two things.

The second thing she was doing was speaking. "Oh, Phillip," she said. "Yes, Phillip, yes."

Bainbridge felt as though he had been plunged into ice. Every part of him was frozen. His arms, his legs, his wide-open eyes.

"Quickly, Phillip, quickly. Oh. Phillip," his wife said. "Don't stop, please don't stop."

Bainbridge was terrified, and then he felt sick. It came over him in a wave, a sick wave of jealousy deep in his stomach. He tried to swallow – he *had* to swallow – but his throat refused to move. It was locked, filled with the pounding of his heart. He could hear his heart inside him like a massive rock thumping down a mountain, completely out of control.

He could hardly breathe.

"Oh, I do, I will, Phillip," his wife said. "Anything, everything."

Bainbridge, frozen beside her, heard every word, every sound. He heard them as though they were amplified, inescapable, sharp and clear, clearer than anything he had ever heard in his life. He began to tremble. His hands shook, his legs, his whole body. He couldn't stop them. He tried again to swallow, but again it was the same. For

Sculpture by David Pride / photo by Colin Stead

an instant, he felt furious, a shock of anger roared through him, but that passed, quickly replaced by something else. Bainbridge felt suddenly dirty.

He was eavesdropping. He was practically watching. He was crouched at a keyhole, panting in the dark. He was unspeakable. He was vile. He was a pervert. He was a Peeping Tom. He was a voyeur.

And worse.

"Phillip," his wife said. "Phillip."

He was watching his wife with another man.

Bainbridge shrunk inside his trembling body. Blood pounded shamefully in his face. He closed his staring eyes, closed and squeezed them, tighter and tighter. He tried to quiet his deafening heart, that massive thumping tumbling rock. He couldn't. It pounded now louder than ever. Bainbridge wanted to be dead.

And then something more shameful. He began to feel desire. Lust swelled inside him, filling him like smoke, growing, swelling every part of his body, until he boomed with it, all over, his heart, his trembling swelling hands.

He wanted her. He had to have her.

Slowly, carefully – he had never moved so carefully or so slowly ever before – he reached out a hand.

"Oh, Phillip, Phillip," his wife said.

He froze. He couldn't move. He couldn't touch her.

And then suddenly she rolled over, rolled away. A million miles away. Asleep. Leaving Bainbridge in a turmoil of emotions that were impossible to sort out.

Intruder? Scorned lover? Voyeur? Cuckold? What?

And for the rest of the night, over and over – there was no more sleep for Bainbridge – that same poisonous question. Who is Phillip?

•

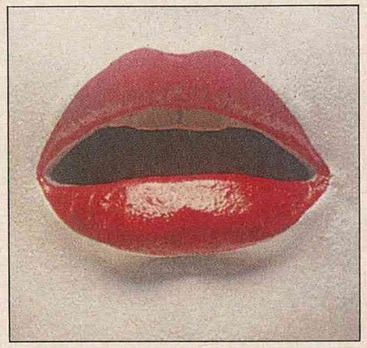
Edward Bainbridge met Angela Bennett at a tennis party when he was 25. He fell in love with her at once.

It was her legs. The backs of her legs. He saw her walking away to pick up a ball, and his heart flew out the window. He was finished. He was done. He could see nothing else. Her legs, the backs of her legs, were printed forever on his brain. There were a lot of people there that afternoon, and he only spoke to her for a minute – made a joke, smiled – and then she was gone, the afternoon was over, and he realised he didn't even know her name. Or where she was from. Or who she knew. Or how he would ever find her again. Four days later, he bumped into her in the street. Just like that. It was as though he had willed her to appear.

"I've been thinking about you," he said. She said: "I've been thinking about you, too." He nodded. It was miraculous, of course, but it all seemed so perfectly natural.

They were lovers that night, married in a month. They were a passionate couple, passionate in the mornings, passionate at night, and as the years unfolded – seven of them, during which they had two children – his passion for her and hers for him in no way diminished. Not for them that slide into boredom or mere fondness, where the rites of marriage are performed once a week as perfunctorily as taking out the empties.

In fact, the opposite. Dressing in the morning, in a hurry, late for work, he would look up and see her legs, her throat, the line of her eyes, and be as smitten as he was that afternoon at the



tennis party. "Oh, damn the office," he would say, sweeping her into his arms, undoing her, undoing himself, undoing half the morning, and she would laugh, her hair moving like magic. "Yes," she would say. "Yes, yes."

It happened all the time. In the kitchen, in the bathroom, in the garden, front and back. It seemed to him that every time he saw her, he fell in love all over again. He would find himself, again and again, at the beach, in a restaurant, at a dinner party, anywhere, everywhere, discovering her as though she were a stranger, a gorgeous stranger, and then realising that this was his wife. And each time it was like a new and wonderful gift.

There was no one else, had never been anyone else, not from that day he had seen her at the tennis party, although one night, at an office party – someone was leaving, getting married, going abroad – he had drunk too much and found himself behind a bank of filing cabinets with that girl from Accounts. Sybil. Everyone knew about Sybil. Sybil was young and lovely and easy. All it took was a smile, and her breasts were in his hands. She did that. She did everything. One minute she was wearing a fluffy white sweater and a trim grey skirt and the next minute she was wearing nothing at all. Bainbridge's heart leapt like a trout. She was lovely. You have no idea how lovely. She reached for his hands and put them on her breasts, and then she reached for him, but there was nothing there at all.

"I'm sorry," Bainbridge said, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," and what he saw before him were not Sybil's upstanding nipples and deep, deep navel and ready black bush, but his wife's body, his wife's breasts and thighs, his wife's dancing eyes – his rapidly filling with tears – and he told Angela all this, not because he feared she would find out from someone else, but because that's how he was, that's how they both were. They had no secrets from each other.

He knew about the lovers she had had before they were married, or boyfriends, as she called them – the stockbroker, the architect, the married musician – knew their names, knew everything about them, though he had never asked, knew all her friends, all of her acquaintances, the family friends and school friends and work friends and old neighbors, and not one of them was called Phillip.

•

Bainbridge missed death by an inch on his way to work. A truck almost wiped him out. He was in the wrong lane. The truck was coming straight at him. Brakes squealed, horns blared, and how he escaped God only knows.

Bainbridge was tired. He was more than tired. He was exhausted. He couldn't keep his eyes open. He was a wreck. All day at his desk, his eyes kept closing and his mouth fell open, and every time the telephone rang he didn't know what it was or where he was, and when people spoke to him he didn't hear a word. He drank coffee, he filled himself with coffee, cup after black cup, but it wasn't coffee he wanted. Coffee couldn't help. He needed what he always needed: eight full hours of sleep, otherwise he had no brain.

Something was ringing. His head jerked up. What? Silence.

It was after five. Time to go home. Everyone had gone. He was alone. He sat at his desk, stupid with tiredness, slumped with sleep. Silence filled the offices all around, the corridors, the empty rooms, a ringing silence like an endless alarm inside his head. And in that silence, he heard his wife, her voice, speaking in the night: *"Phillip, Phillip, Phillip."*

He blinked, he gulped air, he pushed himself up from his desk.

Was it just a dream, a delusion, had it actually really happened?

He was so tired.

He drove home mechanically, didn't know how he did it, saw nothing.

"Good day?" Angela asked.

Oh, the bitch, the slut, the cheat, the whore! He embraced her ardently, wildly, cupping, squeezing. She was wearing a woollen dress; he could feel her, he could feel everything, standing in the kitchen. Never mind the children, the two girls, through the open door in the next room.

"Hey," she said, "madman," but then he felt her pushing against him, and it was only when his hand became totally audacious that she stepped back. "Later," she said, smiling, ducking, disentangling herself, pushing herself away. "We'll go to bed early."

Dinner. Television.

The next thing he knew, Angela was kissing him, rumpling his hair.

"Come on, sleepie," she breathed in his ear. "Let's go to bed."

He was tired, of course. He was so exhausted, but that made no difference. The moment he felt her there beside him, he came completely awake. He was good; he was better than good, he was almost savage, and she, feeling his need, was responsive, was wild, and when they had finished, she kissed his chest, a thing she always did when it had been special, and he patted her thigh, and then she rolled over, rolled away, and in less than a minute, Bainbridge heard the peaceful breathing of his wife in quiet, sound, happy sleep.

But Bainbridge didn't sleep.

He lay on his back with his arms tight by his sides and stared up into the dark. Listening. Waiting.

His wife slept and slept.

And then she moaned – the slightest sound – and at once, Bainbridge heard his heart pounding and his body began to tremble and his throat locked stiff, and every tissue of his body listened, tight and strained. Nothing.

He woke at two, and he woke at four, and the next night it was the same, and the next night, and the night after that.

Nothing. Not a sound. His wife slept and slept.

This is madness, Bainbridge told himself. This is nuts. I'm going mad here, and for what? Angela and another man? Never. I know Angela. She's just not like that. It's impossible. She couldn't. Forget it. It was a dream, a delusion, nothing happened.

Edward Bainbridge slept that night like a top, like a log, like a stone, like a brick, slept the eight full hours he needed and always had and always would, and for a week it was like that, and then suddenly he was awake. And in the bed next to him, his wife was doing those two things.

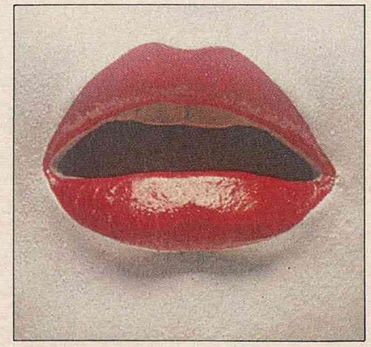
•

Hire a detective. Cameras. Microphones. Steam open the mail.

There had been trouble at the office once; they had had to hire a man, and Bainbridge could still see him, a grubby little man with nicotine-stained fingers and the back of his baggy suit shiny with age and wear. He could see his thin mouth, his cold bored eyes, eyes that had seen everything, eyes that nothing could surprise. He could see himself talking to the man, telling him everything, the most intimate details of his life, of Angela's life, of their life together, telling it all to those cold, bored eyes, and then the man following Angela, spying on her, whatever she did. Wherever she was, that man would always be there.

With Bainbridge beside him, his grubby accomplice. He covered his face with his hands. No.

Or he could search the house, take a day off work when he knew Angela



would be out, look through all her clothes, her pile of handbags, her chest of drawers, the tops of the wardrobes, under the rugs, in the laundry. There had to be something – a letter, a photograph, an address, a name.

Bainbridge, alone in his office, saw himself at home, at dinner, casually bringing up the word. "Oh, I saw Phillip today," he would say. Casually, nonchalantly, not really looking at her. Watching her hands. Her throat. And then looking up. Looking at her eyes.

Or a phone call. Maybe a phone call was better, more natural. "Funny thing," he would say. "Someone called Phillip phoned here today. We don't know any Phillips, do we?" Looking surprised, puzzled. "Hung up," he would say. "Just like that. All I said was hello, and bang, he was gone. Very strange. I guess it must have been a wrong number."

He did it in his head, constructed elegant conversations, sprung trap after trap, watched himself doing it and watched his wife's reaction, did it this way, that way, a hundred foolproof schemes, but at home he did nothing, he didn't utter a single duplicitous word. He couldn't. He was not that sort of person. It was not that sort of marriage. It was impossible.

But he watched her. He had always watched her; her legs, her breasts, the way she moved, watched her joyfully and with wonder, rejoiced in her, filled himself with her as a spring fills with sweet water, but now his watching was different. He watched her for clues, for signs. He watched her for awkwardness, unguarded thoughts. And, hating himself, despising himself, sick in his stomach, he watched her with that other man, her arms around him, her legs, watched her making love, watched her with Phillip.

And then his watching would turn sad, as though he had already lost her, as though each look were his last.

"Come on," she said naturally, "Let's go to bed."

He had never wanted her so much. He was mad for her. He possessed her with a tenderness and a fury that frightened him, that exhausted him, but still he had not had enough.

There was still Phillip.

There was always Phillip.

•

Or was there?

Bainbridge lay in the dark, wide-awake beside his sleeping wife.

He had hired no detectives, nor searched the house, nor tried to trick and trap her. He had done nothing.

How could he? He loved her.

He had fallen in love with her at a tennis party when he was 25, fallen in love with the backs of her legs, loved her and married her and with her had had two girls, and everything was wonderful, wonderful for ever, and then, out of nowhere, she had spoken a name in the night. *Phillip.*

Bainbridge lay and listened to his wife in sleep.

He loved her; he loved her more each day. He knew her as well and as deeply and as fully as he knew himself. But how well, really, was that? Who is to say that he didn't utter a name some nights in his sleep, moan for some face he had once glimpsed, a real face, a fleeting face, a face in a magazine, a face in a film?

Who knew what he was, what anyone was, inside?

Phillip.

It had to be that.

Bainbridge turned, slowly and carefully, toward his sleeping wife.

His hand fell gently on to her hip. And then lower. There.

"Phillip," she said.

She turned toward him.

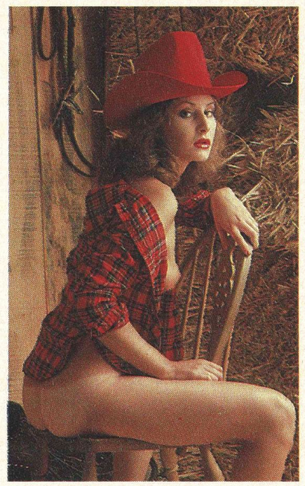
"Yes," he said.

She was asleep, she was completely asleep, and yet she turned, she opened, she made herself ready and moist, she welcomed him, and Bainbridge, not saying a word, moved closer, moved into her waiting rhythm. Faceless in the dark, he slipped inside her dream.

Unbridled Beauty

DEBBIE COLE grew up very fast when she left home in Christchurch to take up a Rotary scholarship in the United States. "I was the only female on a ship load of 50 officers and seamen," she says, "and it was rough sailing until I made it clear that I was more interested in catching fish than in being the bait." Nowadays, Debbie pulls beer in a bar to finance her passion for classy show-jumping horses — those long legged thoroughbreds like herself.

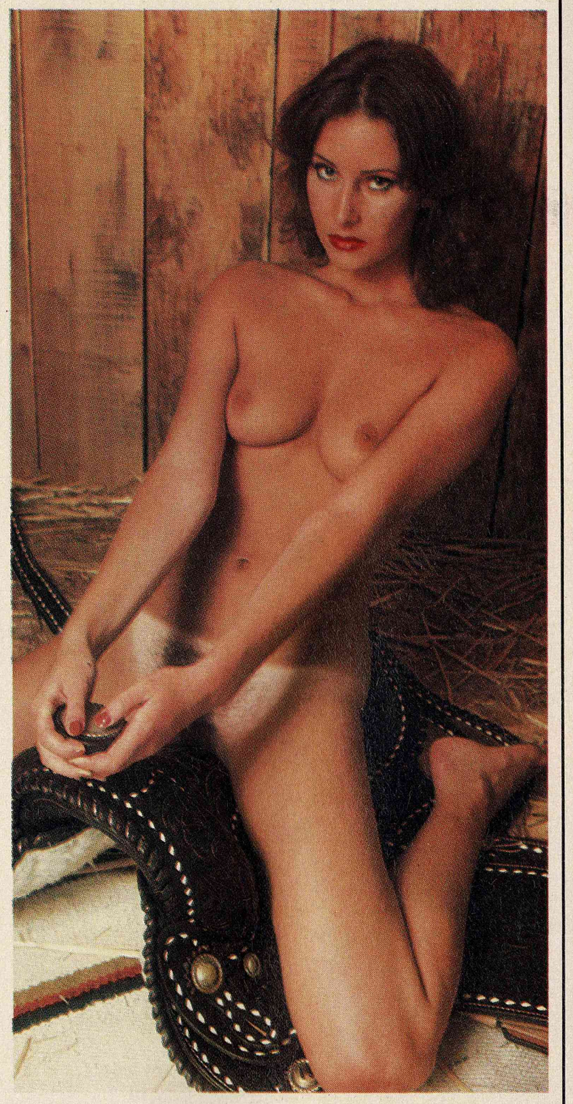
Photography by Colin Stead



"You can lead a man to wine, but you can't make him sip. There is a great similarity between a guy and a very spirited horse—you've got to show both who's boss."

"I'm just a country girl at heart. I long for a rambling house and stables on a few acres in Sussex. But I'd want a man in the house and my stallion out back."

Debbie feels completely at ease around horses. She learned to ride as a child, and had her own horse by the time she was 14. "I feel I'm my own person when I'm on a horse. I understand and trust them. It's also extremely exhilarating to take off at a full gallop on a wild stallion, holding on for dear life. I would rather break my neck having a good time than strain it from boredom." We are certain the stallion enjoys the ride, too.



Coming from a background of contrasts — seafarers and farmers — Debbie confesses to having suffered an identity crisis in her teens. "I wanted to follow my father into the merchant navy," she says, "but the academy wouldn't accept me until I'd had experience, and the shipping companies would take me only once I'd qualified." So she settled in Sydney, returning to her first and most enduring love—horses. "When I escape to my friends' stables and wade through the sweet-smelling straw, I've found my place at last." So until a landed baron comes along, Debbie's main affair is with horses.

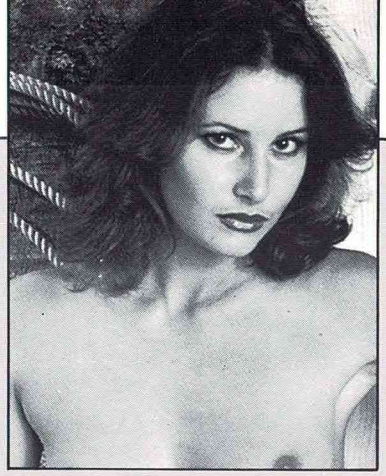
"Aussie men are not any different from any others—there are the good, the bad, and the ugly. One type of man I can't abide is the one who wants to know everything about me in about five minutes flat."

"Flowers and flattery won't buy my body, but the smells of saddle leather and new mown hay turn me on like nothing else. Well, almost nothing. After all, it's not much fun sharing a candle-lit dinner with a horse."

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Debbie Cole



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: DEBBIE COLE

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 8ST SIGN: GEMINI

BIRTH DATE: 18-6-58 BIRTHPLACE: CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Q8 VII, BEGGAR MAN THIEF, THE DAY OF THE JACKAL, 1984.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: THE ROLLING STONES, SHARON O'NEILL, HELLO SAILOR, THE EAGLES, THE BEATLES, LITTLE FEAT.

FAVORITE MOVIES: THE LAST WALTZ, ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, BUTCH CASSIDY & THE SUNDANCE KID.

RELAXING: READING, SPENDING TIME WITH FRIENDS, LYING IN THE SUN, TELEVISION.

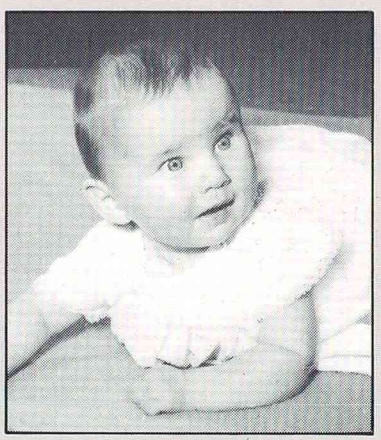
FAVORITE FOOD: GARLIC PRAWNS, RASPBERRY JAM, PANCAKES

FAVORITE SPORTS: HORSE-RIDING, TENNIS, WATER-SKIING

FAVORITE ACTORS: PAUL NEWMAN, JACK NICHOLSON, BETTE DAVIS.

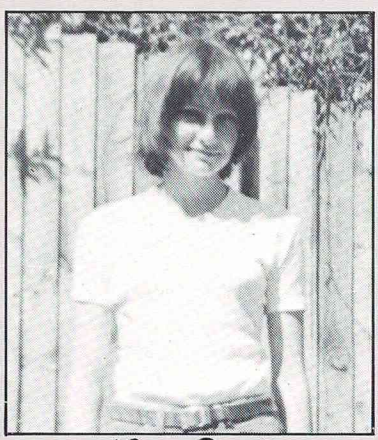
TURN-ONS: GENUINE HONEST PEOPLE, SMELLS OF STABLES AND NEW MOWN HAY

GOALS: TO BE SUCCESSFUL AND HAPPY: TO OWN A COUNTRY HOUSE IN SUSSEX.



4 MONTHS - CAMERA-CONSCIOUS

2½ - MY FIRST PARTY DRESS



13 - BOYS ON MY MIND

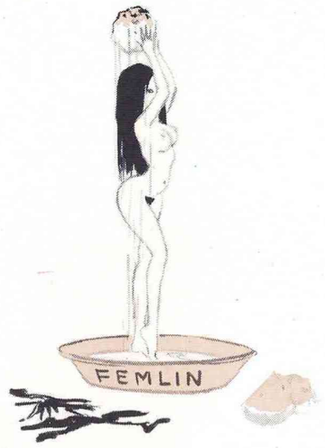
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How'd you make out on your date with that foxy new WAAC lieutenant?" the captain was asked at the officers' club bar.

"Since I had my standing orders," he replied, "I reconnoitered the terrain and located the main objective. Next, I slowly worked the flanks and carefully probed the centre, softening it up for the inevitable attack. That done, I moved my elite unit into position for the decisive thrust!"

"And then?" was the rapt query.

"And then," sighed the captain, "the artillery fired too soon."



Beset by a compulsion for extramarital sex, the man gave in to the tears and threats of his spouse, and visited a psychiatrist for treatment instead. One night, a mate of his inquired: "Say, Norm, is that shrink really helping you?"

"I can't be sure yet," said Norm, "but I've got *him* cheating on *his* wife now!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lovers' leap* as the distance between single beds.

One day, Barbara, the most popular girl in the house, told the madam she was leaving.

"But you're my best girl!" the madam exclaimed. "Why, last night alone, you went upstairs at least a dozen times."

"That's the trouble," replied Barbie, "My feet are killing me."

As the teacher pulled down her knickers, the well-developed and willing teenage student giggled: "You do know, don't you, Mr Clarke, that I haven't yet reached the age of sexual consent?"

"That's quite all right, my dear," the panting pedagogue answered, "you can bring a note from home tomorrow."

Revenge is what you feel when you seduce your enemy's wife, but sweet revenge is when you find out she's a lousy lay.

A man and his wife were going to a fancy dress ball dressed as a cow. He was the front half and she was the back. Taking a short cut across a field, they suddenly noticed a bull coming toward them. "John," she shrieked, "what are we going to do?"

"Well, dear," he said, "I'm going to chew grass, but you'd better brace yourself."

A little boy and girl went swimming in the nude, and she was fascinated by the difference in their anatomy. "Can I touch it?" she asked him.

"No," he said, "you've already broken yours off!"

Ralph's ambition was to marry a virgin, so he picked a girl just out of convent school. Entering the lobby of the hotel where they were to spend their wedding night, the bride asked him why there were so many unaccompanied women wandering about.

"Those are prostitutes, my dear," Ralph told her.

"What's that?" she inquired.

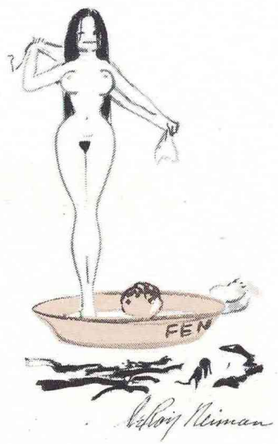
"A prostitute," he explained, "is a woman who sleeps with a man for money."

"The priests only gave us apples," the girl said.

The myopic girl was dismayed
When her husband at work was delayed.
She mistakenly fled
With a burglar to bed,
Only later to cry: "I'm mislaid!"

The voluptuous blonde leaned against the bar, giving Fred a tantalising view of her skin-tight disco pants. "Wow!" he cried. "How do you manage to get into those pants?"

"Well," she responded, "you can start by buying me a drink."



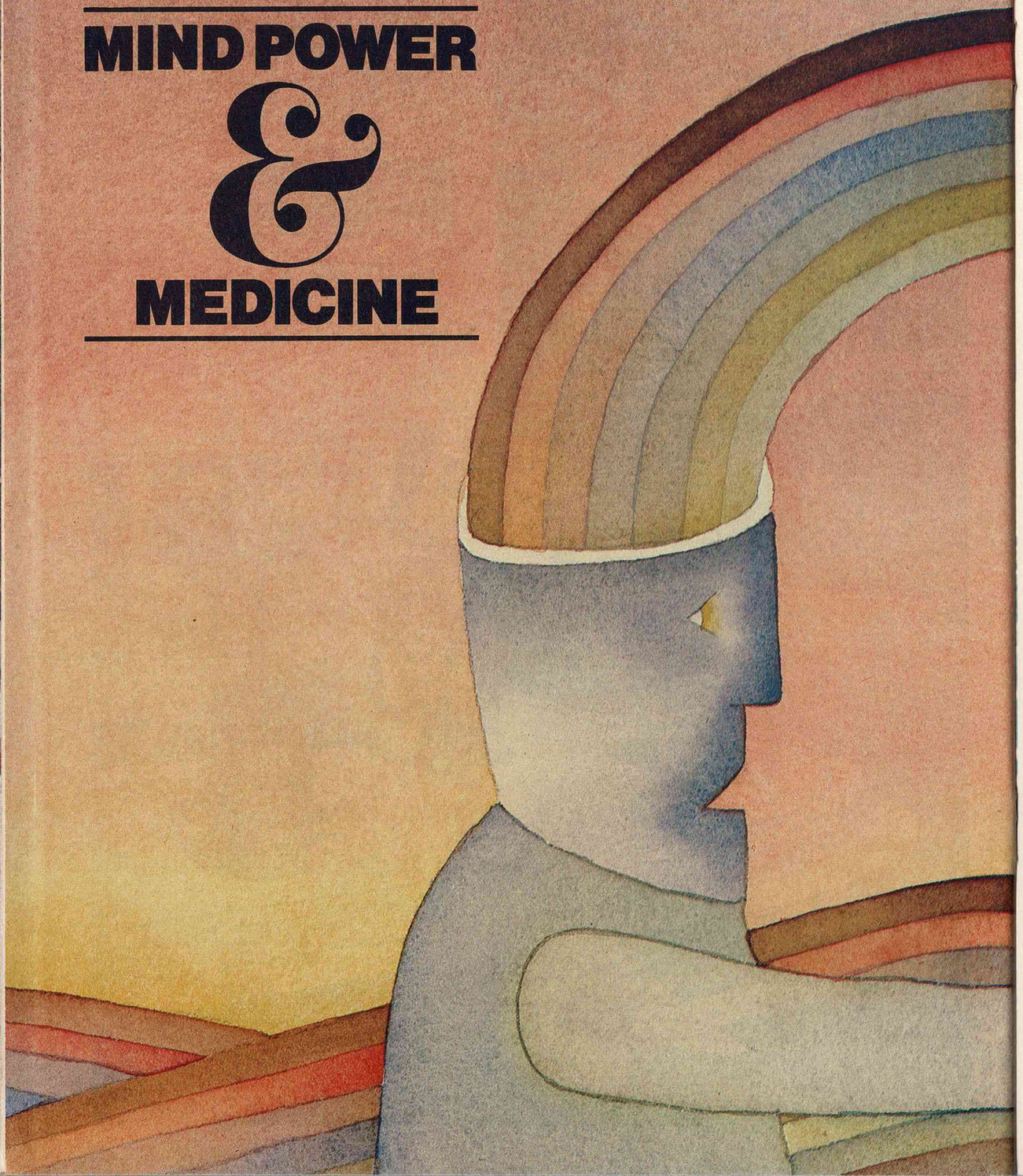
An old woman had joined the queue outside the VD clinic without knowing what it was. When she asked the man in front of her, he, being too embarrassed to tell her the truth, said that it was a line to buy boiled sweets. When the lady got to the head of the queue, she was asked her age. "I'm 84," she said.

"Aren't you a bit old?" asked the doctor.

"Well," she answered, "I may have lost all my teeth sonny, but I can still suck 'em."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

MIND POWER & MEDICINE



you have cancer, and the doctors give you just a few months to live... article **By DAVID BLACK**

IN 1964, Norman Cousins, then editor of the influential *Saturday Review*, exhausted himself while in Russia as chairman of an American delegation on cultural exchanges. On returning to America, he fell critically ill with ankylosing spondylitis, a degenerative disease of the connective tissue. The "glue" which bound his cells together was disintegrating.

"The prognosis," he says, "was progressive paralysis. I was told I had a choice between having my body freeze sitting up, or lying down. I didn't want to believe it, but the evidence was there — I had difficulty moving my legs and arms, and could do so only with great pain." The doctors told him his chance of recovery was one in 500.

Cousins stretches his legs and crosses his feet at the ankles. His cuff catches on the top of his boots, and he reaches nimbly down to unhook it — hardly the action of a man who 16 years ago was told by specialists that he would become a living statue.

"When I discovered the disease was serious, I had a much better attitude to it than when I thought it was transient," he says. "It became a challenge, and I realised I'd better get into the act and take an interest." Cousins smiles as he recalls the work of a Montreal doctor, Hans Selye, who in 1956 published a pioneer study on how stress could adversely affect body chemistry and cause illness. Cousins assumed that the reverse was also true; that positive emotions like love, hope, faith, the will to live, and happiness could therefore *promote* health.

Though at the time of his illness there was little evidence to support his speculation, he reasoned he had nothing to lose by trying to *enjoy* his way back to health. So he discharged himself from hospital — a very stressful environment ("the last place anybody sick should go," he claims) — and moved to a hotel room where he was more comfortable, the service was better, and it was cheaper.

From Allen Funt, the TV producer, Cousins borrowed a projector and some classic reels of *Candid Camera.* He also stocked his medicine cabinet with Marx Brothers' films, E. B. and Katherine White's *Subtreasury of American Humor,* Max Eastman's *The Enjoyment Of Laughter,* and the works of P. G. Wodehouse, James Thurber, Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman and Bennett Cerf.

"I made a very interesting discovery," he says, "that 10 minutes of solid belly laughter would give me two hours of pain-free sleep."

A decade later, in the mid '70s, scientists discovered that the brain produces proteins called endorphins which are natural, morphine-like painkillers. Apparently, laughter — or any generally happy state — triggers the production of endorphins, so the anaesthetic effect of Cousins' self-prescribed therapy of joy had a scientific basis. Further, laughter seemed not only to reduce his pain, but also to help cure him. Because of its anaesthetic effect, he no longer had to take sleeping pills or pain-killers, and he found that, after each session of laughter, his sedimentation rate — the gauge of how severe an infection or inflammation is — dropped a significant five points.

He also took massive doses (25 grams) of Vitamin C, which lowered his sedimentation rate even more. "At the end of the critical two weeks during which I took the love, laughter and ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) therapy, I was able to move my thumbs, and I knew I was going to make it all the way," he says.

Cousins now plays an average of three sets of tennis a day, and orthodox doctors have trouble with his case. If he'd gone to Lourdes, they would have been sceptical enough, but a pilgrimage to the Marx Brothers? Traditional doctors tend to explain Cousins' improvement as "something that would have happened anyway — that one in 500 chance". But what was it that made him the one person in 500? If love, laughter and Vitamin C did not cure him, did the *belief* that they would make him healthier?

If Norman Cousins' cure was the only case on record, it would be easy to dismiss it as a "miracle". At Lourdes alone, 64 "miracles" have been fully documented since the turn of the century — the regeneration of withered limbs, the restoration of sight, the regression of terminal cancers, and so on. But Cousins' is not the only case where something other than surgery has been at work.

There are the startling (if ethically questionable) results of an unorthodox experiment by the late Dr Henry Beecher, from the Harvard Medical School, who gave patients suffering from angina pectoris imaginary heart by-pass operations. They were merely cut, then sewn up again — no by-pass surgery was performed at all. But the patients generally *expected* the operation to improve them, and in fact, most did as well as patients who had undergone actual by-pass surgery. After Beecher's death, his Harvard colleague, Dr Herbert Benson, concluded that Beecher had achieved a cure rate of up to 80 percent with angina sufferers who believed they had been given the operation. Against this, Beecher's success rate with patients who underwent therapy, in preference to surgery, was only 30 percent. Belief was obviously the key, and again, something other than surgery was obviously at work.

Today, we call this "new", or "behavioral", medicine — medicine of the mind, if you like. But labels aside, it simply involves treating a patient in a whole system, within his or her own environment — family, community, society — and it is now accepted in the US to the extent that it is actually taught in more than 20 medical schools across the country. One of behavioral medicine's leading proponents is Ken Pelletier, a professor at the University of California at San Francisco, who sees the mind — or spirit, if you prefer — as at least an equal partner with medicine in the maintenance of our health. "The extension of man's life-span attributable to medical intervention is minimal," he says with refreshing candor.

Pelletier traces the emergence of new medicine from the early '50s, when medications like sulpha drugs and polio vaccine stemmed the world's major infectious disorders—"the classic plagues". What should have happened then, he says, was that more and more people should have lived longer and healthier lives. What did

happen was that more people lived longer, but not particularly healthier, lives. "What we saw," says Pelletier, "was an increase in non-specific, non-infectious, stress-related disorders like ulcers, and these have been steadily increasing ever since. Today, you could conservatively say that 50-80 percent of all disorders in the Western world are stress related. I think that it's closer to 90 percent."

At first glance, it seems almost as if, deprived of our older diseases, we have invented new ones to manifest some essential malfunction or lack of harmony within. It's as if disease is merely an expression of something which, blocked in one direction, finds an outlet in another.

Pelletier believes that virtually all states of disease have a psychosomatic component (psychosomatic meaning not that the mind causes the disease, but that the mind and body are so interrelated that they act on each other in an intimate, direct and inseparable way). Then the question becomes not just why there has been an increase in non-infectious, non-specific stress-related disorders, but also why one person contracts a disease and another doesn't. Why one two-packets-a-day smoker gets lung cancer and another doesn't. Why, in a world in which almost everything — from the air we breathe to the water we drink — seems to be carcinogenic, don't we *all* get cancer?

But, though the correlation between personality and disease tended to be officially ignored (by the medical profession), it was not entirely lost. Lay people, free of medical prejudices, saw what seemed to be a common-sense connection between the way people behaved and their ailments. The medical community began to recognise the mind's ability to affect the body in a few diseased states — the classic psychosomatic complaints like ulcers, asthma and hypertension. This wedge opened the field. It's as if we had been chopping up the Tree of Knowledge for firewood, and, splitting the Log of Logic, found trapped inside, like some mythical sprite, the spirit of new medicine.

One by one, psychological components were connected to disorders. In 1955, G. L. Engel published a study suggesting patients suffering from colitis tended to be obsessive, compulsive, indecisive, fanatically neat, morally rigid, over-intellectual, conforming and anxious. In 1965, another study suggested rheumatoid arthritis sufferers tended to be martyrs, self-conscious, shy, intolerant of anything less than perfection, inhibited, tense and moody. Evidence of correlation continued to mount, and in the early 1970s reached a critical mass with the publication of M. Friedman and R. H. Rosenman's *Type A Behavior And Your Heart.*

"That book opened things up a lot," says Pelletier. "It came from an absolutely reputable source, and more importantly for its impact on the general public, it hit the major killer — cardiovascular disease."

What a shock. That mailed fist which punches up your left arm and grabs your heart, squeezing it like a ripe tomato and trying to drive it across your chest, up your throat and out your mouth, that armored fist that seems to be the very hand of death itself, turns out to be your own.

If you're a Type A person — short-tempered, competitive, aggressive, urgent, impatient, constantly fighting Time the Enemy: a deadline, a wife, a child, a car that refuses to start, a slow elevator, anything that impedes forward progress — a frustrated, angry over-achiever, then the chances are that *you* are going to give *yourself* a heart attack, the ultimate struggle against Time.

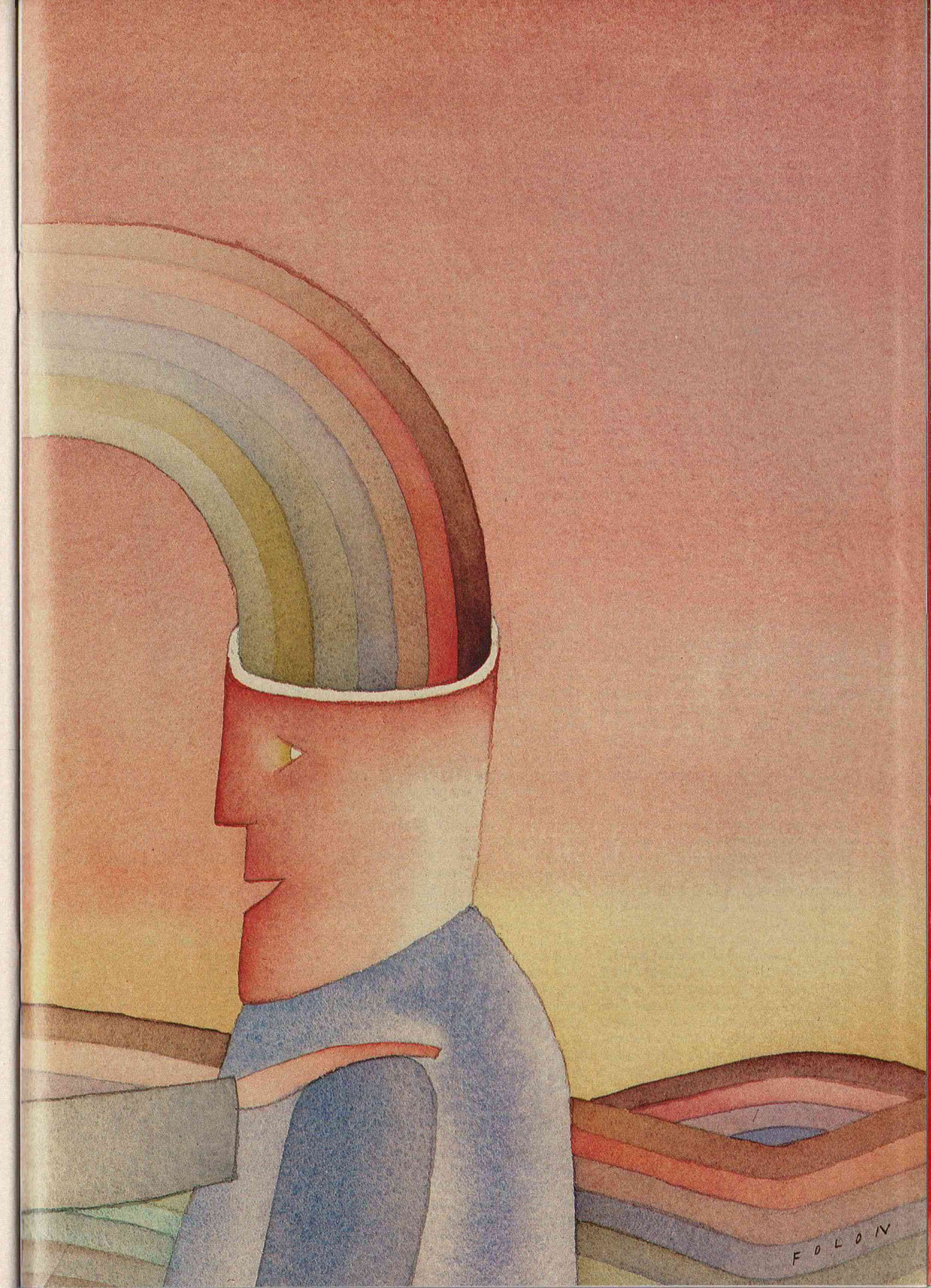
In 1978, Drs Barbara Betz, a psychiatrist at Los Angeles' Kaiser Permanente Medical Centre, and Caroline Thomas, of John Hopkins, took the question one step further by making a distinction between your personality and temperament. "Temperament," says Dr Betz, "is given at birth, an inborn disposition that may come from your immediate family. Personality is the product of everything that has happened to you in the world — a kind of learned behavior." So to see whether temperament — as distinct from personality — could be correlated with particular states of disease or health, Betz and Thomas exhumed and examined a study that Betz had buried 30 years before, in 1948.

At that time, Dr Betz had studied 45 students and classified them as Alphas (who were steady, self-reliant though cautious), Betas (easy-going, spontaneous, bright and cheerful) and Gammas (quick to anger, moody and either over- or under-demanding). In 1978, Drs Betz and Thomas tracked down the same 45 students and examined their health. Only 25 percent of the Alphas and 26.7 percent of the Betas had been stricken by severe illness, while about three times that number (77.3 percent, in fact) of the Gammas had suffered some serious physical or mental disorders. When the results of the study were published last year, the public and the press reacted — like Gammas. After all, it was not only learning that you might be a Gamma, but learning that it was inherited. It was like being under a death sentence against which there was no appeal.

Whether disease is something we do to ourselves, genetic inheritance or even the judgment of Karma, everybody apparently has some complicity in the state of his or her health, from the ghost of a pain to the ghoul of a cancer. And it might be useful to examine these two conditions.

What is pain? "It's the most common, expensive and disabling disorder in the US today," says Dr David Bresler, of the UCLA Pain Control Centre. "Pain is an energy monster; we give it the power to hurt us, and we can take that power away, depending on how we choose to view ourselves. All pain is real, but you can change your reality. Yogis can walk on hot coals, and hypnosis can be used as an anaesthetic in surgery. In almost every case, people who feel pain are also depressed."

To get rid of pain, says Bresler, all you have to do is change your mind, which, of course, involves changing your behavior. As a way of regaining health, this theory works most dramatically with terminal cancer patients. Strong hints that cancer was associated with particular personality traits were dropped through the 1950s and 1960s, but like the trail of crumbs dropped by Hansel and Gretel, all



these studies led out of the woods into the same clearing.

In spite of the similarity of those studies of the '50s and '60s, no significant program of treatment based on the findings was initiated until 1974, when Dr Carl Simonton and Dr Stephanie Matthews-Simonton, of the Cancer Counselling and Research Centre in Fort Worth, Texas, started using therapy designed to treat not only the disease, but the *whole* person.

"As a new oncologist in training, I observed that I could give two patients with the same diagnosis and similar backgrounds the same treatment and yet get widely divergent results," says Carl Simonton. "I was more than curious — I wanted to know why. I was *hungry* to know why. So I asked patients what *they* thought, why they thought they responded as they did. What I heard from them had to do with attitudes, goals in life and relatively intangible things which, lumped together, made a lot of folksy sense.

"I was able to piece together what I learned and develop something that could help patients help themselves improve their chances of getting well. But overcoming medically incurable cancer is a very big task — it's doing the impossible. You run up against the patient's belief in his own limitations, all the ways that he puts himself down. All those things have to be dealt with if the patient is going to consciously participate in regaining health. I don't know whether it's possible to systematically teach that, but I do know that some people we work with who suffer medically incurable cancers do get better."

In the general population, about one percent of cancer patients recover. Of the 240 patients Simonton and his wife have worked with in the past five years, approximately seven percent have recovered, and even those who experienced no dramatic cures often lived longer than the typical terminal cancer patient.

"The median survival time for patients with whom we worked should have been — according to the national average — 12 months," says Carl Simonton. "But across the board, including all kinds of cancers, the mean survival time of our patients has been twice as long. The usual time for patients with bowel cancer is 11 months; ours is 24. For breast cancer, it's 16 months; ours is 36."

"Usually," he says, "our patients are ill only a relatively short time before they die. Somebody might have had a cancer for 36 months, but will be severely ill for only about one month, requiring relatively little hospitalisation and pain medication. We also try to improve the quality of death — how comfortably the patient dies, how conscious he or she is at the end, how much he or she communicates with the family."

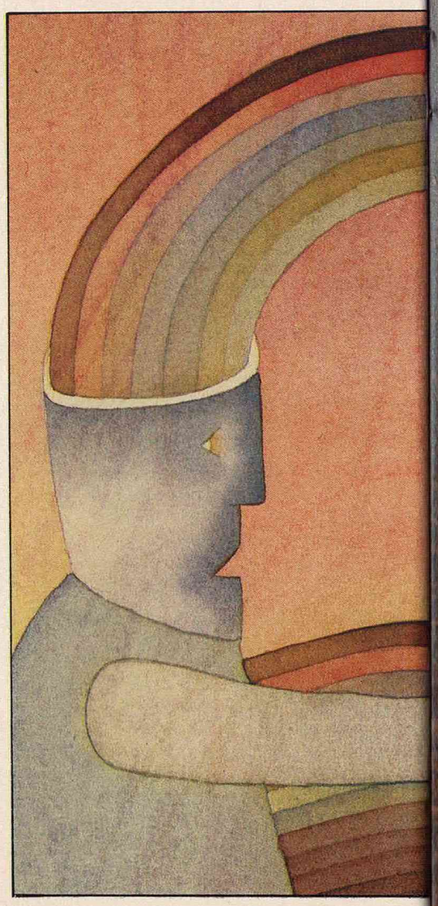
The interest in "good quality" deaths is not as grim a business as it might first appear. After all, if you're going to die — and, one way or another, we all are — it's better to have a good death than a bad one. Simonton's estimate is that only 15 percent of all deaths are "good quality", but patients with whom he works now enjoy good quality deaths in almost 50 percent of cases.

How has he achieved such remarkable results? He started with the profile of the cancer-prone personality, which was pretty much the same as that developed in the earlier studies, except that it emphasised as important the inability to express emotion. For instance, women who nurse their babies tend to get fewer breast cancers than women who don't. Simonton sees this as suggesting that breast cancer may be an association with confusion over the sex role, the cancer taking up residence in the body associated with sexual identity.

In cancer therapy, Simonton and his wife try to correct destructive thinking. They don't offer their therapy *instead* of conventional medical therapy "because moving away from medical treatment can be devastating, even though the treatment may have little to offer". They see their work as an adjunct to traditional medicine, and take in only those patients who are open to their methods and motivated to try them. This, in turn, leads to accusations that the Simontons get good results because they select only patients with the apparent ability to throw off cancers — those with high ego strengths and self-esteem, flexibility of thought, the ability to tolerate stress and what Simonton calls "special autonomy", a healthy enjoyment of people coupled with a capacity to be comfortably alone.

Simonton admits there are certain behavioral tendencies or personality types which seem to be associated with dramatic cancer cures. He also admits one potential flaw in his therapy — unless patients can be *taught* such behavior, his method is limited to healing those who might have healed themselves.

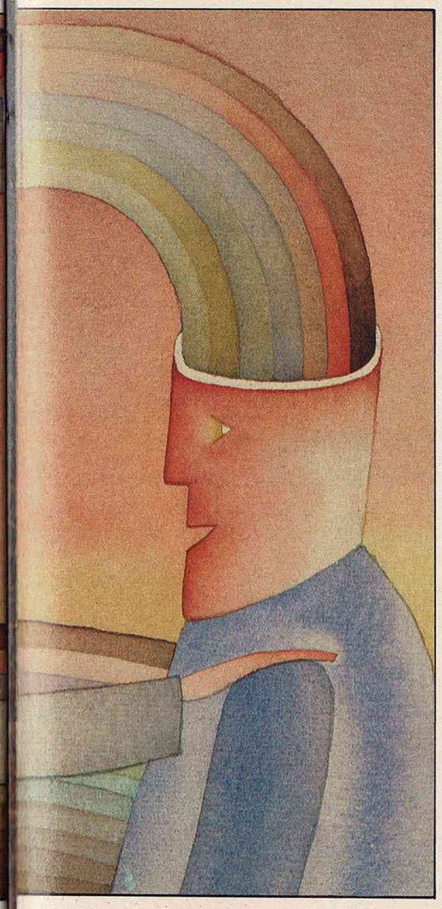
The work of other researchers in the field suggests the Simontons are at least on the right road. People *can* transform themselves or be transformed by disease. The threat of death can shock them into making changes they otherwise might not have risked. Pelletier became interested in seven "miracle" cancer cure cases in the San Francisco area, and tried to establish whether the people involved shared any personality traits. They did. "Some emphasised one trait over another," he says, "but for the most part, all traits were present in all of them." (1) They all changed their diets: there was a reduction of red



meat, and they ate more vegetables. Most did this without forethought; they were simply responding to what their bodies were demanding. (2) All began to engage in some form of physical activity — not necessarily something strenuous like jogging; just walking each day sufficed. (3) All began some form of meditation or deep relaxation — prayer, or just sitting quietly for 15 minutes each day. (4) All became religious. (5) All began to revise their personal and business lives so that what they did gave them more pleasure. (This was perhaps, according to Pelletier, the biggest change of all.) (6) All became more community oriented — more involved with their friends.

All these traits, like those Simonton describes, share what Walter Ellerbroek, a psychiatrist in Norwalk, California, calls the "positive effect". "If you get sick," he says, "it's because you've been thinking screwy."

Diseases, he believes, are behaviors; not things that happen to you, but things you do. "When your fantasy of how things ought to be doesn't match your fantasy of how things are," Ellerbroek says, "you get



into trouble. If you think you can do something about it, you get angry; if you feel you can't, you get depressed. Both of these states are responsible for diseases."

According to Ellerbroek, useful thinking — "thinking based on reality, non-neurotic thinking, whatever you want to call it" — can effect positive changes in the body. He cites the case of one woman who had been hollowed out by cancer — her pelvis, bladder and rectum had been removed — until she seemed to be nothing more than a bag of flesh draped over a skeleton which offered shelter, not for internal organs, but for spreading tumors. She asked to be allowed to die on the shore of a local lake, and in those peaceful surroundings something happened: she jettisoned her anger and depression; her spirit, like a balloon freed of useless weight, soared; her tumors started to shrink. She was cured.

"Remember, there *are* cancer miracles," says Ellerbroek, "and you can't make a cancer miracle just because you've got cancer. You've got to be dying, far advanced, untreatable. And you must want to live more than you want the cancer."

But doesn't everybody want to live? Who would actually *want* a cancer? Apparently, some people want their diseases more than their health. "I believe we develop our diseases for honorable reasons," says Simonton. "It's our bodies' way of telling us that our needs are not being met, and the needs that are fulfilled through our illnesses are important needs — to be cared for, to be loved."

A woman who has breast cancer may, for the first time in her life, get attention from her husband, affection from her children, even help around the house. She may be given — more significantly, give herself — the freedom to express her feelings fully. This does not mean she is fully responsible for her illness in a guilty way, but that her sickness is an expression of something, and the problem she faces is to find a less physically compromising way to express her blocked needs.

To do this, the Simontons ask their patients to list five changes which have taken place in their lives in the past six to 18 months. Some are typically more charged with stress than others. According to the scale used by the Simontons (as well as most other practitioners), the death of a spouse rates highest at 100. From there, the scale descends from the giddy neights of anxiety — divorce 73, separation 65, jail term 63 — to the relatively level swamps of apprehensiveness — a change in eating habits 15, holidays 13, Christmas 12, a minor violation of the law 11. One or all of these stressful events may have been the trigger of the cancer.

Over a period of 10 days, the Simontons' patients take an extensive battery of psychological tests, then discuss their lives — early life experiences and decisions, the present family structure, the lines of family communication, the possible triggers of cancer. During this time, the patient is also taught how to put himself into a state of meditation and to imagine the body's own healing system fighting the cancer. And the bizarre thing is, the immune system seems to respond.

Clinicians have known for years that at times of stress, there may be changes in the immune response. The question is: how do the changes occur? It's not enough to know that certain personalities (Type As) in certain circumstances (for instance, the death of a spouse) are more prone to stress, and therefore disease, than others. Nor is it enough to know that diseases occur in a distressed individual as a result of a suppressed immune system. The question, again, is: how?

Like ancient alchemists, the advocates of the new medicine manipulate what is accessible in order to transform that which is inaccessible; manipulate attitude, behavior and consciousness in order to change internal physical states. Some of the methods are traditional — yoga, meditation, etc — others are newer, like hypnotism. The question is whether these relaxation techniques work by virtue of omission or commission. Do they work because they reduce stress, or are there active forces that promote health?

Dr Green, of the Menninger Foundation, believes that, by entering profoundly relaxed states, one can have extraordinary control over the body — from preventing infection to even making scars vanish ultimately to be replaced with smooth skin. Dr Robert Becker, at Syracuse University, has experimental evidence that electric currents can cause rats' amputated limbs to regenerate, just like a chameleon's — actually grow back. If we could learn through biofeedback techniques to produce those electric currents within ourselves from the electric impulses along our nervous systems, we would not need heart transplants, for instance. We could simply grow new tissues to heal defects in our own hearts.

These are the outer limits of our current research — unfamiliar and somewhat uncanny precincts of science. Yet, by using our map — stress, depression, etc — we can find our way home. But there is one uncharted area that has been staked out by the advocates of the new medicine which appears on no map. Not yet. To reach it, we must make a leap beyond our own skins. There is some evidence that healing can be effected at a distance — that I can heal you, and you can heal me. In charismatic religions, they call it the "laying on of hands". Medicine calls it therapeutic touch; it is now taught in 33 universities in the US and Canada.

None of the advocates of the new medicine wants to overthrow conventional Western medicine, but all of them want to include, within the practice of that medicine, new theories and techniques.

It just could be, as *Reader's Digest* says, laughter is the best medicine.

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

TAURUS

LOOK OUT! The Taurean is in for a period when Uranus will be up ... and your head down. In other words, the Bull will be very busy making and breaking many interesting relationships. Like your mate in the china shop, you will probably have to account for some of the damage, but don't let the risk of breaking the odd heart deter you from horning in on a bit of sexual thrill-seeking. Sure, you'll have to keep an eye over your shoulder while mounting up, but the risk will be more than outweighed by the lushness of the pastures you find ripe for ploughing. The position of Uranus indicates instability in your personal relationships. If you're married, don't get caught in the wrong paddock, or the consequences will be the equivalent of one hell of a bullwhipping. You might be surprised by how possessive and jealous you get over trivialities. Of course, that's not a bullish trait, so don't be overly alarmed. With Uranus so prominently exposed, you'll find your sex life has an undiscovered kinky side which will cause you to stampede and have a charge at something new.

May, June and most of July bring a heavier-than-usual emphasis on love and sex. If the bull is going to be grabbed by the horn, it'll start happening during these months. At this time, you'll really appeal to women, your social life will surge and you'll be able to scratch the priapic itch. You'll be getting your own share of oats, as well as the shares of several other guys, so get in while you can.

Get acquainted with as many women as possible, so that during the leaner months toward the end of the year, you'll be able to make use of these acquaintances for fresh conquests in greener pastures.

After July, your social activity will tail off, but by this time you'll be happy to lead a quieter life. You'll not be humping as much or as vigorously, but what you do get will be more satisfying and drawn out — with more variation on a single theme. This is the time to indulge in some of your more far-out fantasies. You will come to really like things you started out not particularly caring much about at all.

Although your sex life is wild, other areas look fairly stable. Some changes are in view in your work, since the planet Uranus rules your professional status. You can expect to gain a lot through a close liaison with someone, probably an Aquarian, who has your interests at heart.

A word of warning: make sure your sex life doesn't get tangled up with your professional life — this has never worked for you. With all your charging around during the year, you could also pick up something exotic that you'd much rather do without. The planet Neptune in the angle affecting your sex organs may lead to a sort of condition which causes problems, so keep your eyes open! The most dangerous time is early September. You have been warned!

This need for added caution will involve a great deal of discipline which is something not always akin to the Bull's nature. Watch the company you keep, or your sexual reputation as well as your health will come in for some rough patches. As a result, you could become the butt of gossip and, though much of it (sorry to say) will be pure bull, it could nonetheless be very damaging. If you are alert to the dangers, your sexual savvy should steer you only into the most fruitful fields.

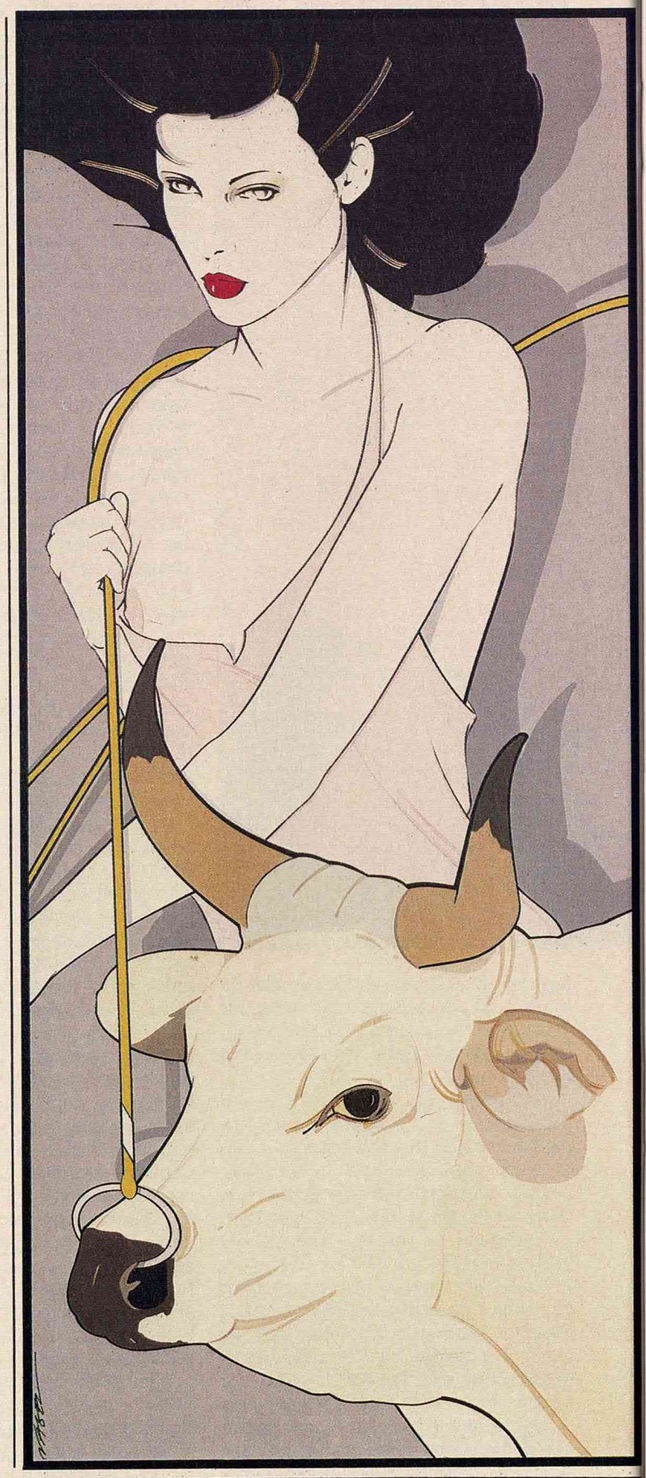


Illustration by Pat Nagel

THIS MONTH

it's no bull — the stars have you caught by your heavenly cluster... playboy introduces a sexual horoscope to chart a year-long forecast for each month's ascendant star and gives the other signs tips for the month — a new feature by arthur bowman

GEMINI

In spite ot the twins' desire to spend May quietly resting from the summer's sexual excesses, you are going to get a double dose of in-the-cot action this month. You may encounter some crazy bed partners, so just grab a good hold and hang on tight for a bit of buck-jumpin'. The weekend of the 24th should provide lots of fun — if you can spot the traps in the form of Armalite-wielding husbands keen to enact a Siamese separation on twins who certainly don't need one.

CANCER

The crab should remember that it doesn't matter if you walk sideways or straight, make love standing up or flat on your shell — claws have their drawbacks. If you are prepared to run the risk, look for a change of scene, and get your claws into a bit of serious crustaceous copulation. Regular partnerships may be just great for Cancer men, but now is not the right time to start one — unless you want to wind up the meat in a girl's nuptial sandwich. Use discretion — crabs can be very irritating.

LEO

If the lion is contemplating the conquest of some stray married lioness, you'd better think again — there are a few white hunters out there who will fill your rump full of shot as soon as you lay one paw on anyone who's been spoken for. Keep details of your nocturnal prowling pretty much to yourself. The hunt gets very interesting around the 17th, so leap at anything that presents an alternative to the sexual norm and discover what was edited out of *Born Free.*

VIRGO

The way your stars are heading this month, there's little chance of keeping your pants on long enough to endorse your virginal rating. More than two sexual partners at one time could be the bill of fare. Unfortunately, the virgin's constitution doesn't permit you to make a pig of yourself in the sexual stakes, and you may find that, by mid-month, you're headed for a blow-out. Things will settle down by the 20th in time to resume a puritanical guise.

LIBRA

Now's the time for Librans to haul all those fantasies out of the closet. With Pluto (the planet of the unconscious mind) passing through your sign, it's an ideal opportunity to weigh some hidden erotica of the mind. Restrict your confidences to kindred spirits, because there is a great risk in casual encounters. Scan the heavens for early warnings, or book yourself into a monastery to avoid the problem entirely. It is not a good time to tie permanent knots — balance all the pros and cons first.

SCORPIO

With the amount of sting you've got in your tail at the moment, be ready for a lot of loin-locking. It will mean making a few changes, so scuttle off to some new territory and get right into your act. Don't balk at the chance of getting your pincers on the odd one-night stand, but be discreet. In spite of your crusty outward appearance, you might just be soft enough to be trapped. The 13th looks like a day which might be best spent under your rock.

SAGITTARIUS

Now's the time for the Sagittarian to finally let that arrow go instead of just talking about it. But, be warned, the Sagittarian's problem is that you are a grabber rather than a lover, so you will have to right matters before that arrowhead rusts up from disuse. When you finally get down to target work, check out the grounds first — there's a definite risk of infection for careless types of Centaurs who shoot without watching their arrow's trajectory.

CAPRICORN

The goat doesn't come across as a sex fiend, but the truth of the matter is that he really appreciates the odd bunt. You'd love to earn a reputation as a mountin' goat but one look at the Milky Way says you won't be stirring up the herd this month — so charge at anything promising. Don't hold too much hope of adding to the score because, if a whole herd of nannies did fall your way, you wouldn't be able to handle them. The 10th could bring a meeting that beats your yoghurt to curds.

AQUARIUS

Aquarian's heavenly cluster could be in for a real workout this month if you want to keep your reputation as the font of sexual fun. Yes, the water bearer has the chance to flush away those sexual taboos he's been knocking for so long. The 13th and 14th look like the best days for ridding yourself of some excess fluid in what should be an exciting fashion. Be especially careful when tilting at Taurus women, or a sexual *touché* might become an icy douche.

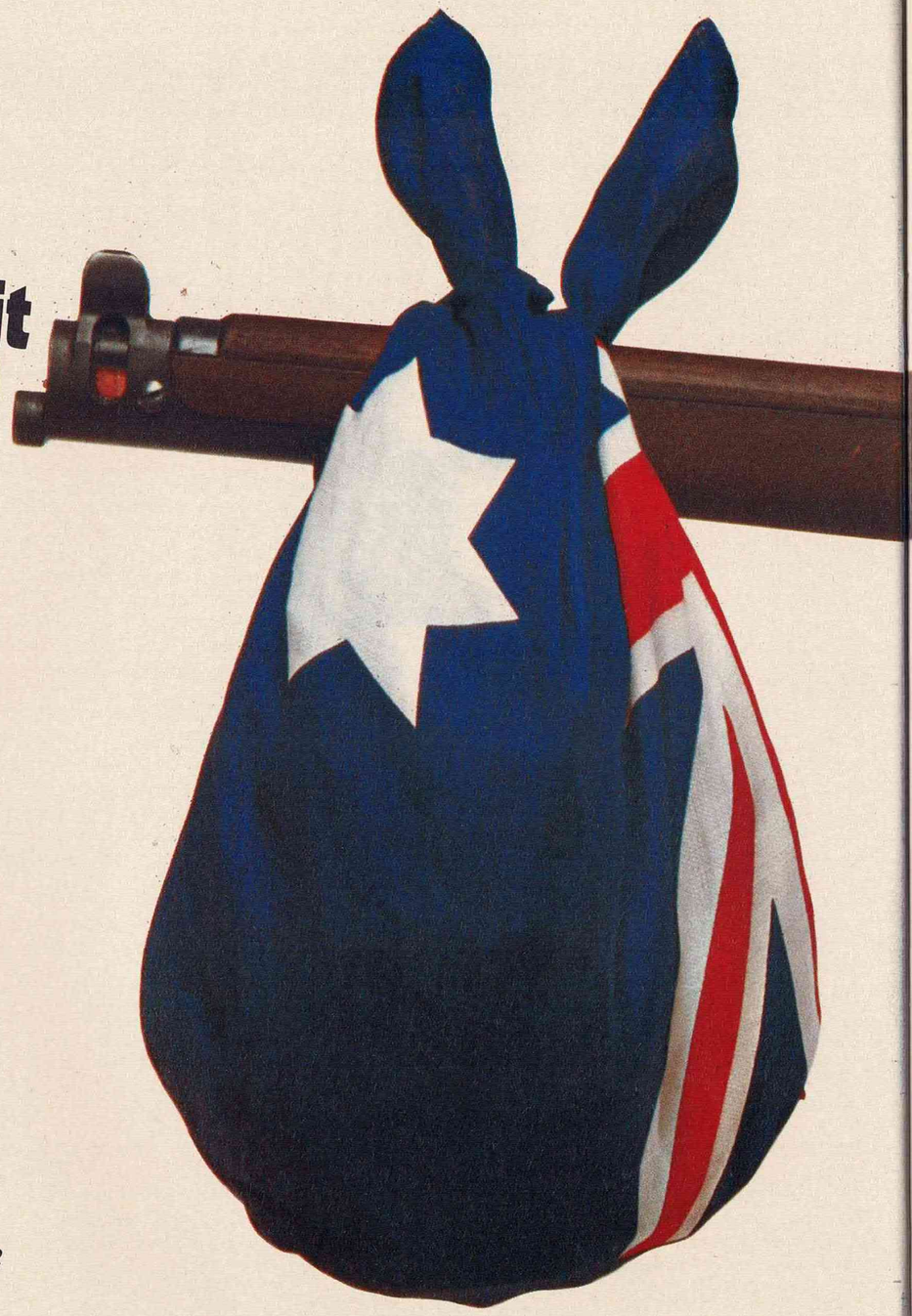
PISCES

This month, the fish finds himself floundering against a tide of sexual deprivation. You'll probably dodge the problem by flopping about in the odd cold shower or by doodling with your dorsal, but you'll never really come to grips with your problem until you apply that old fish oil — otherwise known as Piscean charm. There is plenty of roe to hoe, but keep to a compatible school. Otherwise, a jealous husband might convert you to a can of chunky-style tuna.

ARIES

The ram is in for a quiet period following a head-throbbing summer of romping his way through the flock. Your May stars tip a mid-month fling with a stray ewe, or perhaps that mad merino from the neighboring paddock. This should provide a fabulous adventure, but look for revengeful shearers who'll snip off more than your fleece. If you mate on the 17th or 18th, pull on some protection or it could mean a trip to the vet; you'd feel pretty sheepish if you had your fuzzy coat clipped.

going it alone!



are we safe under america's nuclear wing, or should we stand on our own defensive feet at last?

article **By ALAN RENOUF** The rules of international diplomacy, which have evolved over centuries among the members of the world community, have now been disturbed, as shown by the recent imbroglio between the United States and Iran. Additionally, the progress toward better diplomatic relations between the democratic countries of the West and the pseudo-democratic countries of the East has been suspended by the Russian conquest of Afghanistan, causing a regression to the tensions of the Cold War period. The Federal Government's response to all these developments has been one of marked keenness to align itself with the United States. Previously, the Government was inclined to distance itself from this "great and powerful" friend more than any Australian Government of its political complexion. Australia is harkening back to the days of "All the way with LBJ", and returning, in the process, to being one of the most anti-Russian countries in the world. The reasons go beyond the domestic politics of an election year, although this is certainly part of the rationale. Prime Minister Fraser has always been very anti-Russian (and once very anti-Chinese, too), and he is not a man given to changing his "gut" feelings. In the circumstances, it seems timely to consider alternatives to Australia's following the US. After

Photography by Colin Stead

all, it's been 30 years since Spender, Foreign Minister in the first post-war Menzies Government, proclaimed a policy of accompanying the US in the anti-communist crusade — and the world has changed very much in those three decades. In particular, the intrinsic nature of the campaign is different. Originally, it was a crusade against communism *per se;* it has now emerged as a crusade against Russia. Also, for Australia, it was previously primarily containment of communism in the East and South-east Asia; the present focus is West Asia, a region of less direct significance to Australia. In addition, one is entitled to ask how successful was the pristine policy of a firm alliance with the US, particularly when the Federal Government is whole-heartedly endorsing it again.

In the "All the way with LBJ" era, Australia's security was preserved. While some may argue that this was an offshoot of the policy, such an argument is specious. Initially, one of the basic theses of the policy was that peace was indivisible, and a breach of it anywhere in the world threatened it everywhere. This tenet did not endure, although it appears to lie behind the present approach of the Government.

Another basic premise was that communism was a threat to peace all over the world; for example, Hasluck, when Foreign Minister, talked of Chinese subversion in South America. This thesis was made obsolete when the supposedly monolithic partnership of Russia and China tore asunder. It then became a common supposition that China was planning to conquer all of South-east Asia and, eventually, Australia (a leading exponent of this hypothesis was Malcolm Fraser). This thesis receded into the background once the war in Vietnam ended. At this point, it became apparent that Australia's security had been preserved in spite of the "All the way with LBJ" policy — not because of it.

However, there were some benefits which emerged from this policy. One was that Australia became a member of the Western intelligence club and, through it, acquired a great deal of information which otherwise would have been difficult to obtain. But this benefit was not unmitigated. The bulk of the information was American, and inevitably Australia came to view world affairs in very much the same manner as did the US. When the US was right, this was fine, but when she was wrong, as in Vietnam, Australia was also wrong. It can be contended that other benefits of the policy were that Australia obtained privileged access to American defence material and that she became a haven for much American private investment and technology. These benefits are debatable; they may well have been won by Australia anyway.

Then there were the costs of the policy. In many countries, Australia was regarded as a US client-state; the national reputation, which is very important to a country with not much power, suffered. Australia was drawn into Vietnam as a principal US ally, and America's failure in the war became Australia's too. Australia was one of the last democratic countries to recognise and to establish diplomatic relations with China. Australia fully backed those American policies in the Middle East designed to contain communism. The consequences of these positions have become apparent: Australia became host to some extremely important American defence-related facilities — the presence of which causes concern to many and provokes recurrent debate.

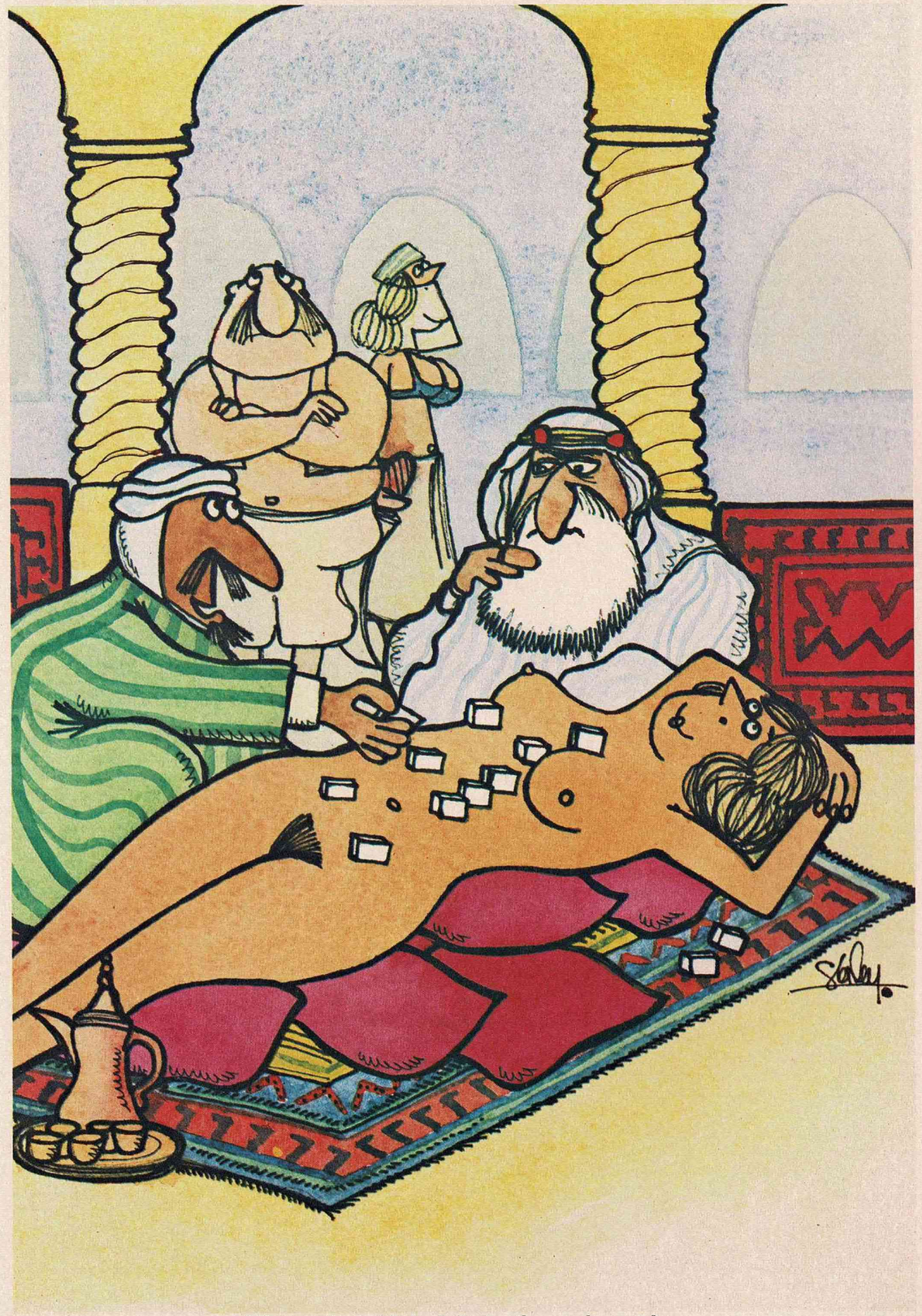
It may be contended that the principal benefit of the "All the way with LBJ" policy has been overlooked — that the US has kept Australia free from the risk of nuclear attack. This claim is superficial because it postulates that there is a nuclear threat to Australia — from Russia. This is farfetched. It is only credible in the event of a world war and, given her commitment to the US, Australia could not remain aloof from such a conflict. In the event of the incredible — a Russian nuclear threat to Australia other than in the context of a world war—Australia has no guarantee that the US would intervene to suppress the threat. Such a situation would pose a conundrum similar to the one familiar in Western Europe — would the US risk the annihilation of its major urban centres to save Australia? The answer is by no means certain. One can conclude that the value of Australia being under America's nuclear umbrella is negligible.

"In the event of the incredible — a Russian nuclear threat — Australia has no guarantee the US would intervene."

Another benefit which is often said to flow from this alliance is that the US would come to Australia's aid, if aid be needed, should Australia be attacked by conventional forces. This benefit, too, is of questionable value, but probably more than being under the "nuclear umbrella". For a start, one has to return to the question of which country would attack Australia. The reply of conservatives is Russia, but this is inconceivable except in the context of a much broader conflict. The other possibility, which is no more than hypothetical, is Indonesia. It is a very populous country with considerable resources, is Muslim, occupies a strategic geographical position and is the most powerful of the countries of ASEAN. These facts would give the US serious cause for pause when considering whether or not to come to Australia's aid. It is likely that America's response would be limited to diplomatic efforts, as has happened twice, over the West New Guinea issue and Indonesia's confrontation with Malaysia.

Some may argue that the US is legally and morally obliged to help Australia under attack — whether nuclear or conventional warfare — by the ANZUS Pact. The answer is that any written compact is worth no more than the cirumstances surrounding the time when its obligations are called upon. It is impossible to predict what would be the necessary circumstances for the US if the obligations of the ANZUS Pact were invoked by Australia. These promises are not automatic of application, as they are in the case of the North Atlantic Treaty with its tighter language — an attack on one member is explicitly recognised as an attack on all. The obligations of the Pact are qualified by the phrase "subject to constitutional procedures". Moreover, since the Pact was concluded, the War Powers Act in the US has rigorously prescribed the powers of the President as commander-in-chief. While the ANZUS Pact has value for Australia, it is more of a symbol of an intimate association than a water tight guarantee of any US military assistance. In international relations, there are no such guarantees — as history has shown time and again.

Thus is the brief profit and loss account of the alliance between Australia and the US, which was begun by Australia (not America) in 1950 and which has continued ever since. This union waned somewhat during the days of the Whitlam Government — although not as much as the Liberal and Country Parties made out at the time. It improved during the first four years of the Fraser Government — although not as greatly as *it* maintained. It has taken the Iranian and Afghani crises to return Australia to the intimacy of the "All the way with LBJ" policy. Once again, the vital element is the resistance to communism, this time of the Russian



"We won the battle by bringing the cavalry out from this little wood and moving them between these two hills."

variety, which both the Carter and Fraser Governments claim is posing a greater threat to the world than ever before. Because this posture by the Federal Government takes Australian policy back 13 years, one is entitled to consider the various alternatives and their worth. The most radical alternative is that it is now the time for Australia to opt for neutrality in the East-West struggle.

The case for neutrality has often been deliberated, but more often than not dismissed. However, given the changes in the world since the policy was initiated, and given that rapid and drastic change has become the pattern in international relations, anything so fundamental warrants periodical re-examination. A preliminary point is that neutrality for Australia would not mean joining the non-aligned movement or the Third World. It would simply mean that Australia would cease to be a regular diplomatic combatant of the USSR, adopting rather a position analogous to that of Sweden and Switzerland, both of which look independently at Russia and act toward her as their national interests dictate, rather than as the collective interests of most Western countries suggest.

Sweden and Switzerland have followed a policy of neutrality toward major world conflicts or potential conflicts for a long time. Generally, their attitude has been in sympathy with the Western world but has never been taken to the point of involvement in its hostilities. This policy has been successful in maintaining both the countries' security, and it has made each of them prosperous. What is more, the international reputation of each of them is enviably high. Clearly, neutrality has been successful for Switzerland and Sweden, but this is not to unequivocally state that it would be an equally successful proposition for Australia.

Australia's geography favors neutrality, for the country is far removed from what is claimed by conservatives to be the main threat — the USSR. Developments during recent decades have also stressed the importance of Australia's geographical location for, in the vital region to the north, the former bi-polarity of power has been replaced by multi-polarity, with the USSR being confronted by America, China and Japan. And even more, protection for Australia lies in the growing strength of the ASEAN countries as well as ASEAN itself. Further protection lies in the fact that Australia is a very large country, one whose invasion would require a great number of forces. Certainly from the standpoint of geography, Australia is better placed than either Sweden or Switzerland to practise neutrality.

Being a wealthy nation, Australia should be able to pay the costs of neutrality. The main cost would be greater and better equipped regular military forces as well as a better capacity to produce weapons. These would need to be supplemented by citizen forces — the basis for which would be compulsory military training and service, as in Sweden and Switzerland. The only practical objective would be that the forces must be powerful enough to present any would-be assailant with the maximum possible national deterrent.

It may be argued in this connection that Australia should also consider the use of nuclear weapons and the missiles to deliver them. While this view has its positive side, it does present some severe problems. Nuclear weapons and missiles are as expensive to acquire as they are to keep up to date. Australia could hardly afford them *and* better equipped conventional forces. Another problem is that many responsible countries frown upon any further increase in the number of countries which hold nuclear weapons. Australia's defection from those countries which support nuclear non-proliferation would harm the national reputation *and* would probably put an end once and for all to non-proliferation. Furthermore, it is somewhat difficult to reconcile the possession of nuclear weapons and missiles with the concept of self-defence and neutrality. It is noteworthy that neither Sweden nor Switzerland have them.

"It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the possession of nuclear weapons with the concept of neutrality."

If, for these reasons, a policy of neutrality by Australia seems to hold distinct advantages, how does it compare with the policy of a firm commitment to the side of the Western powers in the East-West struggle? One advantage of neutrality is certain — Australia would finally be independent and at last cut the umbilical cord that tied it first to Britain and then to the US. This would enhance its national reputation, and would result in improved relations with many countries, particularly those of ASEAN. However, the case for neutrality rests more upon the disadvantages of the old and present policies than upon its own positive attributes. These disadvantages stem from two dubious assumptions: that Australia is threatened, and that standing by the US guarantees protection from this threat.

Apart from those questionable assumptions upon which the alternative to neutrality rests, the case against neutrality in and of itself is based on a broader philosophical argument — that Western countries bear responsibility for the maintenance of international law and order, and must, if necessary, fight for the preservation and extension of democracy and the values it embodies, such as human rights. Australian Governments have always taken this attitude and have committed the country to war because of it — sometimes unwisely. If smaller Western countries like Australia do not play their part in what may be termed the "international mission of the West," the larger countries, notably the US, would resile from doing so, and democracy would slowly lose ground.

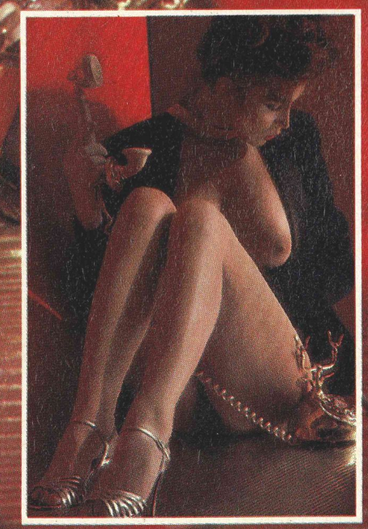
The reader is left to judge for himself what is the balance in the case for neutrality by Australia. Regardless of what that judgment may be, those who have governed Australia in the past and those governing at present would have to take account of the fact that "politics is the art of the possible". In so doing, they would probably conclude that Australians as a whole would, at this time, not approve of a move toward neutrality. Since the start of Australia's history as an independent country, it has been drummed into her citizens that they have a responsibility to be active in world affairs, that they must be part of the Western civilising mission, and that their own interests are best advanced by involvement in the affairs of others in that same direction Australians see as best for themselves. This used to mean support for the Pax Britannica; more recently, it means support for the Pax Americana. It is likely to be a long time before this approach of breeding and tradition is seriously questioned in Australia. In other words, Australia is too young a country, possibly too unsophisticated, certainly too conservative, to think beyond the old schools of thought and reconsider the country's proper role in world affairs. Above all, this would require political leadership of an order which has rarely before appeared in Australia, and a degree of interest in foreign relations which Australians, up to the present, have not displayed.

HOTLINE

Opening night . . . and the audience loved it. But he wasn't there. She was ecstatic when the roses arrived with a card that said: "To the best legs in town — sorry I couldn't come." In spite of the hour, she wanted to give him a ring — he

Photographs by Nick De Scoise

always coaxed a brilliant solo from her. As she fingered the dial, she remembered last week's show-stopping performance. When he answered, she toyed with her receiver and asked: "Is there something



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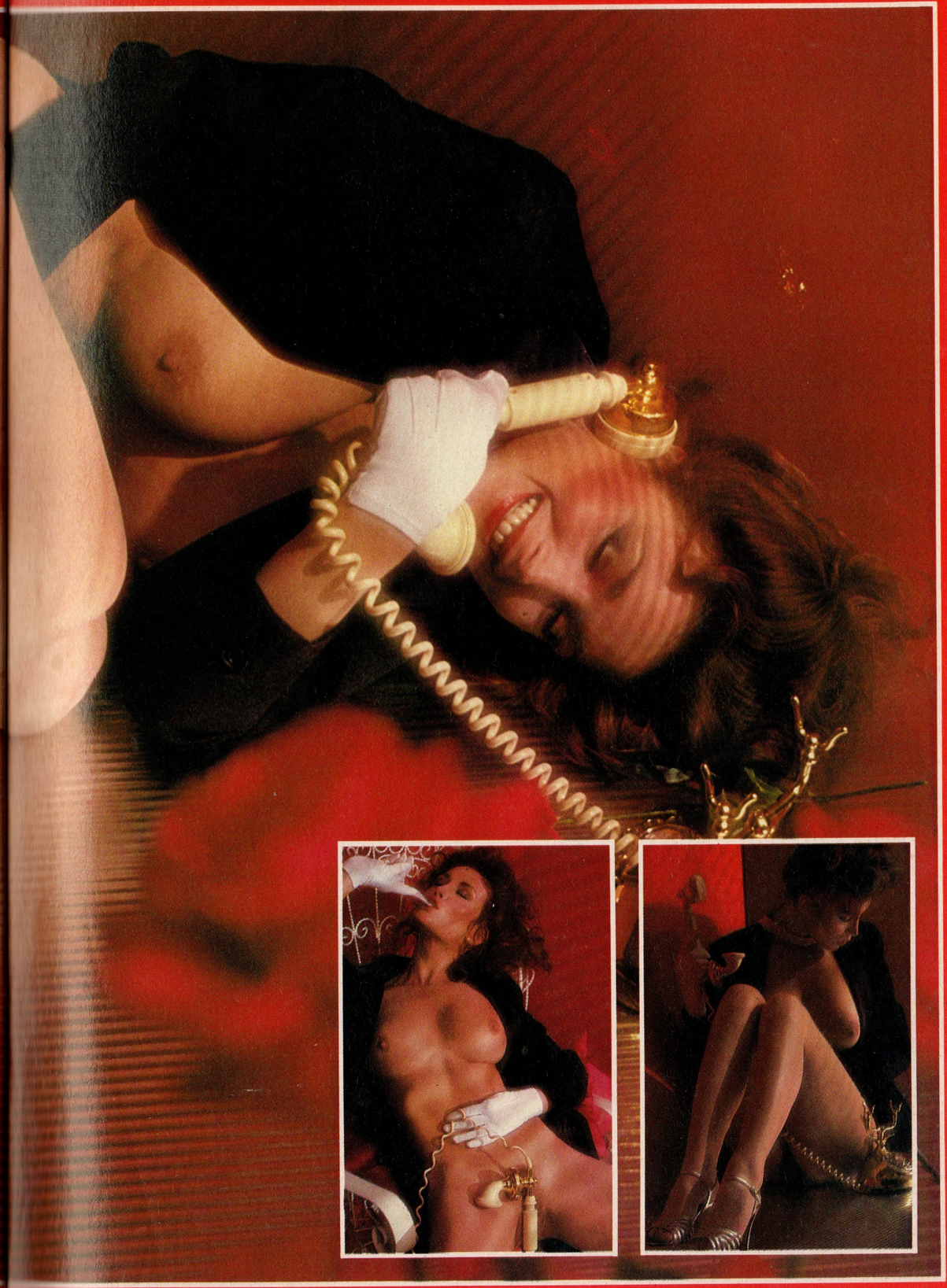
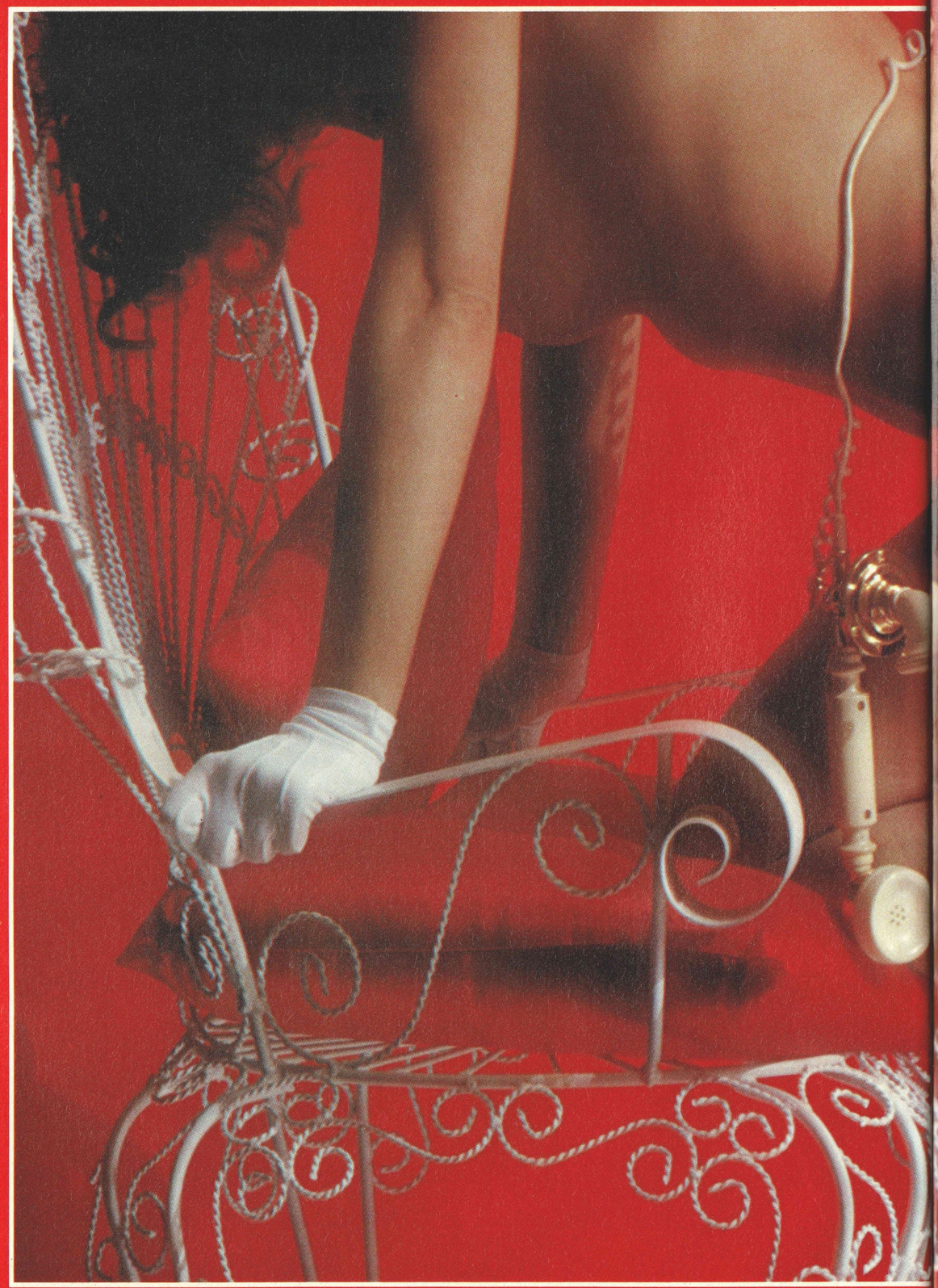
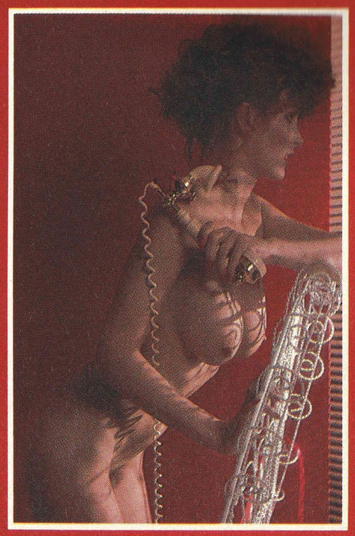






wrong with this connection or are you breathing in a funny way?'' He asked if he could come over and she agreed, saying she'd hold the curtain for the final act.

wrong with this connection or are you breathing in a funny way?" He asked if he could come over and she agreed, saying she'd hold the curtain for the final act.

POWER FROM SPACE

an unlimited source of energy is shining down on us — and we have the technology to harness it

article **By Bill Congreve**

CLEARLY VISIBLE from Earth a giant "doughnut" two kilometres across orbits at a distance of 200,000 kilometres. In the vast silence of space it looks tiny but, cut in two, each crescent would match the span of Sydney Harbor Bridge.

Inside is a buzz of activity as 10,000 people go about the business of building a new society in the eternal day of space. The colony — made up largely of scientists, engineers and their families — is relatively independent of Earth, growing its own food and relying on the mother planet only for those materials which cannot be mined on the Moon, such as carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen.

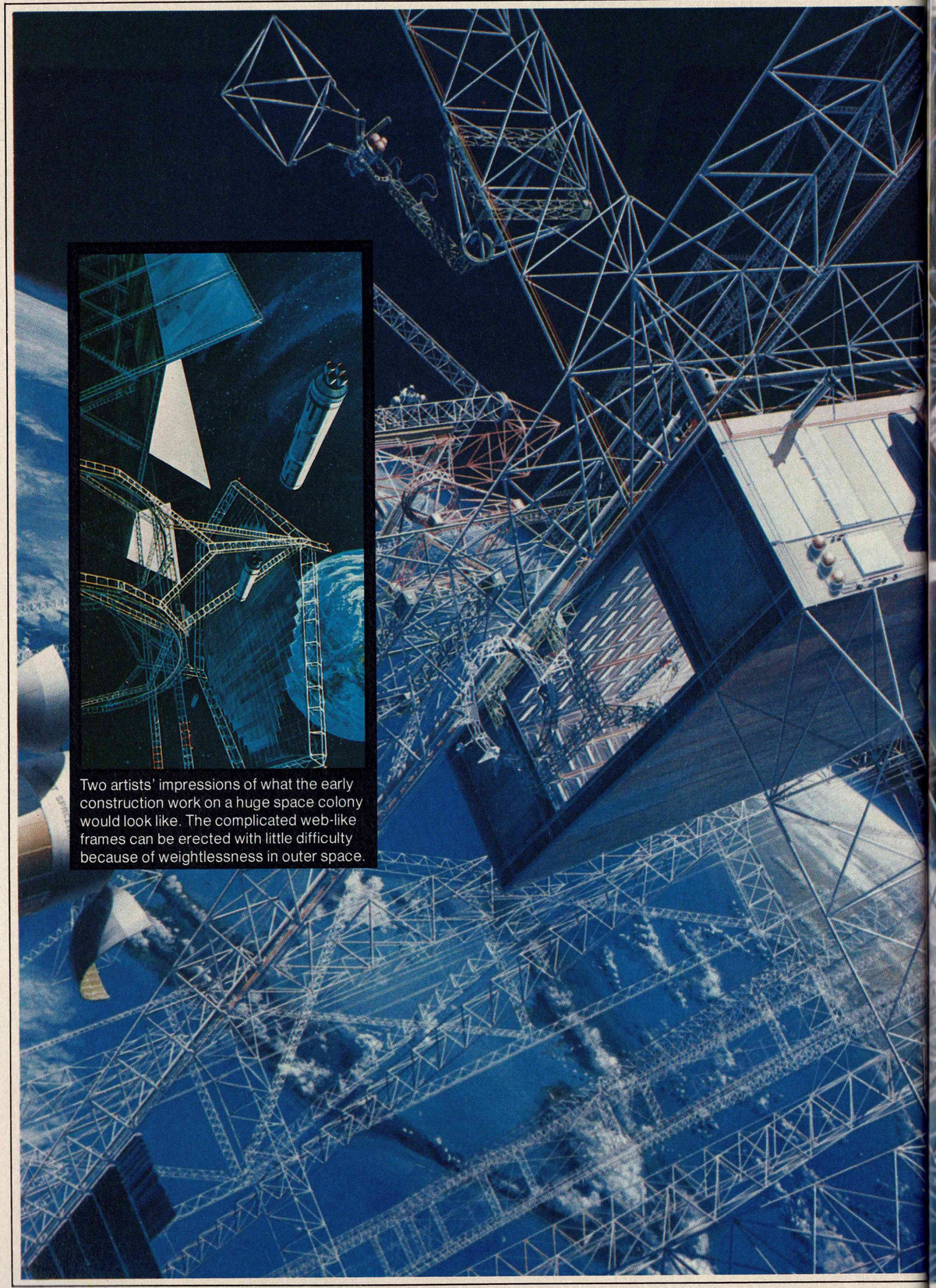
But, although this city in space needs Earth for very little, Earth desperately needs the city, and others like it, for what has become a most precious commodity in this overcrowded world — ENERGY.

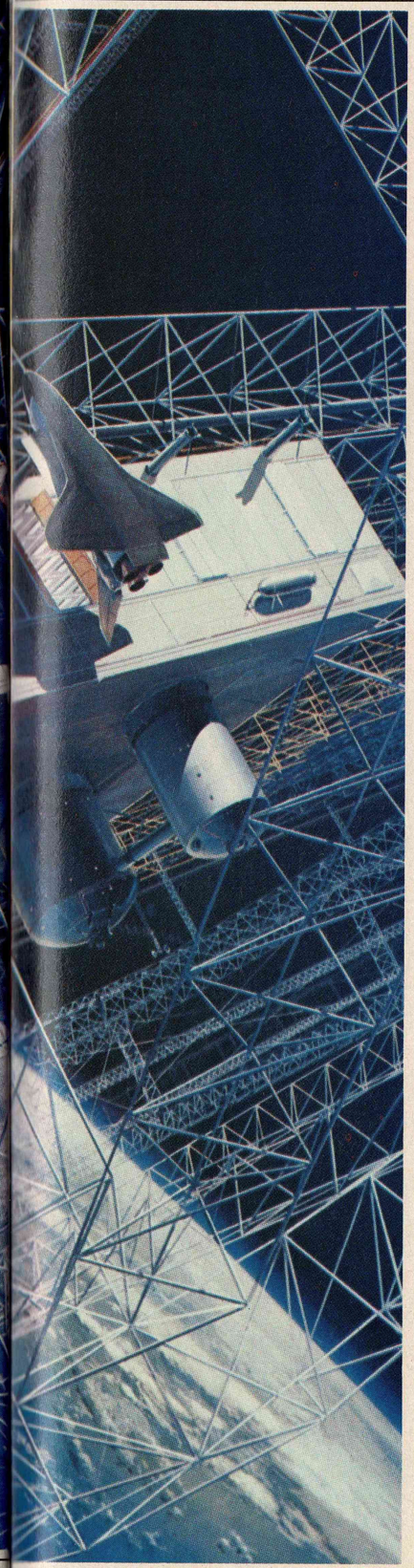
The city has been built for one purpose — the manufacture of solar power satellites which can be placed in orbit to soak up energy from the Sun and convert it into electricity. The electricity is then beamed down to special collector arrays on Earth, providing an abundant, cheap and safe source of energy for an ever-demanding world.

•

This scenario is not pie in the sky. The city, and others of different shape and design, exist in the minds of space scientists searching for energy alternatives in a world fast running out of options. More and more they are looking to space as the only answer to providing cheap electricity for a world population that, according to latest UN estimates, will reach 6.5 billion by the year 2000, mushrooming to a projected 10 billion by 2035. What makes cities in space so attractive is that the technology exists now for them to be built, according to three separate North American Space Agency (NASA) studies. (NASA and some private concerns estimate the

Two artists' impressions of what the early construction work on a huge space colony would look like. The complicated web-like frames can be erected with little difficulty because of weightlessness in outer space.





cost at no more than $200 billion). A handful of the advanced industrial countries would probably have the technology to build such a system, referred to by NASA as a Solar Satellite Power System (SSPS).

Once up in space, the technology to make the system work is along the same lines as that used to operate a microwave oven. A solar energy satellite consists of a vast array of parabolic mirrors or solar panels that use the Sun's heat to drive turbines. The electricity generated is converted into microwaves at an efficiency approaching 90 percent by devices called amplitrons. This beam of microwaves is then aimed at the collecting arrays on Earth. The satellites are stationed in geosynchronous orbit, so they will always remain in stationary orbit, relative to a specific point on the surface of the Earth.

Most of the microwave energy will reach ground, but what doesn't will appear as heat which can be dissipated into the atmosphere, although more studies need to be done on what is going to happen to the atmosphere as millions of megawatts come to ground all over the world. Nobody knows what effect microwaves at high density will have on the human body. There is some evidence that the heat they generate might, at high density, cause glaucoma, an eye disease, so any microwave receiver would have to be well away from populated areas, possibly at sea instead.

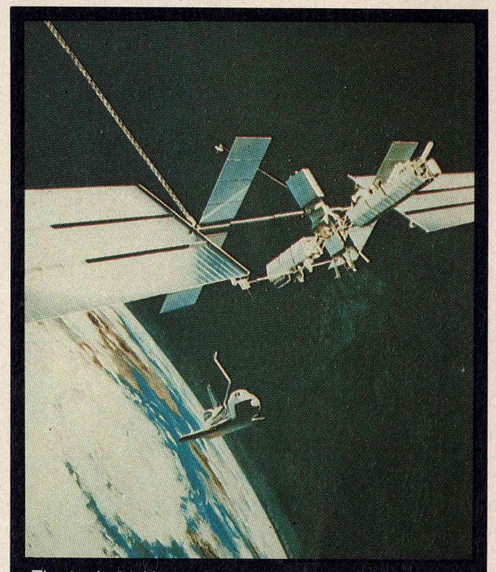
On the face of it, power satellites seem the cleanest solution to providing a limitless supply of electricity.

A major proportion of our industrial pollution, both gaseous and thermal, results from electricity generation. In the future, fossil fuels will be ruled out as a source of our energy because of the pollution that results from their use, and nuclear energy will not be able to provide a complete solution to an energy shortfall. Nuclear fission is not cheap, but it is the most reliable form of electricity known. However, it produces dangerous waste products which are, at the moment, difficult to dispose of and, again, a lot of waste heat.

Hydroelectricity is limited by the availability of suitable sites. In industrial countries, most of the potential has already been harnessed. We are left with the newer energy sources.

Nuclear fusion could be a commercial reality in 15 years, in spite of the lack of US Government funding, but it is too uncertain at this stage, and this process, too, generates waste heat and radioactive waste.

Other even more exotic sources, such as wind energy and geothermal energy, while reliable, will not be able to produce electricity on a large enough scale for world needs.



The technical know-how exists now to construct a power satellite, possibly similar to the one pictured above which has been envisaged by a NASA artist. The massive solar panels soak up energy from the Sun, which is then relayed to Earth as microwaves.

Collecting solar energy on Earth is out of the question because it would require several percent of a nation's land area to be covered with collector arrays. Although solar energy on Earth at noon is only about 20 percent less intense than it is in outer space, a solar satellite would have a regular, steady supply of sunlight unaffected by cloud or other weather conditions.

The solar power satellite system would have the added advantage of being almost self-supporting, taking its raw materials for expansion and day-to-day living from the Moon.

The first step toward power satellites presents no problem. NASA has already developed a space shuttle to lift large payloads into orbit and return safely to ground. We'll need to lift about 10,000 tonnes of material and, initially, some 2000 people into space over a period of years.

Next comes the stage which still appears to exist in the realms of

science fiction, although space scientists maintain the West is advanced enough technologically to make it a reality any time the funds become available. It involves building a power satellite system in space or on the Moon. This is how scientists envisage that it will be done:

Spaceships. We need a rocket to land large payloads from the huge satellite on to the Moon. It will probably be built around a single engine of the type that powered the Saturn V. That rocket used five such engines but, because of the Moon's lower gravity, one will be sufficient.

A Moonbase. This will be rather simple, consisting of a small opencut mine operated by one or two bulldozers. The personnel will live in old, but remodelled, rocket fuel tanks. The final part of the Moonbase is what makes the whole idea economically feasible. It is a massdriver, a mixture of the ideas of magnetic levitation (suspending an object by magnetic force) and a linear accelerator (a series of electro-magnets activated at a rapid rate one after the other to draw an object along at an extraordinarily high speed). The device throws out small masses of material several times a second at speeds of several thousand kilometres per hour. It will probably be powered by an on-board nuclear reactor.

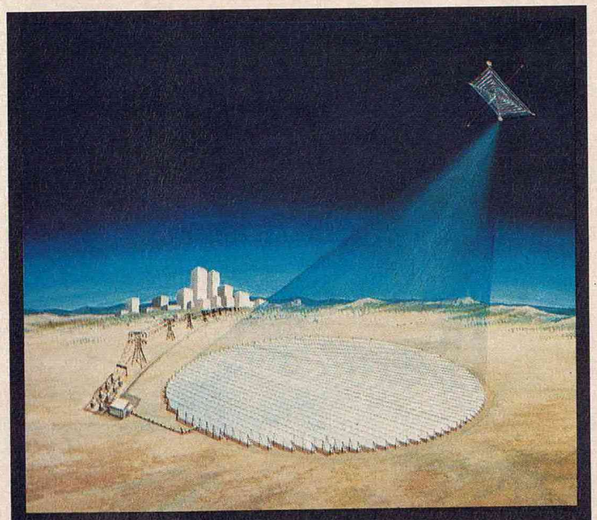
It will have to be able to project material to hit a target circle about 20 metres across about five thousand kilometres away. It is possible, but it will be big — several kilometres long — and will use an aiming device similar to that in a TV tube. Its purpose is to get material from the Moon's surface to a point in space where it can be collected by a special "catcher".

A catcher. This will be a special spaceship powered by a massdriver that catches all the material thrown up from the Moon by the large massdriver at the Moonbase and takes it to where smelting and manufacturing are taking place. The catcher will resemble a giant bag, strong enough to withstand material thumping into it at speeds of several hundred kilometres per hour.

A construction shack. This will be a temporary dwelling and factory that is used to refine the ores coming from the Moon and to build the first of many space colonies. Another method may be to mine an asteroid. A hydrogen bomb, planted in the right place, would blow it out of the asteroid belt into orbit round the Earth. Or a rocket motor could be attached to the asteroid for it to be driven to Earth — a two- or three-year journey.

The materials may even be sent up by rocket shuttle from Earth — which will probably be the case if an experimental power satellite is constructed.

A space colony. There are two main designs, one the classic "doughnut" of science fiction, the other a short, stubby, barrel-like cylinder about half a kilometre across. Both need a lot of shielding to keep out solar radiation and so both will have an outer shell, a couple of metres thick, of slag left over from the factory. Remember, everything in space is useful, even industrial waste.



A power satellite beams down microwave energy to a receiving station on Earth in this NASA artist's impression of what might be the planet's main energy source in the not-too-distant future. But more tests are needed to ensure it is safe on the environment.

This colony will be able to reproduce itself and also be able to build the solar energy satellites that are the purpose, and the selling points of the whole system. Once built, the whole project, including the moonbase, will be dependent on Earth only for those elements that can't be found on the Moon — carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. However, once the initial supplies have been delivered, only an occasional space shuttle will be needed to keep up the space colony's stocks.

The colony will build several satellites before work starts on another colony. The energy from these satellites will pay for the shipments and personnel from Earth needed to set up the next colony.

Each satellite will generate about 14,000 megawatts of electricity and about 8000 megawatts will be recovered at the Earth's collector arrays and the rest dissipated as heat.

The collector arrays are the only major pieces of equipment that need to be built on Earth. They, like everything else, come on a large scale — about 10 kilometres across — and can be positioned on any flat surface. It will even be possible to build them at sea where they would not occupy valuable land. However, the marine environment would have constantly to be monitored to test the effect of waste heat which will inevitably be given off.

The next question concerns the danger to the personnel who run the collectors and to the people who live nearby. In the centre of the collector grid, the microwave density would be 10 times the level which US Government surveys have shown to be the maximum human exposure, but no one will be working in the centre of the grid. Around the edges of the grid, the microwave density would be only 10 percent of the maximum and, so far as we know, quite safe for human beings living and working nearby. The beauty of the system is that, on Earth, it can be fully automated. There will be very little danger to any wildlife in the area as the array will be fenced off and, even if a bird were to fly overhead, it would merely begin to feel warmer than it should, take the hint and fly away.

However, everyone can see that quite stringent environmental impact statements will have to be prepared, if only because the whole concept is new and easily misunderstood.

So, that's the scenario for the future. Given international co-operation it has been calculated the whole system could take 25 years to build, if the money is available.

A proposal has even been put before Congress in the United States to fund a Solar Satellite Power System, so the idea is being taken seriously, although no government or group of governments is yet willing to pay the $200 billion price tag.

But, if the cost seems prohibitive, just bear in mind that it is only 30 percent more than the United States is expected to spend on defence over the next year.

"May I remind you, Miss Fairchild, this is a 'no frills' flight?"

RAUNCHY RONSTADT

linda sings the way she lives — and her uninhibited style has turned on a legion of admirers

WHEN Linda Ronstadt hit Tinsel Town with all options open in '64, she got some sound advice from a friend. "There are four sexes in Los Angeles — male, female, homosexual and girl singers." In spite of that, Ronstadt forgot about domestic science and plumped for singing. Today, she has ample reason to roast the occasional Thanksgiving turkey.

Arguably the most successful woman singer of the 1970s, she is certainly the most popular — perhaps ever. Her concerts sell out within hours of being announced, and she's the only female singer to have four consecutive records go platinum in the US. She's earned standing ovations, awards and enough royalties to underwrite the national debt.

She epitomises the sounds of the '70s, singing almost every form of music, except, thankfully, hardcore disco. And her raunchy delivery does more for the male libido than a compound of aphrodisiacs.

One of four children, Ronstadt was born in Arizona to an English-Dutch-German mother and a Mexican-Dutch-German father who loved to sing and, when she was four, pronounced his daughter a soprano.

Her penchant for flaunting tradition surfaced early when, attending Catholic schools, she teased the young priests, exasperated the nuns, and wore black knickers under a white debutante dress while making her formal bow to society.

By 1964, Ronstadt needed to sing — and hit the road for the West Coast. Her worried father slipped her $30 and told her never to pose for photographs in the nude, probably the only advice Ronstadt ever heeded.

Arriving in Los Angeles, she hooked up with Bob Kimmel and Kenny Edwards to form the Stone Poneys, a folk-country band. They released three albums and had one hit single, Different Drum, before Ronstadt struck out on her own in '69 and scored a solo hit single with Long, Long Time.

In '71, she released her third solo album and formed a new band, which included Glen Frey and Don Henley, who later cut loose and formed a band of their own, The Eagles. By the following year when *Linda Ronstadt* was released, she had a cult following.

But it was in '74, when she teamed up with English producer-manager Peter Asher, that Ronstadt rocketed into the pages of musical history, gaining world-wide recognition.

She remains unpredictable, appearing barefoot one minute and on roller skates (setting off a national craze) the next. One day she wears a white silk dress; the next blue jeans (as for Carter's inauguration party). She is rich, having earned an estimated $22 million in 1978 alone. She is independent. She has openly talked of drugs, sex, love and men.

She is rumored to have had romances with Mick Jagger, songwriter J. D. Souther, and comedians Albert Brooks and Steve Martin. Her most recent, and acknowledged, boyfriend is California Governor Jerry Brown, a Democratic contender for the Presidency in this year's American elections.

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"My ideal evening would be to have a dinner party. I'd serve turkey. It would have to be turkey because that's all I can cook. I would invite Jerry and . . ."

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Ronstadt's been fund-raising for Jerry Brown's campaign. "I have a tendency to burn my bridges ahead of me." She's given concerts and hosted a $1000-a-head dinner. "I swore up and down I wouldn't do benefits for him." People might have thought he was merely using her. "But there's no way for me to stay neutral." It's a Catch 22 situation. "If I won't support him, and I know him best, it looks like an attack." Besides, she approves of Brown's anti-nuclear position. She sometimes considers the possibility of becoming the First Lady of the United States. "But if I thought about it seriously, I would probably die laughing." She is very much alive. "I like my job." And the pay is a lot better than being First Lady.

Ronstadt deplores the continual press spotlight on their relationship and particularly resents the distorted publicity that accompanied their African jaunt last year.

The African trip punctuated an 18-month recording hiatus. "For a while there, the music was like a noise bludgeoning my eardrums, so I did a lot of travelling." She visited Europe with her mother, and had her hair clipped punk-style. "Kenny Edwards said he hadn't heard any music that made him want to change his hairstyle, and I thought if I cut my hair it might inspire me." Her latest album, *Mad Love*, is inspired.

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". . . Mick Jagger, so long as he was on his best behavior, and . . ."

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Ronstadt is drawn to rich and successful men like Jagger. "Well, it would be very odd if it turned out that I'd had a long relationship with a dentist." After all, she gets to meet a lot of famous people. "I tend to have relationships with people I admire who tend to be successful." She can't manufacture crushes on men she doesn't respect. "Why would you want to go out with a loser?" And anyway, she wouldn't know what to talk about. "How I lost my job last week?" But she has lots of friends who are successful and not famous.

Fame doesn't make social situations any easier. "I used to think it would, because people would be sort of automatically impressed." When she was moderately successful, Ronstadt would walk into a party and have a good time. "But I went to a party the other night and was more embarrassed than when I was in high school, a nobody and socially screwed up." Everybody was staring, pointing her

profile By CAMILLA BEACH and JEAN VALLELY

out, and seemingly taking sides for or agin her. "The sensitive people have enough respect for themselves not to be swayed by my presence and usually just hang back."

Dark glasses help. "I realised what protection they give when I did an outdoor concert once." She closes her eyes when she sings. "I get scared when I open them and see all the people." This particular concert she performed in glaring sunshine and 41C heat. "I had to wear dark glasses, and kept my eyes open, and I realised how much I close my eyes as a device, mainly because it's unnatural and embarrassing to have thousands of people staring at you."

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". . . the dinner would need some singers. Well, I'll be the singer . . . don't need any competition."

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One day, some day, she'll be blown out of the water. "Some female will come along and do that and, when she does, I'm going to watch her real close, find out where all her hot licks are, and steal them." She cites Bonnie Raitt as a better girl singer. "She simply plays her guitar as if it were an extension of her arm, and she succeeds gloriously." Generous praise. "I think there is a whole wave of little girls who not only will be able to play guitar but who will sing and have a real impact."

There's a 16-year-old on the immediate horizon. "One night, when I was really desperate for some inspiration, I went with a bunch of people to see Louise Goffin." Carole King's daughter. "Louise came out as the quintessential '80s woman, wearing her defences like enamelled veneer, understanding exactly who she was, and wonderful, beautiful, exciting."

Ronstadt has the reputation for helping out women singers like Karla Bonoff, Nicolette Larson, the Roche sisters. "It's not a deliberate attempt on my part — we're all friends." And she isn't fussed that one of them might unseat her. "To me, a new person coming up is good." Take Emmylou Harris. "The first time I heard Emmy sing, I wanted everybody to hear her." She's the most inspiring singer, apparently, bar none. "It's in my best interests for Emmy to be successful, because she brings up the general standards of the music." The first time she saw Harris perform, Ronstadt damn near died. "Here was someone doing what I was doing only, in my opinion, better."

The album Ronstadt has been making with Harris and Dolly Parton has yet to materialise. "We're still trying." It was ludicrous, she maintains, to have attempted to record the album together in just 10 days. "We placed ourselves in a pressure cooker that three grown-ups should have known better than to do."

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"And I'd invite Leo Tolstoy, but only when he was in the kindest and most earnest part of his life, and . . ."

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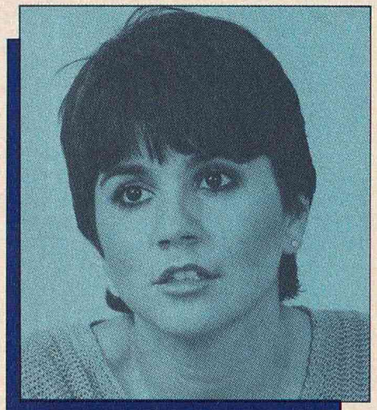
Sometimes she feels she might emulate Anna Karenina. "And throw myself under a train." Tolstoy's tragic heroine, however, is a lesson to Ronstadt. "I think of her every time I think about getting off the path." More than anything else, a sense of isolation bothers Ronstadt. "If you become isolated, you don't get ideas and, if you don't get ideas, you think



"It's the ultimate of sexual excitement to fall totally in love."

you can't do it any more and you start to fall." But not being allowed to fall bothers her too. "It's perfectly natural to fall — especially if you get up afterwards."

Sounds pretty together. "Part of learning how to stay sane is learning not to attach yourself to things that cannot be yours." She's pretty good at letting go. "And that goes for songs, business, men . . ."

Given the tragedies that have befallen some fellow rock 'n rollers over the past 10 years, Ronstadt sometimes pats herself on the back for merely surviving. "I didn't become a compulsive liar, and I didn't become a drug addict." So she claims that all the stuff written about her and drugs and sex was made up or distorted? "I've never taken drugs, not even an aspirin." Come on, Linda! "Look, if I did all the things that the newspapers said I did, I would have to be cloned."

The really hard rock 'n rollers are dead. "And the survivors now pace themselves." She takes only limited chances. "Take Rod Stewart, who's supposed to be the biggest drug taker, biggest chaser of women." Just look at him! "If he were doing those things, his skin would be green, his hair falling out and he wouldn't be able to walk—let along run all over the stage."

Basically, Ronstadt is interested in fitness, not confusion. "Who wants to take acid?" The very thought makes her break out in hives, apparently. "Being fit, in good shape, working out, makes you feel better than taking drugs." At 33 she's fit, in good shape, and working out with weights. "I went to this health ranch where you couldn't eat and had to take 11-kilometre hikes up hills." God it was miserable! "But the third day I woke up feeling as clear-headed as a seven-year-old."

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". . .Liv Ullmann. She's one of my favorite actresses. And . . ."

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Ronstadt and Ullmann met once. "I was sure I had on all the right clothes: a nice suit, a hat I bought in a second-hand store." Ronstadt likes to throw something weird into an outfit. "And my make-up was perfect." She wanted to look special. "When I walked into her dressing room, I just knew my nose was shining so bad you could see it four blocks away. I was sweating, my make-up looked caked on and greasy, my hat looked ridiculous and I'm sure my suit was wrinkled." Ronstadt stammered. "I felt sure Liv thought I was a complete goon."

Obviously a man's woman, Ronstadt also values her non-professional friendships among women. "I'm suspicious of people who categorically don't like men or women." She has nothing to learn from them. "I can remember a time when I had very few women friends because I was on the road and everybody I knew was a man." She likes to flirt with men; something she can't do with women. "Yet there is a whole other dynamic that is set up between two females which can be sexual, but heterosexual, like in the movie *Julia*."

It isn't easy for superstars to have close friends. "We all work so hard that we isolate ourselves." In the old days, they'd escape from their crummy apartments and get together in clubs every night. "The clubs provided a surrogate family." But then they landed record deals, money, big houses, and that surrogate family altered. "It became the staff, the people who help run our lives, because our lives became so complicated with all the travelling."

Success broke down something vital in the friendship process. "I don't run out to the Troubadour every night." Instead, she has a beach house at Malibu as well as a seven-bedroom mansion at Brentwood where, because she's tired, she flops down in front of the television, reads and plays with her dogs.

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". . . Mozart. I wonder what Mick would say to Mozart? And . . ."

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Mozart would have to make any initial overtures. "I need a lot of convincing if a man is famous." She won't stand in line for anybody. "I have to know that I'm the exceptional one." Most times she goes out with guys for a year, but sometimes just for a night.

Ronstadt has never felt obligated to be physically faithful. "I've never made that promise." No rings: engagement, wedding or eternity. "So I enjoy, and let the other person enjoy, and some of that is sexual."

Love is elusive. "I think you fall in love maybe once, maybe twice." That's when the inner dialogue stops. "You know, 'Is this guy really cool/Is he thoughtful/Has he showed me strength of character/Do I love him?' " You just love unconditionally. "It's the ultimate of sexual excitement to fall totally in love."

She went over that line only once. "It doesn't matter with whom." And while she's not sold on the idea of marriage, Ronstadt understands the reasons for wanting to ritualise a relationship. "It lends more weight." She's never seriously considered marriage, "but I've gotten some interesting proposals".

Ronstadt's not sold on motherhood either. "I've thought about it a lot, especially as I get nearer to 35." She likes children, but that's not a good enough excuse to indulge. "The only reason to have children is because you want them more than anything else." If she reaches that point, Ronstadt won't care if she's unmarried.

Meanwhile she isn't looking for a permanent commitment. "My favorite Brownism is 'Choice is the enemy of commitment'." So she jets around the world, indulging her fancies. "It makes it hard if you're with one person." Monogamy, however, isn't impossible. "I just don't think it's particularly necessary."

If a man is unfaithful, she reckons, the best a woman can hope is that she doesn't find out. "Or if you've been unfaithful to the man, I don't think you have an obligation to tell, because sometimes it's more destructive." Trying hard to stay true is less complicated. "You may be at the crossroads, and if you just stay together, stick it out a little longer, you may reach the next level which may be really wonderful." Straying could damage the momentum. "On the other hand, it may enrich it." Who knows? "There just aren't any rules." But Ronstadt doesn't think a relationship can survive continual deceit and lies. "As for occasional deceit and lies . . ." She laughs.

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". . . Albert Brooks. Albert's so funny and bright and he can make everyone laugh. And . . ."

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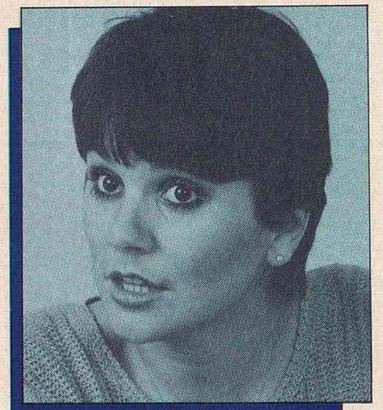
Ronstadt loves to flirt; adores men. "But it isn't necessarily based on offering yourself in a sexual way." She hopes to continue flirting till she's



"The desire to relate to people in a sexual way is a natural thing."

80. "I just love real vibrant older men who don't deny their sexuality, but who also don't try to act like it should assume a place in their lives that is inappropriate to their age."

That's a fine line to walk. "I've noticed that black women, when they're older, and if they tend to get heavy, still dance and sing with the same sense of abandon that they had when they were young and thin." They know they're hot. "A white woman in the same situation, if she got up to dance at all, which she probably wouldn't, is so self-conscious."

There's a lot of sexual posturing between humans. "It can go on between two women, a man and a woman, two men." Boy, do men strut for each other! "I think that the desire to relate to people in a sexual way is a natural thing."

Ronstadt rates herself an accomplished flirt, Dolly Parton the tops. "She's able to flirt and be very overt and sexual." Dolly Parton challenges, without cruelty or unkindness. "She relates to children, men and women all in the same tone."

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". . . Bergman. And then I would have Fellini because they're each other's favorite directors, and they'd have something to talk about. But I wonder if Mozart and Fellini would have anything to talk about?"

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She's not exactly a movie buff. "I used to have a boyfriend who loved movies, and now I have a boyfriend who doesn't have any time to go, so I haven't seen a lot lately."

She laughs at being tagged a sex symbol. "I'm not a great beauty, that's for sure." But Ronstadt thinks of herself as a sexual being. "It's fun that people find me sexy."

Groupies are par for the course. "Guys come up after the show and want me to kiss them." But she doesn't oblige. "I couldn't imagine 17 juicy, wet kisses from 17 strangers." It's unsanitary. "You'd have to go home and clean your teeth." Guys knock on her hotel room door too. "They're holy terrors, but I love them. But I don't like to go to bed with strangers; I like to know what kinds of books they read."

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"And I'd invite Peter too."

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Peter Asher is producer-manager who has guided Ronstadt to her peak, if not *the* peak. "I certainly don't feel fully accomplished artistically."

The '80s music, Ronstadt feels, will reflect growing cynicism. "Take that group Police who have the song: *'You'll be sorry when I'm dead/and all that guilt is on your head/and I guess you'll call it suicide'.* " She also hears a lot about war. "It's like the era of Self has to end in war — because war is the only thing great enough to distract one from oneself."

Ronstadt thinks further changes inevitable in the music scene. "A lot of people are getting laid off, so it will be harder for new acts to get deals."

Sometimes, she wonders whether she's getting too old to rock 'n roll. "Well, every now and then we clutch our hearts, wonder if we're getting so old we don't understand what is coming down, and worry that we're turning into old codgers." Silly thoughts!

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"And then I'd make Peter and Jerry stay after everyone has gone and we'd talk about them. Peter always has the best things to say about people, and Jerry has a completely opposite viewpoint, but real accurate . . . I wonder if Mozart likes turkey?"

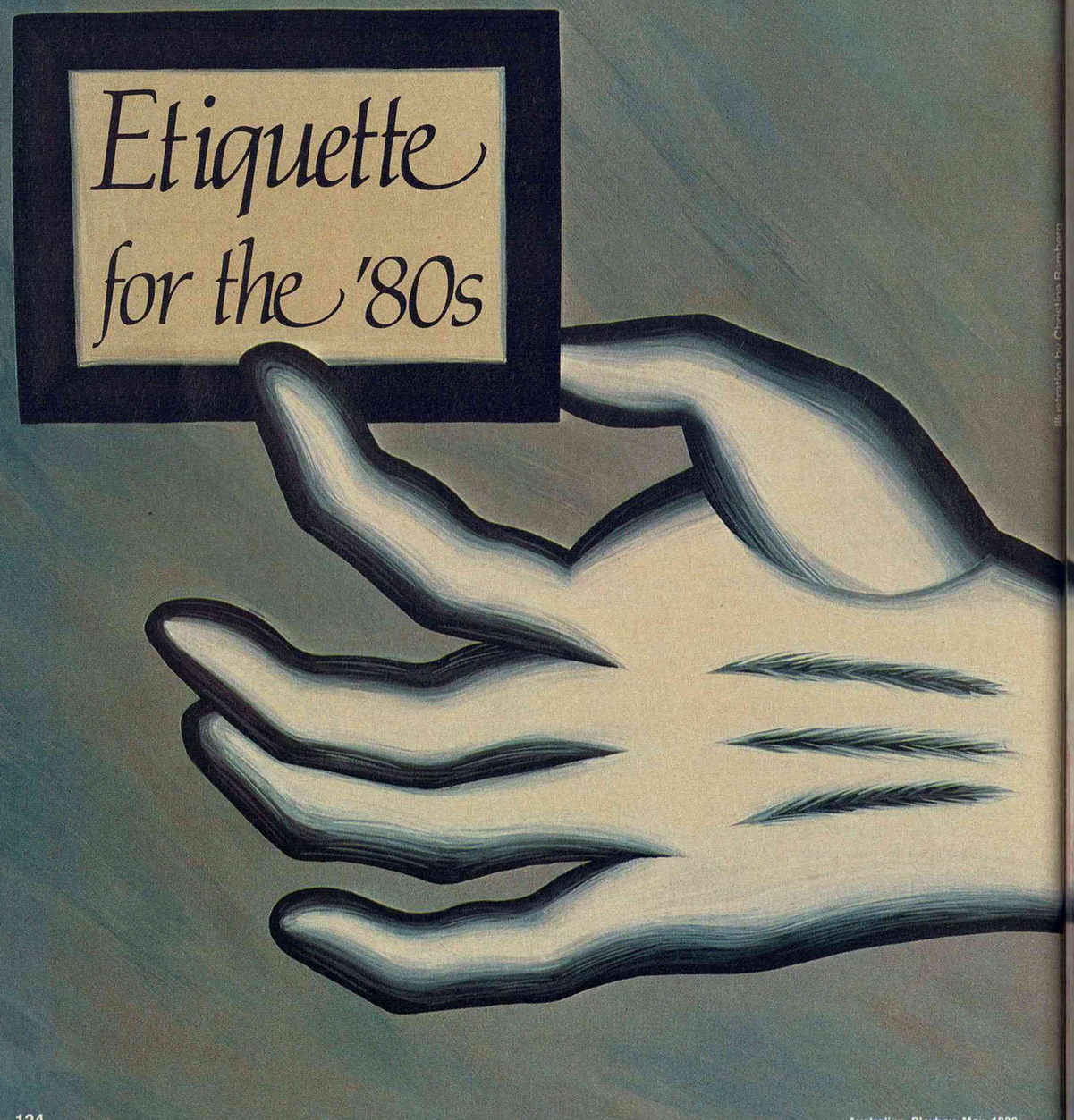
Etiquette for the '80s

a gent must have standards — even if they are low

article By Bruce Feirstein

IN EVERY AGE, manners have separated civilised gentlemen from the world of cads, deadbeats, bounders and unethical used car salesmen. Adam knew it was only proper to offer Eve the first bite of the apple. Attila the Hun reportedly drank to his enemies' health before running off to rape, pillage and plunder half of Europe. Al Capone sent flowers to his victims' funerals. And even during the raucous '70s, when society seemed to be throwing all good taste and common sense to the wind, whenever there was a question about the correctness of a social gesture ("Is it proper to bribe the police commissioner with a bottle of muscat?"), there were always dozens of etiquette books one could turn to for advice on any subject.

As we enter the '80s, however, the socially adroit man of the world is in deep trouble. Society is changing so fast, no one knows the right way to act any more. Civilised people everywhere are in a panic about whether or not it's couth to pollute imported French water with domestic ice



cubes. Dukes, kings, barons, con men and Japanese land developers are confused about the proper attire for disco roller skating. And even the common man — the guy who opens doors, says please and doesn't pop plastic bags around people with heart trouble — is baffled about how to act at wife-swapping parties and raids on illegal gambling casinos.

In order to keep PLAYBOY's man of the world truly a man of the world, we offer a new, updated etiquette, a handy guide designed to tell the civilised gent the right thing to do, whether he's in a Thredbo turbo tub with 17 naked women, backstage at a Rolling Stones concert with Margaret Trudeau, or even under house arrest at a Middle East embassy.

Remember: with gentlemen, just as with cattle, breeding shows.

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No area of modern life cries out for sane rules of etiquette more than sex. Grown men and women of all perversions are in a quandary about how to act at orgies, who's responsible for the birth control, and where to buy vibrators that match the wallpaper.

Fortunately in sexual relations, as in almost everything else, the key to proper etiquette is largely a matter of common sense. And even the man who lacks a solid Greater Public School background can succeed with just a few simple rules. For example: while Sunday brunch may be the perfect meal for a first date, offering to pick up the woman at 9.30 the night before is somewhat crass. Ditto for leaving *The Joy of Sex* open on the coffee table to your favorite position. And while the chances of scoring on a blind date may be better than ever today, it's still considered bad form to show up at the girl's apartment naked, with three great Danes and a movie crew. Remember: subtlety is the watchword.

We now get into some specific sexual etiquette problems of the '80s.

Orgy Etiquette: The first thing to remember upon entering an orgy is to remain cool. Act like Jack Thompson. Pretend that seeing 20 or 30 people writhing on the floor in ecstasy is one of the everyday occurrences at your house (it is at mine). Above all, keep in mind you're there to enjoy yourself — but in case you're nervous, here are a few tips.

- Shower first.
- Try to take the host an appropriate token of your appreciation (velvet-lined handcuffs are always in vogue).
- RSVP to the invitation quickly so the host can plan on having enough people to go around.
- In case you don't know where to begin, remember your basic table manners: start with the outermost fork and work your way in.
- Never ask: "Who's doing that to me back there?" It's bad form. And, besides, if you're extremely heterosexual, you probably don't want to know, anyway.

Communicating Your Needs: Since the beginning of time, the articulate gentleman has been held in a position of high social esteem. The same holds true in bed. If you need to be held tenderly and then flogged with Charmin, for God sakes say so. If you can't do it without the local footy team looking on, speak right up. There's no point in getting into bed in the first place if you can't have your craziest dreams fulfilled. And in no circumstances should you — the erudite man of the world — feel embarrassed about expressing your specific desires. You'll be surprised to find how many people have the same sick fantasies you have.

What Do You Do When Two Men Want The Same Woman?: In the old Outback days, this sticky social problem was usually solved with bullock whips at five paces. In pioneering folklore, the loser jumped on the first Cobb and Co coach and rode off to become a priest. In the '80s, civilised people do the only sensible thing — arrange a *ménage à trois.*

The Venereal-Disease Announcement: With VD reaching epidemic proportions, it no longer carries the shameful social stigma it once did. Not only does that alleviate the need to make up lies about public toilet seats, but it allows the refined gentleman to break the news in a dignified manner. Send a hand-written note or, for larger groups, you may wish to use the more formal society announcement such as follows:

> **Kevin Sawpoint**
> **in conjunction with the**
> **Krabbadatta Board of Health**
> **respectfully requests your**
> **presence at a**
> **Venereal Examination**
> **June 3, 1981 Nine am**
> *(Two weeks of abstinence to follow)*

For more information on sexual etiquette, you must read *The Playboy Adviser* throughout the decade.

Drugs Are Out And Booze Is In: Now that it is no longer the done thing to total yourself as rapidly as possible, we might start the '80s by exploring all the alternatives to the Low Alcohol beer trend. The purpose of the exercise is to see how long you can stand around at boring social gatherings with an alcoholic drink in the hand and show no sign of slurring your speech, let alone monstering the host's wife and eldest daughter. The standard lite ale can is a dead giveaway, so try freezing drinks and eating them with a plastic spoon. The difficulty of the task will not only provide a conversation piece, but preserve your sobriety for the duration of the party. If you *must* sneak a drink, prepare a cache of oranges and other assorted fruit, with each item hypodermically primed with your favorite spirit. And for sporting attractions such as a day at the cricket, swagger through the gates with watermelons and papaws suitably prepared. Admit it. The Esky couldn't last for ever.

How To Come To Grips With Your Conscience When You Are Obliged To Serve Alcohol At An Office Party: Always have plenty of soda on hand to dilute anything vaguely alcoholic. Do not permit staff visits to the blood bank till at least a fortnight after the party. Give the crew a half-day off to attend an Alcoholics Anonymous lecture or help in the soup kitchen at your local wino's refuge.

How To Have a Week on the Booze Without Your Wife Finding Out: It is no longer clever to have that boozy weekend in Wangerup and think that your wife will never get wise. The cherry liqueur on your collar is a dead giveaway, not to mention the creme de cacao on your underpants. In the '80s, we'll be booking non-stop around-the-world air connections on the "free booze" flights. On our return, we will put our fearsome hangovers down to jet lag. And nobody, except the secretary and the company accountant, will ever know.

How to Spend The Time in a Police Lock-Up After Being Arrested on a Drunk and Disorderly Charge (After A Day at Your Favorite Sporting Attraction): As you reach for your wallet to bribe the sergeant, let at least six credit cards fall from your pocket, along with your Australian Jockey Club membership badge, Volvo key ring and pacemaker back-up kit. You should be home in time to catch the replay on TV.

How To Politely Fob Off An Unwanted Invitation: You're standing in the latest chic disco with Molly, Dame Edna and Andrew. The music is unbearably loud. Outside, hundreds of less sophisticated individuals are bidding their arms, legs and first-born children to get in. The deejay begins to play *Heart of Glass.* A gay comes over and asks you to dance. You do the only civilised thing — promise him the first slow one.

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Four statements interesting people wouldn't dream of making in the '80s:

1. Holt was kidnapped by a Russian submarine crew as he swam at Portsea.
2. Did you hear that the Beatles are getting back together?
3. It's time we found out what the Yanks are really up to at Pine Gap.
4. UFOs don't exist.

In the past, business etiquette involved little more than losing a tennis match or an occasional round of golf to an important client. Once again, times have changed. Today, instead of losing tennis matches, you're expected to lose 40 kilometre marathons. Instead of being able to say mindless things like "Let's run it up the flagpole" or "Capital idea, J.B.," you have to understand obtuse subjects such as ecology, worker safety and truth in advertising. And, instead of being able to deal with other red-blooded Australian males, you're forced to mix with Arabs, women and "equal opportunity" employees.

How to Deal with a Woman Boss: The best way to get along with a female boss is to act like she's one of the boys. Ask if she "got any" last night. Call her "Hon" or "Babe". Any time she looks troubled, ask if it's that time of the month again. Keep that up for a few weeks and your anxiety should disappear — along with your job.

Selling Out to Arabs: While no one is exactly sure, it's rumored that every 27 minutes, the OPEC nations take in enough money to buy the entire Southern Hemisphere — lock, stock and the Sydney Opera House. But, because the Arabs are highly image-conscious, they don't want to appear gauche by buying the whole kaboodle at once. Instead, they've decided to go after small pieces — like your house. Accept the inevitable. Smile. And charge 20 times the normal price.

How to Work for an Oil Company and Still Be Respected: Let's face it, in this day and age, it's just not possible for all of us to hold down solid and respectable "pillar-of-strength-in-the-community" jobs like bail bondsmen and pawnbrokers. *Somebody's* got to be responsible for raising fuel prices and turning down 18-year-olds for car insurance. If you're not the type who can do those things and maintain the respect of interesting women, try one of the following euphemisms:

What you do for a living
Porpoise killing
Strip mining
Tax auditor
Oil executive in charge of environmental-impact statements
What you should tell people
Wildlife management
Landscape artist
Professional wrestler
Science-fiction writer

How to Convince Your Friends Who Are Stuck in the 1960s That You Haven't Sold Out — Despite Your Corporate Directorship, BMW, Television Set, Ski Lodge, Wine Cellar and Tennis Club: Tell them you still eat muesli.

There's no need to be rude to people who want to sell you something you don't want — such as life insurance. Simply answer the phone, then cough . . . wheeze . . . choke. Gasping for air, say: "Insurance? Sounds great. Hold on a second while I grab another diet soda and light up a cigarette. I'll tell you, asbestos installation is a really tough business . . ."

With Independents about to join the whale, cheap foreign cars and the thinking Queensland voter on the endangered-species list, any politician who expects to succeed during the next 10 years is going to have to learn a whole new style of political behavior. If you're planning to run, heed the following.

- Dirty tricks haven't gone out of style; they're just more sophisticated. Instead of bugging the Opposition, donate a million dollars to their campaign under the name Frank Utah or George Caltex.
- Don't allow the concept of separation of Church and State stop you from bringing up your born-again Christianity in every speech.
- If you're going to campaign on conserving energy, make sure you fly all over the country to tell people.
- Should your opponent turn out to be a former sports star, ask him to submit his hair color to a lie-detector test.
- Always separate the "let's cut taxes" speech by at least 48 hours from your address on aid for the poor.

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Remember when you were 18 and had a cosmic time at rock concerts? Now that the average rock-'n'-roll audience is 10 to 15 years younger, it's easy to understand your feeling out of place jumping on your seat for encores and yelling "Far out" after every song has finished.

But don't be self-conscious just because you're the only one in the theatre who remembers *Mod Squad,* Strawberry Alarm Clock and John Kennedy. All you have to do is carry a copy of *The Kent Report* and pretend you're in the business.

Despite the crippling rise of illiteracy and the decline of reliable postal service, formal notes between dignified gentlemen have never gone out of style. Worded properly, such epistles can be used to cajole, inform, invite and, in some cases, generate large amounts of cash from your in-laws and friends.

The Invitation: Invitations are generally short and to the point, informing the guest of the date, time and site of the affair. Correctly worded, they will set the tone for the entire event:

> *Mr and Mrs Stanley Schofield*
> *cordially invite you*
> *to do obscene things with*
> *people you've never met before*
> *Saturday, May 17th*
> *(Come as you'd like)*

A classic example of good taste.

Announcements: Using the same basic tone found in invitations, formal announcements inform relatives and friends of any important event. Here are a couple you may find useful:

Addition to the family:

> *Mr Mick Veneer*
> *takes great pleasure*
> *in announcing the delivery*
> *of his first Maserati*
> *1010.7kg*
> *One km per litre*
> *(Both vehicle and ego doing fine)*

Religious experience:

> *Thanks to*
> *est,*
> *Vic Thrust*
> *wishes to let you know*
> *he is now*
> *in touch with his own feelings*
> *(Call whenever you feel like it)*

Obviously, those are only two of the ways refined gentlemen are currently using the formal note; more are being discovered all the time. Indeed, no matter what happens during the next decade, you can be sure the formal note will be flexible:

> *Mr Steve Reilly*
> *is relieved to announce*
> *he is officially out of the closet.*
> *Please join him in celebrating*
> *this gay event.*
> *February 3, 1980, 8 pm*
> *The Ramrod Bar*
> *(Please use rear entrance)*

As these events become more popular, attention must be given to the question of appropriate attire. Some have suggested a three-piece suit made of gas company fixed-interest securities; but, essentially, you're on your own:

> *The Cosmopolitan Power*
> *and Light Company*
> *welcomes your presence at a*
> *Nuclear Mishap*
> *Power Plant 3 April 1987*
> *(Glow as you are)*

How the FUTURES MARKET works

. . . or how to make massive profits on gold that you will never actually own

article By Seth Gregory

SEVERAL years ago, I lived for a time in Galveston, Texas, where, contrary to the once-popular song, there is not all that much to do except to sit around drinking beer and watching the TV. One evening, I was home doing both when the telephone rang. I gulped the last of my Foster's (expensive imported beer in Texas) as the operator instructed me to hold for an international call. Almost immediately, a voice loud enough to render the telephone superfluous came on the line. The caller identified himself as the representative of a big London commodity firm and proceeded, his voice reaching an increasingly fevered pitch, as follows: "There's been a killer frost in Brazil, a flood in Colombia and war is about to erupt in Uganda. Do you know what this all means?"

I hadn't the least idea what he was talking about. As it turned out, the question was strictly rhetorical. Before I could say a word, he began to give me the answer at 100 decibels: "Coffee is about to skyrocket!"

My new friend ("You don't mind my calling you Seth?") then went into his sales pitch: for only $10,000, he promised, I could be the holder of options to buy a significant percentage of that year's entire world coffee bean crop. This would most certainly quadruple in price and make me enough money to assure a continued supply of Foster's for me and my heirs in perpetuity.

My usual response when somebody tries to sell something guaranteed to make me rich is to listen politely, note the details, and instead of buying, sell whatever is being flogged. My behavior in this case was guided by the not unreasonable assumption that whoever was actually *selling* all those coffee beans (you may be sure I was not the only person contacted) must know something I didn't.

Otherwise, why sell? So next morning, I put my principal to work selling coffee futures contracts as soon as the market opened. (I must confess that, coward that I am, I also bought a few extra jars of instant coffee.) Within two days, the news hit the market: Bolivia (my friend never mentioned Bolivia) decided to unload its two-year accumulated coffee bean crop all at once. The world would soon be awash in coffee beans, and the oversupply would drive prices way down. Do you suppose my "friend" in London, or the people for whom he was selling, knew about this? But I profited nicely — and quickly.

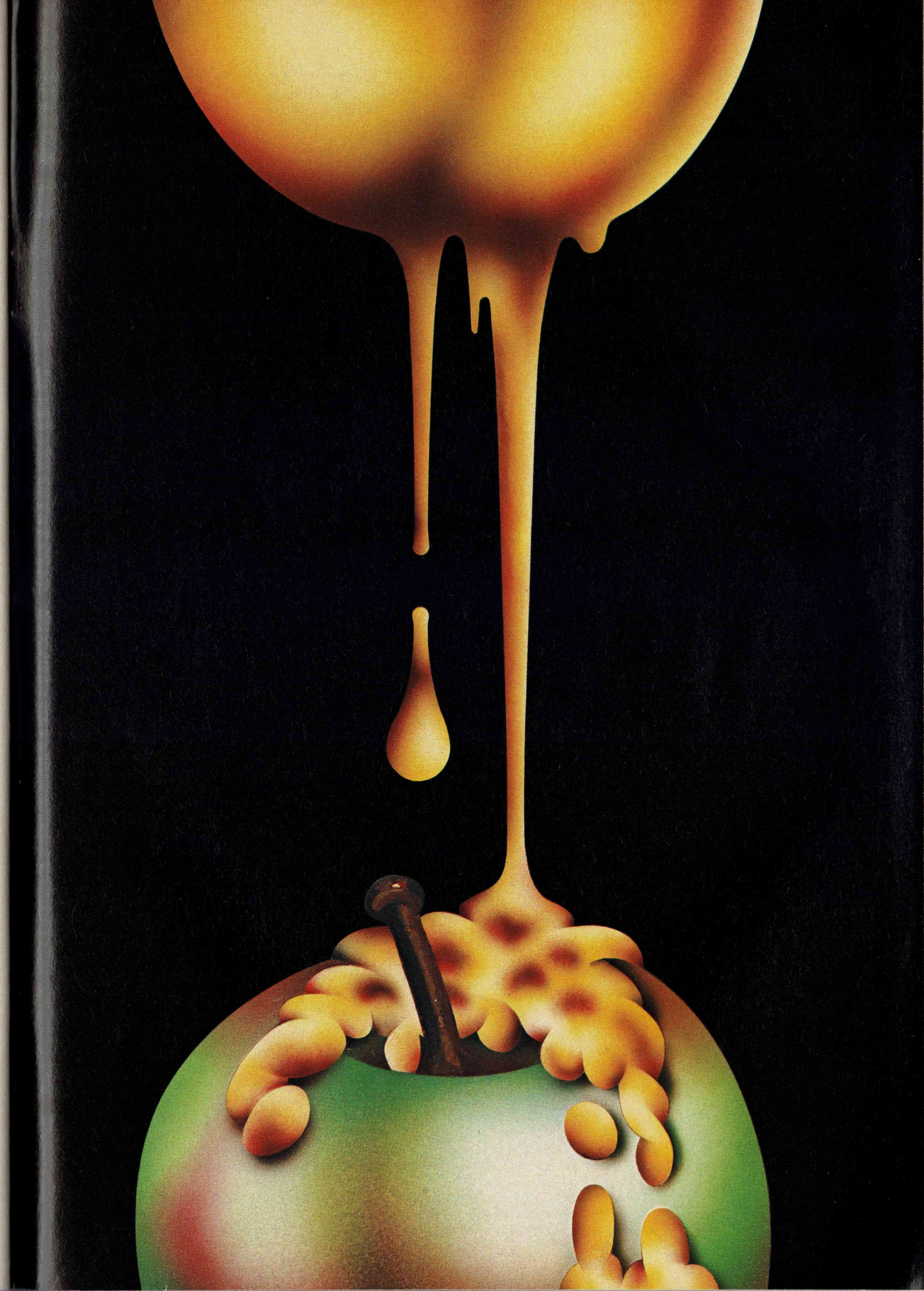
This is the main advantage of the futures exchanges: fortunes can be made, sometimes in a day. What's more, if you predict correctly (as in this case), it makes no difference whether the market is rising or falling. The ability to profit while prices are falling often surprises the novice trader, who is accustomed to abiding by the world's oldest investment rule: "Buy low, sell high." In the futures market, it is also possible to profit by first selling high, then buying low. All you need to know is how the futures market works.

Futures markets originated to help pastoralists, farmers and the other primary producers protect themselves from market downturns. A farmer, for example, invests in seeds, fertiliser and so forth in the spring, but doesn't actually *sell* his crop until harvest time. But, as the song says: "It's a long, long time from May to September" and a lot could go wrong.

A Brazilian, for example, could invest all his capital planting coffee, only to have scientists discover coffee causes cancer. Where is he then? As insurance against such calamities, the grower enters into a contract to sell his coffee at a *future* date, which is usually harvest time. Now, no matter what happens meanwhile, he has a guaranteed buyer and price for his coffee crop.

But the benefits are not all one-sided. Such contracts are also a good deal from the buyer's viewpoint. The contract assures his supply so he can continue to manufacture coffee, and it also insures him against price increases. Should the retail price of coffee rise after the contract is signed, the buyer has a bargain. On the other hand, should the price fall, he will be paying too much.

Futures markets evolved from these beginnings, but modern futures exchanges are more fun because they include an additional participant — the speculator. Not all speculators are plantation owners or coffee roasters. In fact, very few futures traders are coffee producers or sellers (called *hedgers* in market jargon). Most are pure gamblers trying to make a fast buck. Speculators enter into contracts to sell (called *shorts* for reasons that do not matter at all) or to buy (called



longs for equally obscure reasons), but they never actually expect to fulfil them. Rather, they hope to profit by price fluctuations and get out before the specified delivery date.

Here is how the whole thing works. Suppose you decide the price of gold is going to rise. (Futures contracts are sold in many commodities, and all work exactly the same, but gold is the one everybody wants to hear about.) All you need to do is ring a futures broker — there are dozens with offices throughout the nation — and instruct him to buy a *long,* specifying your preferred delivery month.

Though contracts may specify delivery a year or more ahead, most interest is focused on contracts expiring two to four months in the future. A contract may be bought or sold at any time up to its expiration date. For example, say it is May. Gold is selling for $800 an ounce, and you decide to buy one *long* contract, deliverable in August. In principle, but not necessarily in reality, you are agreeing to buy 50 ounces (all Sydney gold futures contracts are for 50 ounces; American contracts are for 100) of fine gold on a date in August. To show you are really serious, the broker will require a "good faith" deposit to be lodged with him. The minimum in Sydney for a gold future is now up to $12,000 (it was only $500 in 1978), but deposits vary.

So you have paid your deposit and named your delivery date. Now what? You just wait. Should the price of gold rise $200 an ounce in the next three weeks (it did even better than that in January), you will have made a $10,000 profit. (50 ounces at $200 each), and here's the best part: you don't actually have to buy and sell 50 ounces of gold in order to collect your money. All you need do is sell a *short* contract. Because *shorts* are contracts to accept gold, they parallel the gold price rise. In effect, you cancel your futures contract by delivering nonexistent gold to yourself. Of course, you will have to pay your broker a commission out of that $10,000, but it is relatively small. Schematically, this futures transaction looks like this:

MAY 1: The price of gold for August delivery is $800 an ounce. Buy one *long.* Deposit earnest money with your broker.

MAY 23: Gold price rises $200 an ounce to $1000. Sell one *short* at new market price of $1000.

PROFIT: $1000 — $800 = $200 an ounce. $200 x 50 ounces = $10,000, less commissions (about $150). Net profit: $9850 (plus, your deposit is returned).

Not bad for three weeks, even if your deposit was $6000. The return on your investment is more than 150 percent, or more than 2500 percent a year. Try to get that sort of interest at your local building society.

As in the coffee episode, prices need not rise for you to make a tidy profit. Say you have the feeling the price of gold is about to fall, and you are willing to back your belief on the futures exchange. In this case, instead of buying a *long* and waiting for the price to rise, you sell a *short* and hope the price falls. "Wait a minute," you may ask. "How can I sell a *short* contract obligating me to deliver 50 ounces of gold I don't own and can't afford to buy?" The answer is simple: you don't expect to deliver. You will close out your contract by buying a *long* before the specified delivery date.

Here is what happens. On May 1, you sell a *short* for August delivery at $800 an ounce. In effect, somebody has agreed to buy gold from you at that price several months hence. Three weeks later, gold drops $200 an ounce and you cancel your contract by buying a *long* at the new price of $600. It's as if you bought $600-an-ounce gold and sold it at $800, and your $10,000 profit is precisely the same as the one you would have made buying a *long* and watching the price rise. In the futures market, you win whether the price rises or falls — provided you pick the proper direction.

It is the ability to make big profits from minimal investments which makes futures markets so potentially profitable — and dangerous. The investment principle is called leverage, and it is the same one that applies when you buy a $50,000 house with a $10,000 deposit and take out a $40,000 mortgage. If, two years later, the house appreciates to $70,000 and you decide to sell, you can pay off the mortgage and be left with about $30,000. Since you now have $20,000 more than you started with, your profit is not 40 percent on a $50,000 purchase but 200 percent on your original $10,000. Leverage can make you amazingly rich, but it is a sword which has a double edge. In both trading examples described here, you could have guessed wrong. For example, instead of the price of gold falling, it could have risen $200 an ounce. In that case, it would be your losses that are leveraged. Instead of your $10,000 profit, you would have had a $10,000 loss, and you would still need to pay commissions.

Most traders try to protect themselves from such calamities by issuing "stop-loss" orders to their brokers. These are simply instructions to close out a contract should the commodity price move unfavorably before their losses become too great. For their own protection (as they are ultimately responsible), brokers will automatically close a client's position if unfavorable price changes exhaust the deposit. The only way to avoid this is to come up with additional deposit money. In practise, you must have extraordinary faith in your judgment (or be just stubborn) to deposit additional (called *maintenance*) funds. Usually, those who try to buck market trends are just throwing good money after bad.

At the moment the most publicised action is in gold futures, but there are many other commodities handled on the Sydney Futures Exchange. In addition to gold, futures are sold in live cattle, greasy wool, boneless beef, and even interest rates. Silver and foreign currency futures will soon be added. Deposits are smaller, and the price swings less volatile in these other commodities, so they are rarely front-page news, but the profit potential is still great. Like gold, price changes in other commodities are not entirely rational, but at least they are partly influenced by such factors as supply and demand. It should be noted that, no matter what commodity market the individual speculator enters, he is always at a disadvantage, because hedgers (usually big companies) have direct access to all relevant information. If there really was a killer frost in Brazil, who do you think would hear about it first — you or the Nestle company? One thing of which you can be absolutely sure is that anything *you* read about in the daily press is not necessarily news to everyone else.

So what should you, the average non-expert, do? First, consider your futures transactions as speculative gambles. And, like any form of gambling, the prudent man does not speculate with money he cannot afford to lose. In other words, futures are for *risk capital,* not the baby's education fund. If, however, you already have a house, a car and a bank account for emergencies, and if losing some money will not drastically affect your life, it may be worthwhile to take a chance. Though it undoubtedly helps, you really needn't be an insider to make money on futures. A plumber recently turned $5000 into $150,000 by trading gold futures. Not only will he no longer clear stuffed-up toilets, he is thinking of becoming a futures consultant. His advice will probably be no worse or better than that of most brokers. So, if you feel lucky, take a chance on futures. If you're successful, you may never need to work again. If you're not, you can always take up plumbing.

"God, Ronny, it's the ultimate disco effect!"

Photography by Allan Moult

RAPTURES OF THE DEEP

one of the fastest growing sports in the world today, scuba diving hooks the enthusiast with two inescapable thrills — danger and discovery

LOW TIDE. The water in Erscotts Passage was only six metres deep, but it could have been 60 metres for all I could see as I waited in solitude on the sandy floor of this umbilical channel linking lagoon to ocean.

The sun had melted into the sea nearly two hours before, and the sub-tropical night wrapped Lord Howe Island in its curtain of black. The stars were glinting, semaphoring their ancient patterns clearly from light years away, but from where I lay I could see nothing above. The darkness was total — I could not even see my camera inches away from my mask.

Minutes before, I'd been scouting the edge of the reef with a small party of scuba divers combing the coral with underwater torches. We'd already been under for more than an hour, and gradually the torches were fading and dying. Nonetheless, because of the shallow depths we were operating in, most of us still had at least 30 minutes of air still remaining in our tanks.

Fascinated and hypnotised by the continuously changing show revealed by our spotlights, we were reluctant to surface until our air was exhausted. Like moths, we hovered around the one remaining light, pushing and shoving for a close-up look at the latest treasure glowing in its beam.

Huge clusters of coral hosted hundreds of colorful reef fish sluggish from interrupted slumber; brittle and feather stars glistened in reflected light; curious nudibrancs (molluscs without shells) were plentiful, as was their reigning beauty — the sinuous Spanish dancer; moray eels lurked in cracks and crevices; the doleful painted morwongs sifted the silt for their nocturnal feed; the grotesque and perfectly-named double-headers

article BY ALLAN MOULT

ponderously evaded us after being awakened. Each stab of the torch revealed another surprise, Phil Wells, custodian of the torch (designed to his specifications and so powerful it has to be operated underwater because of the heat it generates), swung the beam in an arc across the gully and zeroed in on a big double-header.

As if on cue, a sleek shark swam into the swathe of light. It was *Carcharhinus galapagensis* — the grey reef shark, a highly territorial scavenger. This was a mature specimen — a full one-and-a-half metres from its streamlined, toothy snout to the tip of its elongated top tail fin — *and* it was curious. It came in close, and then veered off in a swirl of power that left the space where it had been shimmering like the heatwaves which create mirages.

The group of divers, casual and carefree before the sighting, now bunched together like sardines, never venturing more than an arm's length away from Phil. We slowly traversed the reef. Another smaller shark was spotted — the two of us with cameras gave chase. We didn't stand a chance as it hurtled off into the black.

I realised I'd have to try other tactics for a decent photo. In the glow from the torch, I set my camera's focus at five metres, adjusted my electronic flash accordingly and then signaled my intentions to Phil. I decided to go out into the gully and ambush one of the sharks when it reappeared. At five metres, a shark would be a nice photographic trophy. Phil and the rest would wait 15 metres away and periodically sweep the gully with the underwater searchlight.

The beam guided me out into the gully, and I exhausted the air from my buoyancy compensator so that I would sink and stay put. After checking my camera and flash, I gave Phil the international "I'm fine" signal — thumb to forefinger tip. His return signal, backlighted by the torch, made me laugh — it looked just like the PLAYBOY bunny. My mirth evaporated when Phil turned the beam away and I was left alone in the blackness.

I could only occasionally see the light — the gloom swallowed it up unless I was in its line of sight. But Phil, like some faithful lighthouse, regularly searched me out.

My air supply was getting low. I held the gauge up to check the contents on the next recce from Phil. The reading was only 400 psi — five minutes at the most. Time to surface. I grabbed my camera and turned . . . and there it was, scarcely 20 metres away and zig-zagging closer. Phil kept the beam on him like a remora suckerfish. The shark seemed transfixed —

another couple of metres and I'd have my photograph. But once again, that powerful tail flicked and all that was left was a duststorm of silt.

"Damn!" I screamed in a burst of bubbles, "I'll be out of air before you come back." The next burst of bubbles carried a far stronger expletive. The shark, its smooth movements becoming more erratic and obviously agitated, sprung out of the blackness about two metres away. Instinctively, I thrust my camera in his direction and hit the shutter. I was rewarded with a blinding light. My eyes, dilated by darkness, were suddenly zapped by the reflection of the flash from the shark's white belly. And then I started cursing. I'd missed my chance; the photograph would be hopelessly out of focus.

Back on the surface, there was plenty of excited chatter — for most of the group it had been their first shark sighting — and the usual stories (the diver's verbal security blanket) were being repeated. My eyes were still flickering from the flash, and as I rubbed them, I knew that the dive was a milestone for me.

My once total fear of sharks had been replaced by healthy respect — the same respect that marked my travels through the wild of Africa. I'd had to wait 16 years for that breakthrough. For many, it never comes.

Discoveries like these are what scuba diving is all about. It's a journey, not without danger and the unexpected, but with ample rewards. The exploration of "inner space" with artificial life-support systems is paralleled by few other human achievements. The world's oceans cover 70 percent of the globe's surface — and in the scant 40-year history of scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus), these vast waters have barely been skimmed. There are many more journeys of discovery and of wonder yet to be made — scuba diving opens up another world.

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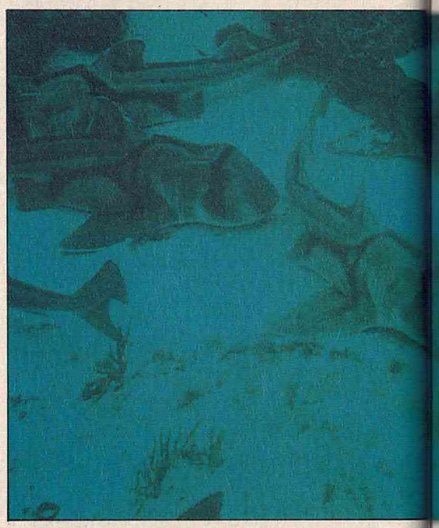
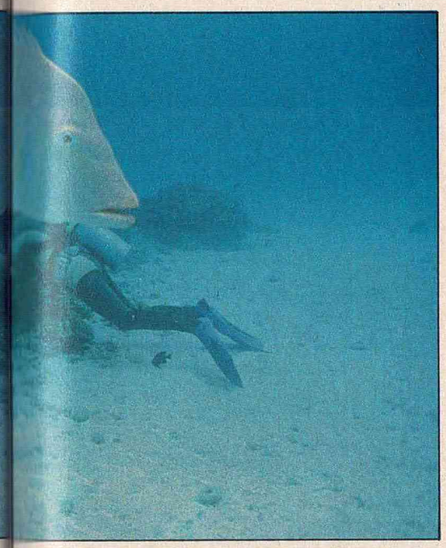
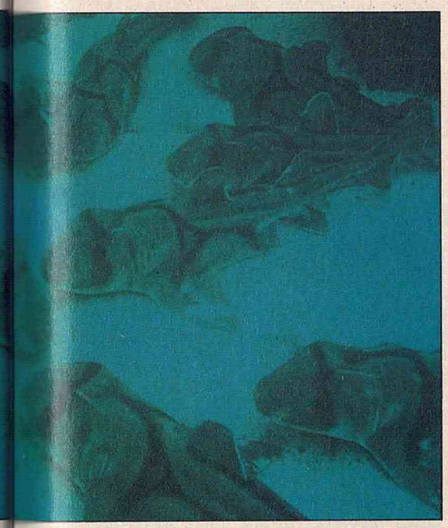
My personal odyssey had its beginnings in a small fishing village in South Africa called Mosselbaai — the bay of mussels. It certainly had its share of these tasty shellfish, but I was there to harvest a distant cousin — the plate oyster, a chewy delicacy destined for gourmet restaurants in Cape Town and Johannesburg.

While on a hitch-hiking trip, I'd been recruited in a Cape Town youth hostel for this adventure by the







promise of enormous earnings. I was teamed with a young German traveller, Willem, and two Englishmen. Not one of us had dived before but our "manager", David Smythe, assured us experience was not necessary. Even today, I still shudder when I think of the risks we took and got away with.

We were paid the princely sum of two cents an oyster — on a very good day, Willem and I would bring up 6000, and pocket $60 each. It was good money at the time; however the good days were few and far between. Storms, poachers, rotten visibility and exhaustion took their toll, and Willem and I returned to Cape Town after about six weeks with only $200 between the two of us. But we were still alive.

We dived from dawn to dusk when we could, our air being pumped down a hose from a compressor on our five-metre long "mother ship" up on the surface. We took turns in teams of two. Heavily weighted for stability, we wrestled with thick crowbars to lever the big oysters off the rocks, gathered them into nets, and then signaled the surface crew they were full by releasing a float tied to the laden net.

It was strenuous, boring and repetitive work, but we soon became skilled in lifting the oysters off the rocks in parcels of five to eight in one movement.

Visibility in the bay was never better than 10 metres, and on one particular day, we could barely see the tip of the crowbar as we slogged away. We were joined to the hose by a T-junction which gave us each about eight metres of hose. Suddenly, I felt an enormous tug — it was no prearranged signal, but one of panic. I looked for Willem, but could not see him through the murk, so I followed the hose. I found his weightbelt and crowbar abandoned, and I headed for the surface immediately.

Willem was in the boat with the other three. They all waved me over and pulled me in by the hose. I was five metres away when I felt something brush my waist. I froze. Seconds later, a large black shape leapt out of the water and splashed down with a resounding slap. It was a bull seal. Raw fear turned into relief, but I still wasted no time clambering on board. The seal surfaced once again, flashed us a quizzical look and disappeared soundlessly.

Willem explained that he had broken open several oysters to feed the fish, and was working away with the mindlessness of an assembly line worker when he was surprised by a sleek dark mass which zeroed in and swallowed all his finny friends in one smooth movement. "I thought it was a shark. It was so quick. It came from nowhere," he explained.

The seal scare became more real in the days that followed. The bulls were belligerent because mating was in full swing, and the younger seals wanted to play all the time. We were forced to move to less lucrative sites for our day's harvest. Financially, we were barely making enough for bed and breakfast. It was time to move on, and we needed no further prompting after what was to become the last dive I'd make for 12 years.

To keep our oysters alive for market, we used to store them in underwater cages sealed with heavy chains and greased locks. Twice, would-be poachers had attempted to break in, but our relatively new cages withstood their attempts. We had our suspicions because Mosselbaai was a small town and the movements of the other divers were relatively easy to monitor, so we passed along a few dire threats to the prime suspects.

This last day, we'd set off with the glum news that the Parks Board had decided to close down the oyster beds indefinitely at the end of the month. And it turned into one of those days. Somebody knocked the lunch hamper overboard, the air compressor ran out of fuel with two divers down below. A rising wind forced us to abandon the hunt after four hours, and the tally among we four divers was but a paltry 250 lean oysters.

It was my turn to lock them away. I jumped into the water and landed right on top of the cage six metres below. It was empty, a four-day harvest was gone, and in its place was a large hunk of rotting animal flesh. It only took me an instant to realise what the poachers had done. The cage had become shark bait! Already, on the fringes of visibility, I could see a shape hovering, and by the end of the day, the area would be alive with the silent scavengers. Lucky for me we'd come in early. It was a broke and dejected crew that decided to abandon the project that night.

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Experiencing sharks under such conditions did little to encourage me back into the depths. Then one day in New Zealand, I donned a mask and flippers, and went finning through the crystal clear waters of an island off the Coramandel coast. Here, too, were oysters and mussels. The water was warm and comforting, and I could see further than a crowbar's length. Soon, I began snorkeling as often as I could and the lure of the deep called stronger. I thumbed through the Yellow Pages and rang up a few dive shops. Five weeks and $120 later, I dived to 30 metres at Tie Dye Arch in the Poor Knight's Islands.

It was the start of a love affair. My log for the dive reads: "The bleak and lonely outcrop gave no indication of the colorful treasures below. No part of the arch could be seen above water, yet below, it was truly a different world. A great re-introduction to diving after a 12-year layoff.

"The visibility was superb. Huge schools of trevally and kingfish clouded the water. Dozens of giant rays finned their way gracefully through the arch as they fed on plankton with mouths agape. Neon colored reef fish were in abundance. They were tame, and curious, and fed freely from your fingers when you offered them a gutted sea urchin. Tie Dye Arch is aptly named. The reef fish and coral sparkle with color and bold patterns."

A week later, I landed in hospital for several months with a poisoned

ankle — from a stubbed toe. It succeeded in keeping me out of the water for a year.

By this time, I was living in Australia, and I decided to start from scratch again. Back to the Yellow Pages. There were lots of part-time courses on offer, but I was in a hurry to get back in the swim.

Sea-Life Dive Co had the answer — a week-long intensive course. Theory in the mornings, pool practice in the afternoons. Led by Russell de Groot, an amiable bear of a man, our class of 12 just romped through the course. Russell's dry sense of humor kept reality in perspective.

The potential hazards were outlined clearly, with no holds barred. We were taught that we would be entering another world . . . another medium . . . and that there were rules.

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At 30 metres, the world's oceans are the same color — blue-green. At that depth, the glowing reds and oranges and pure greens are gone. It's an eerie monotone world of big fish, grottoes and caves and currents. It is also 90 long seconds to the surface.

Ascending any faster brings the risk of air embolism, which can cause brain damage and even heart attacks. It comes from residual air in your body expanding as you fin upwards and release the pressure.

The trained scuba diver is well aware of this when he plans a deep dive. He prepares for all contingencies at depth, so that when the time comes, he can make a safe, sure ascent. But what if you do run out of air, are threatened by a shark or get trapped in wreckage? That minute-and-a-half trip to the surface can suddenly be an eternity away. For these and countless other reasons, divers always descend in pairs — the buddy system.

Buddies can be a hazard, too — on my first deep ocean dive, my "buddy", as nervous as I, managed to kick my goggles off. Realising what he had done, he swung around to help, and tore my regulator out of my mouth. But my training paid off, and I was able to reach out along my air hose, get my regulator back in my mouth, push my mask back on and, leaning backwards, breathe out through my nose to clear the mask. My "buddy" stayed well out of my way — following a rather explicit signal from me.

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That was two years ago. I've since spent the equivalent of four solid days underwater and, on each dive, I've learned something new. That, perhaps, explains why scuba diving is one of Australia's fastest growing recreational activities. There are more than 25,000 registered divers in NSW alone, and each week there are another 200-plus graduates.

A high general standard of training guarantees safety, and when accidents occur, they are analysed to prevent recurrences. To date, 90 percent have been through inexperience — people buying and using gear without training, diving alone, spearfishing, and diving in dangerous conditions or in unknown waters.

Training can and does save lives. In addition to surfacing too rapidly and getting your brain blown out by expanding air, you can go down too fast and risk broken eardrums, torn sinuses (and a maskful of blood), ruptured capillaries in the eye and — possibly the worst of all in the pain stakes — aerodontalgia. This occurs when air is trapped in an open cavity in one of your teeth, and pressure changes cause the tooth to explode.

There's also the "rapture of the deep" (nitrogen narcosis), the bends, oxygen poisoning or hypoxia (lack of oxygen), while you're below. And then, on the way up again, you face mediastial emphysema (ruptured lungs), subcutaneous emphysema (accompanied by a change in voice) and pneumothorax (lung collapse). Oh, and there's also panic, drowning, exhaustion, cramps and exposure.

The *good* news is that all of these can be avoided — with training and common sense. The basic training can be completed in five days on a full-time course, or over a period of five weeks on a part-time basis. I did them both and found them of equal value.

They offered intensive pool training followed by open water instruction — both heavily emphasising the potential dangers. After several sessions, however, some of the delights in store were revealed, and by the time the class hit the open sea, we all had both confidence and respect for the unknown well ingrained.

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Sport diving had its beginnings in 1943, when a young French naval officer, Jacques Cousteau — the Man-fish — collaborated with a Paris engineer, Emile Gagnan, to give the world the first scuba tank, the aqualung. It supplied compressed air to the diver by way of a demand regulator which adjusted the air pressure automatically, supplying air to the diver as needed. With modifications, it is still the system in use today. The big boom in scuba diving as a sport began after World War Two, and quickly rose to prominence in the '50s.

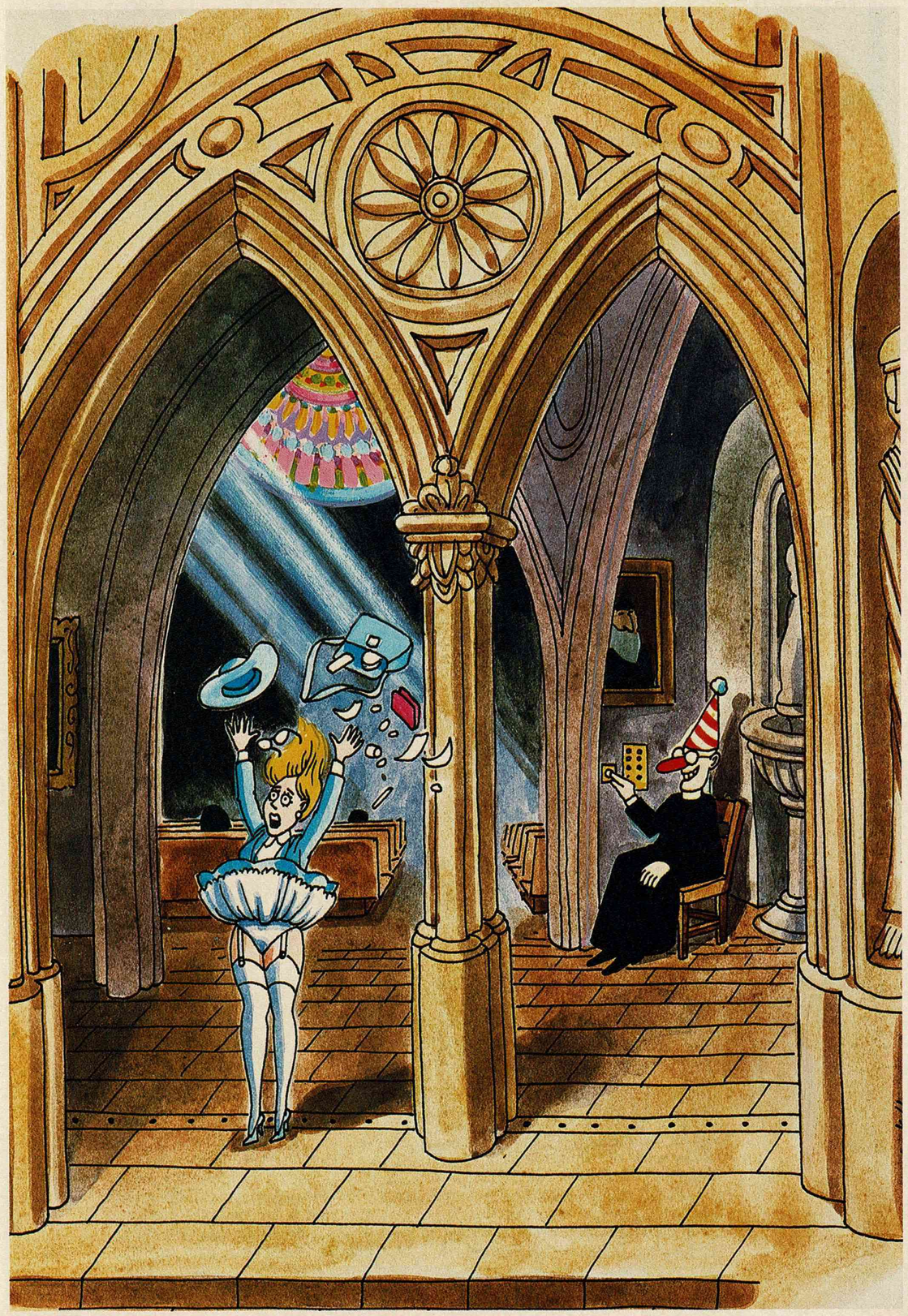
The '60s saw gradual development and improvement in diving equipment and underwater devices such as cameras, while the '70s saw an explosion in underwater photography, treasure hunting, gold prospecting and just plain sightseeing. The '80s are going to see the mushrooming of underwater adventure travel. Already tour operators are offering trips to uninhabited islands on the Great Barrier Reef, the languid, crystal-clear waters of Lord Howe Island and the wrecks of the Coral Sea.

The bulk of Australia's urban sports divers have to be content with about 10 metres visibility in the waters within 100 kilometres of their cities. But once they have tasted a 30-metre dive and the greater visibility of the coral reefs, they demand more, and have unwittingly caused the boom in adventure travel.

Getting hooked on 30 metres visibility is not hard to do. You float weightlessly in azure waters, gently finning along, breathing easily, and you are centre-stage of another of Mother Nature's grand spectacles. You are the heart of a universe all your own — until your air runs out. You surface unwillingly, your eyes hurt from the glare of the sky, and that immediate past suddenly seems to distant, so unreal. The sea's depths call, and you know you'll be back.

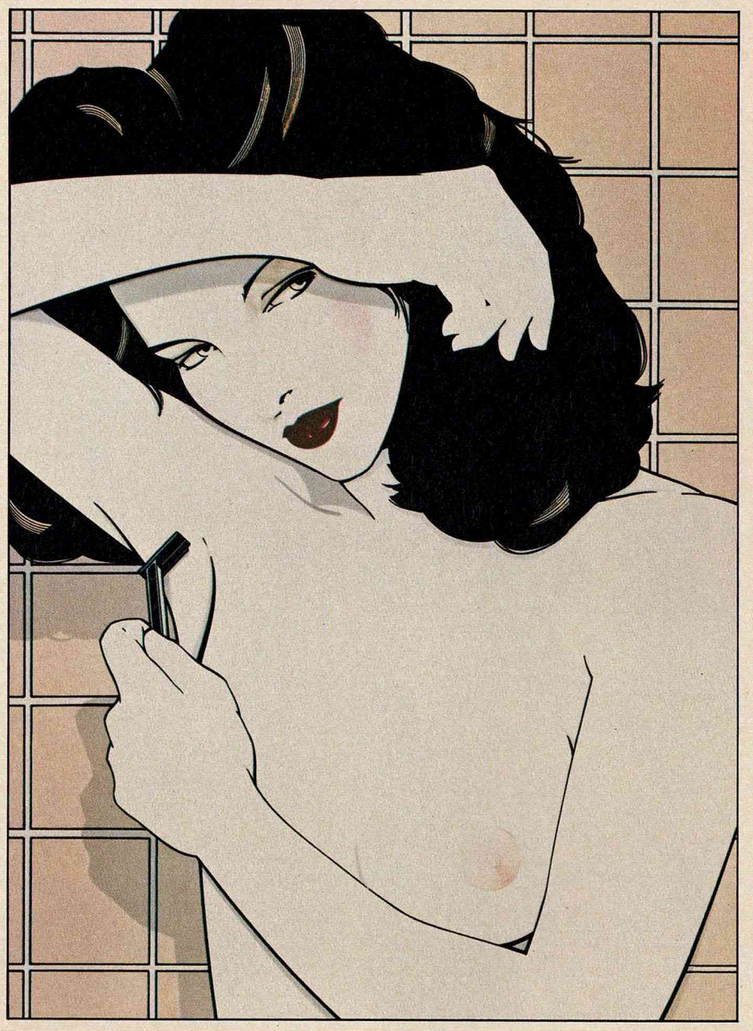
Learning to dive: Take your time shopping around for a diving course. Speak to divers you know, find out about facilities offered, safety standards, etc. Sea-Life Dive Co, 79 Oxford Street, Bondi Junction, Sydney 2022, offer part-time evening courses for $150, and full-time seven-day courses for $175. They provide all equipment, except face mask, fins and snorkel. Weekend diving trips to Jervis Bay are also available. In other capital cities, local diving clubs can help you, and often offer their own private courses.

Where to go: Having dived their local waters to the extent that they're on first-name basis with each fish, divers get the urge for new vistas. This demand has accelerated in the last three years, and diving holidays are now offered to some of the world's best locales — right on our doorstep. Allways Travel Service, 168 High Street, Ashburton, Victoria, specialises in diving travel and offers trips to Heron Island, Fiji, the New Hebrides, and Papua-New Guinea. Sea-Life Dive Co runs eight and 15-day trips to Lord Howe Island from August to May each year. The diving package (priced at $798 for 15 days) includes two boat dives a day with tanks, backpacks and weightbelts. There are also trips to Orpheus Island on the Barrier Reef.



L O V

she's got a mind as well as a body — and knows how to use both with equal ease . . .

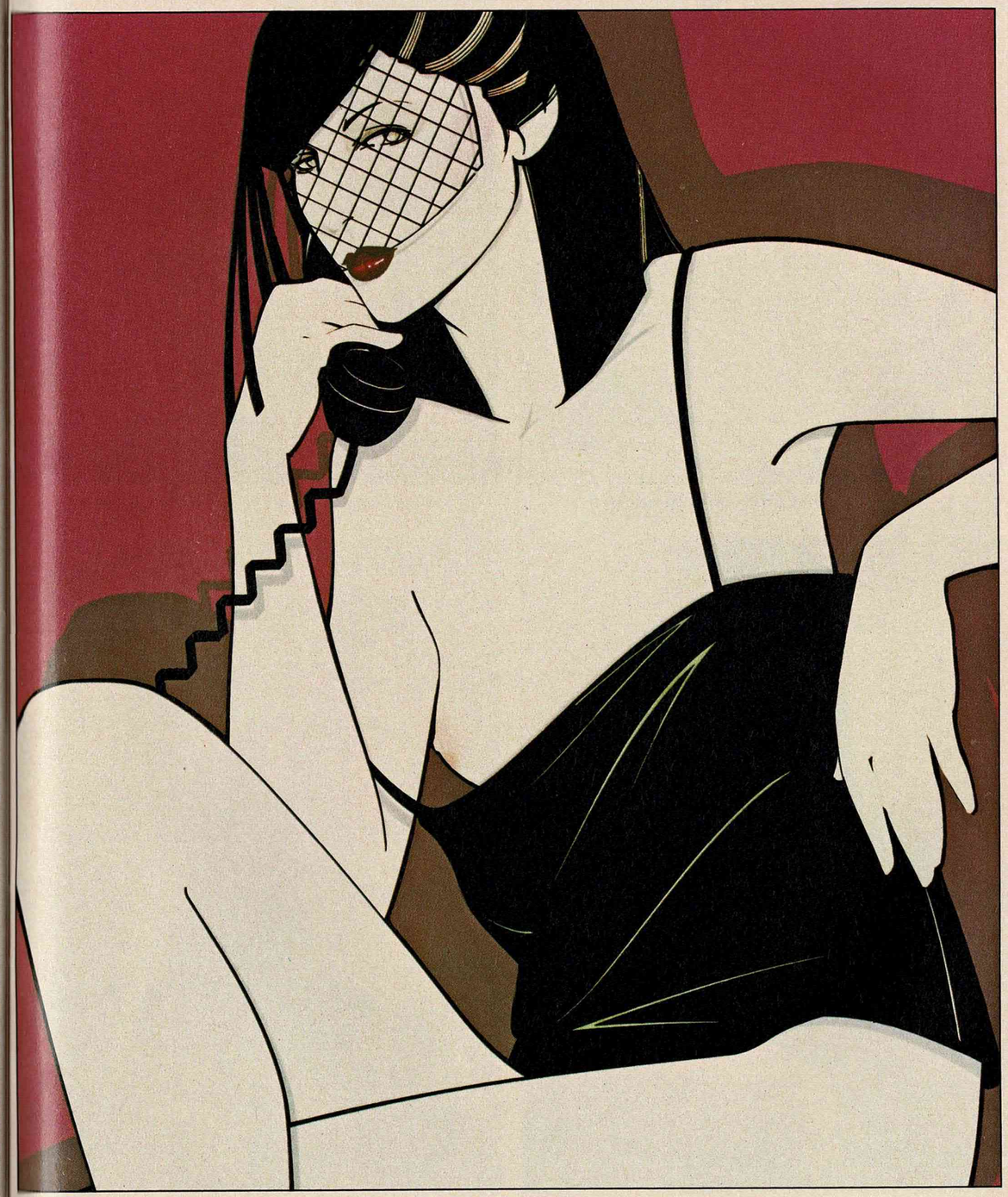


"Well, you said you wanted to be intimate."

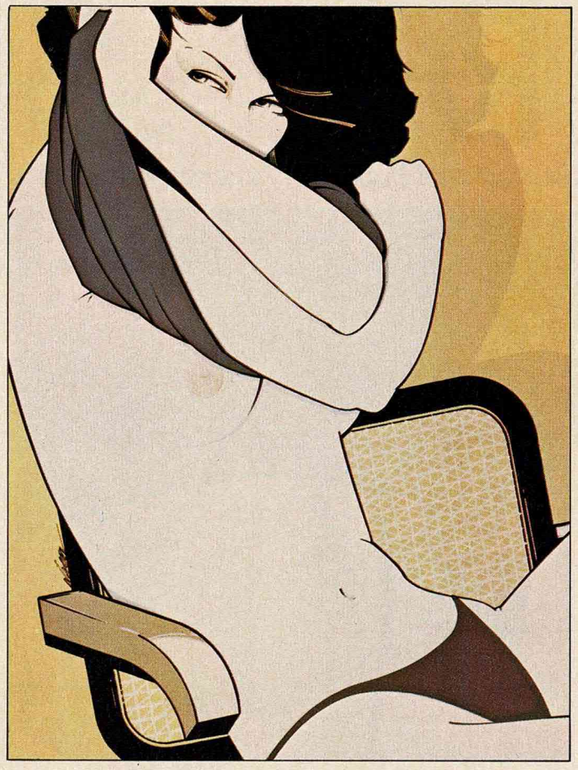
Are you ready for the women of the '80s? Illustrator Patrick Nagel has come up with what he thinks will be a vastly different type of woman than we knew in the '60s and '70s. Gone will be the hippie style and the aggressiveness of women's lib. But, somehow, the qualities of both these types will be retained in a new sophisticated and sensual woman, vulnerable but independent, open but challenging. Or, as Nagel puts it: "I like to think of them as attractive, bright women who just happen to like to screw their brains out." He says sophistication will be very important. "I think women will become much more aware of themselves, really enjoying their looks, dressing up and making up. It's getting back to elegance. That's what it is really." Nagel, 34, teaches illustration at the Art Center in Pasadena, California. He uses models for his Lovers series, but many people assume his wife, Jennifer, a beautiful fashion model, is the real inspiration — for his illustrations — and Nagel doesn't deny it.

E R S

prepare yourself for the lover of the '80s, featured in playboy every month

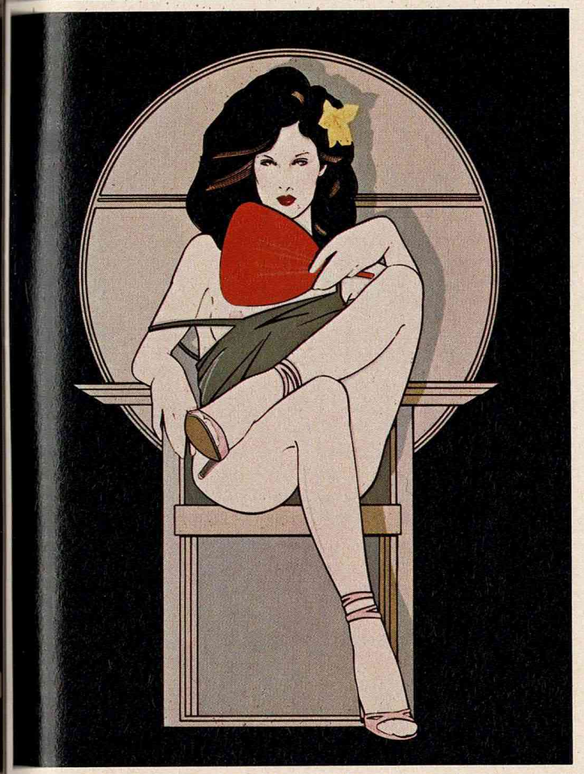


"Had the urge to give you a buzz tonight."

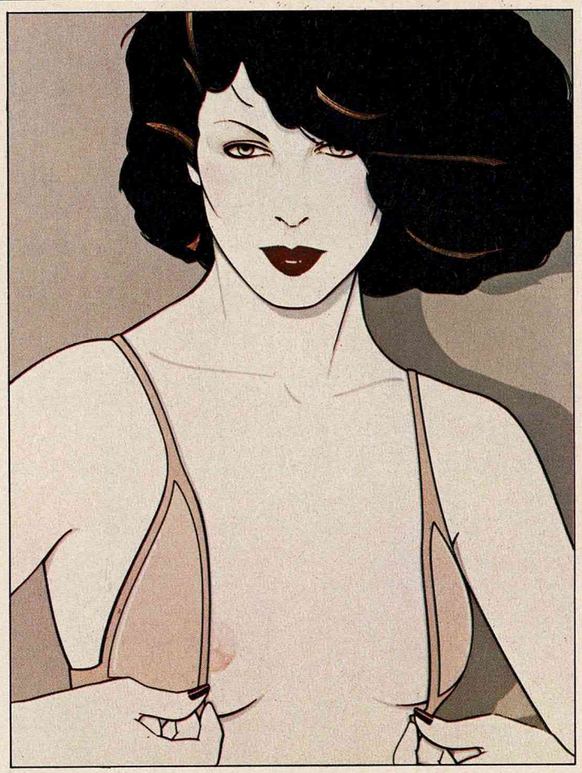


"While you're touching, touch my feelings."

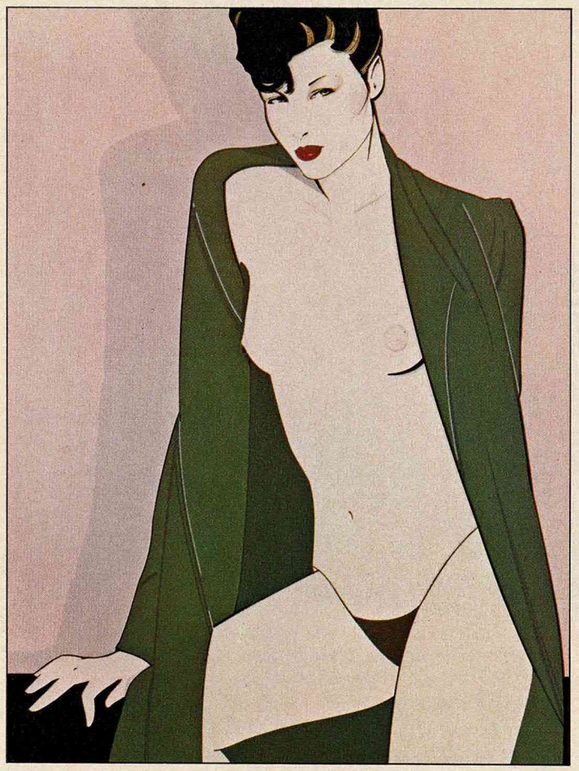
"I need time and space. Your time — my space."



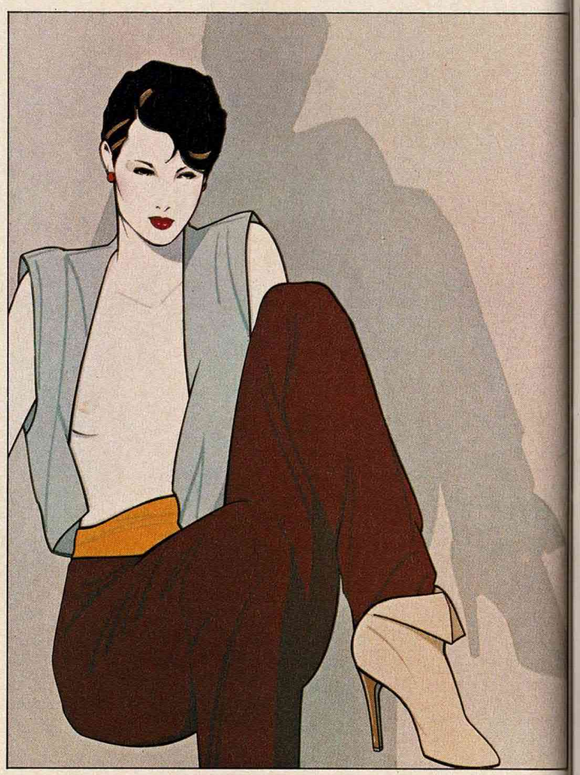
"Too hot to handle? I'm only fanning the fire."



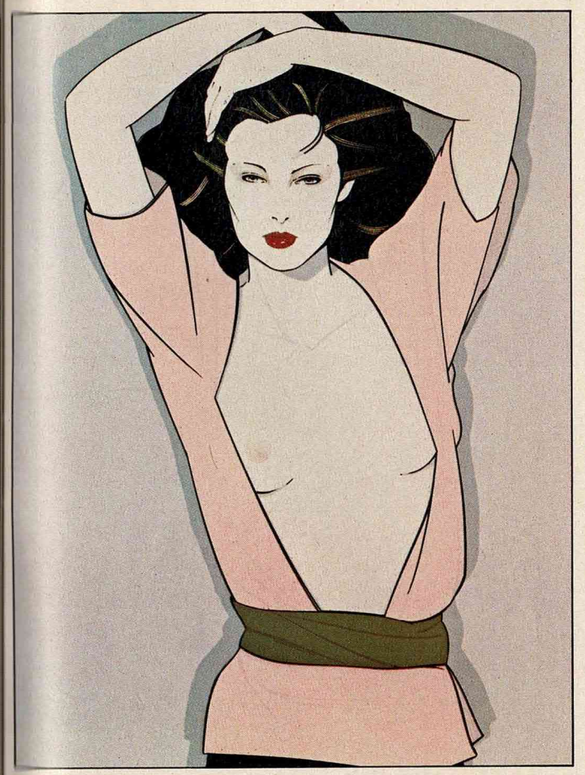
"Can you handle open confrontation?"



"You do your thing, I do mine. Don't we do it well together."



"I'll say anything to prolong the conversation."



"I have but two needs — to love and be loved."

"Here's looking at you, kid."

REFLECTION ON A *Lost Lover*

he was down on the coast to recover, to rest, but he found the postcard – why had he sent it to her, why?

fiction By ROBERT DREWE

Illustration by Ron Laskie

RECOVERING from his breakdown late that winter, Gibson rented a cottage on the coast with two separate ocean views to guarantee serenity. The weather was grey and wet when he drove up from the city, and he lit a fire, as much for the company as the warmth, and arranged himself in front of it. A high surf crashed below on to the beach. Eucalypt branches scraped along the roof guttering. Still tense, he drank several brandies, cursorily read a magazine, and went to bed.

Calls of currawongs and kookaburras woke him early. The day was grey but fine, with a clear light. Right away, he determined to arrange a schedule to live and work by. This took him the morning. Sharp at noon – as set out in his new schedule – he left for his first constitutional along the sloping gravel track through high trees to the beach. A hundred metres or so along, around the first bend in the road, he was ambushed by a blue heeler. Crouching low without

barking, it ran around to attack his legs from behind. Gibson kicked out and it bit him on the calf, though his pants prevented it from breaking the skin.

At the beach, he walked and jogged in alternate spurts, becoming quickly puffed, his feet sinking into the soft sand. The storm had brought in dead fish, plastic detergent bottles, amorphous lumps of jelly from some marine invertebrate. Fine russet sand grains stuck to his feet and trouser legs. Waves broke close in shore and a haze of moisture hung over the headland.

Returning to the cottage, breathing hard as he climbed the hill, he was attacked again by the dog. Furious, he yelled and ran wildly at it. The dog stood, stunned at his reaction, and then fled. From a safe distance, it barked and showed its teeth at him. Climbing the rock steps to the cottage, he was surprised at how tense and angry it had made him.

At a table in the sunroom, he attempted some cartoons immediately after lunch; snappy drawings with witty captions, nothing political. He tried out a few ideas, but none of them was very satisfactory. As he discarded one cartoon after another, the kookaburras, sensing his presence in there, dive-bombed the sunroom window and tapped their beaks on the glass until he threw them some crusts. They looked questioningly at him, as if he had thrown *their* schedule into disarray.

His concentration broken, Gibson went out to forage for firewood on the hillside behind the cottage. Most of the wood was damp or too green to burn properly. Apathetically, he was snapping branches against his knee when a neighbor, out exercising her terrier, made an excuse for conversation.

"Collecting firewood, are you? That chimney doesn't draw, you know."

Gibson picked her at once as a nosey bourgeois person. She warned him of the grass ticks. "A dab of ammonia'll get them off."

Hovering around him, she brought up the death the week before of his landlord's wife. The old woman's heart had given out while she was scrubbing down the kitchen for him, the new tenant. "She was cleaning the oven when she went," the neighbor said, peering at him intently. He felt she held him responsible. "Yes, she's deady-bones," she went on. He thought this expression a little flippant. The neighbor had a flushed middle-aged face, with a drinker's broken veins. As he moved off, she made him an offering of a piece of sodden gum branch.

He was too grateful. "Oh, thank you very much," he gushed, as if it were half a tonne of dry mallee roots.

The cottage's personality reflected that of its owner. The widower was a retired surgeon in his 70s. Though clean, the cottage smelled of his pipes. *New Yorker* magazines lay about the living room and were piled in the wardrobes; other magazines seemed also to have been gathered up from his surgery waiting-room over the years: 15-year-old copies of *Country Life* and *The Illustrated London News*. An old radio sat on a bookshelf, along with bits and pieces of driftwood, shells and sea-smoothed pebbles. The wide brick fireplace was smoke-stained up to its sandstone mantelpiece, proving the neighbor's remark correct.

Whenever Gibson stepped outside, the kookaburras lined up optimistically, eight or nine abreast, along the veranda railing. Next in the pecking order came the magpies, then the currawongs, turning their heads to one side or another so their yellow set-back eyes caught every movement. He began to sketch the birds in charcoal, but tired of it and threw the drawing away. Seen up close, the kookaburras had interesting faces, with moist brown eyes like dogs, but sentimental nature-realism was not his area of interest.

The dead woman's clothes and handbags still hung in the cupboards. Her handwriting was on lists on a little bulletin board in the kitchen. "Ring Mary Wednesday," said one note.

At night, the cottage rocked in the wind. Smoke from the occluded chimney hung in the rooms, making his eyes water, but he persevered with a fire each night. In the ceiling, there were rattling footsteps, abrupt scamperings – presumably possums. Occasionally, waking with a start at some dark thuddings, Gibson wondered childishly about ghosts.

On his daily constitutional to the beach, Gibson began carrying a stick, slapping it on his thigh in a threatening manner as he rounded the bend near the blue heeler's home. The dog was also a confrontationist, continuing to rush him, but keeping nimbly out of range of the stick. Though his heart beat loudly at each confrontation, Gibson refused to change his route or schedule. He began to think irrationally about the dog. He worried deeply about irrational thinking and took steady breaths to adjust his position. He lay in bed, however, considering the methods of killing it. He favored shooting it in the head at close range, in mid-lunge, with a large-bore pistol. Imagining this final collision, his head thudded furiously.

The nights were cold. Under a heap of blankets, he lay listening to the surf booming and the wind sizzling through the eucalypts. His hair and pyjamas smelled of smoke.

Feeling lonely, Gibson once or twice rang friends for conversation. Then while he was seeking affectionate noises and camaraderie, he made tense cryptic remarks on the political situation and the human condition, which made the recipients uneasy.

While on the telephone, he doodled, drawing humorous faces, politicians' likenesses – many aimless drawings. One of the faces he extended, adding limbs and a body. Then he had this figure, representing a politician he hated, force itself sexually on another figure whom he also detested. Gibson drew ridiculously exaggerated genitals, and a manic gleam in the rapist's eye. In life, this politician was particularly expedient and a great upholder of the old moral values. On the passive caricature, he drew lush eyelashes and a pouting mouth. In reality, this man was vain and "charismatic". Once, at a party, in Gibson's hearing, this politician had told a young woman whose waist he was holding: "You could give me the anonymity I crave." Gibson became more interested in his drawing than his telephone conversation. He said "Mm" and "Nn", and the conversation lagged and came to a stop.

When his ideas dried up, he sat in the sunroom reading the retired surgeon's old *New Yorkers*. He closed the curtains on the kookaburras' begging faces. None of the *New Yorker* cartoons made him laugh. They had used five of his cartoons between 1967 and 1969, the best period of his life.

The neighbor with the flushed face was in the habit of hanging around the dividing fence with her terrier. He believed she was prying while pretending to pick freesias, and he endeavored to ignore her. She called out to him briskly one morning and asked could he prevent his friends from "hot-rodding" up and down the gravel track in their cars.

"No friends of mine have been here, in cars or otherwise," he said to her. Nevertheless, he knew he looked immediately guilty. She said it turned the track into a quagmire when it rained. She treated him with amiable condescension, as an unclassifiable interloper from the city.

Smiling fiercely, she told him his cat was digging up her garden, the naughty thing. She hoped he wouldn't allow it to destroy the local fauna, mentioning delicate, beautiful parrots and the onrushing extinction of furry marsupials. She stressed upon him the balance of nature.

A cat? He told her he didn't have a cat either.

"It must be a stray," she said with heavy sarcasm.

At nights, he had several drinks and listened to the retired surgeon's radio. Aimlessly drinking and listening one night, he found a postcard in a drawer

of his landlord's writing desk. It carried a Kodachrome photograph of this particular stretch of coastline.

For some reason, he decided to send the postcard to his former lover, with whom he was on dubious terms. Theirs had been an emotional, passionate affair in which people had been hurt. She had money and had wanted to fulfil his dreams, offering to buy him a coastal hideaway very like this one where he could work and they could swim and lie around scantily clad in the sun. He had demurred, having then some perverse political set against an easy coastal life and accepting her largesse. He could not pin it down, but something had gone wrong.

For Christmas, he had given her a book of his cartoons, affectionately dedicated. The dust jacket showed him sitting at his drawing board grinning ironically, as was then required of cartoonists, and wearing an Irish fisherman's sweater. Once she had told him that she was occasionally compelled to kiss his cover photograph, that the photographer had really captured his likeness – especially the way his hair fell on his collar. The photographer, who had not received a credit, had actually been his wife when the photograph was taken, though not by the time the collection of cartoons was actually published.

Now he addressed the postcard to his former lover at her place of work. The fashion editor of a women's magazine, she also had an inherited income. He began by selecting his words as carefully as the alcohol would allow, calling her *dear* instead of *darling,* but striking the right ironic, affectionate note. He hoped that she was well and happy; he mentioned where he was, and that he was fit and accomplishing a lot of work. There was no obligation to reply, he added, thinking that this bitter little addition would ensure a reply.

He drew a small caricature of himself lying back on a beach. In his hand he drew a champagne glass and, beside him, a bottle in an ice-bucket. In the air above the glass, he drew bubbles and he gave himself a smug grin and a pot belly. (In reality, he was the thinnest he had been.) He considered adding an amusing lewd touch to his bathing suit, but decided against it. This time last year it would have struck the right note, but not now. When he finished the sketch, there was still an inch of space at the bottom of the card. While considering how to sign off, he began to wonder why he was sending it at all. Hadn't his last overtures to her been rebuffed? Trying to remember details of the occasion, how it had happened, who had had the emotional upper hand, he was strangely imprecise on the surroundings. Perhaps a restaurant, Greek food, around the lowered, tense voices.

The balance had somehow shifted, something had tilted when she had returned from a fashion assignment in Bali. She had definitely had the emotional upper hand the last time he saw her, he suddenly recalled. She had been distant for days before. His heart began thumping. In the space at the bottom of the postcard he wrote: "P.S. Why am I sending this? I must be mad!" and signed his initials.

He took a stamp from the desk, stuck it on the card and walked down to the mail box on the foreshore. In the darkness, he swung a stick to ward off the blue heeler. The dog must have been sleeping, and the wind in the eucalypts smothered his footsteps. He posted the card and returned.

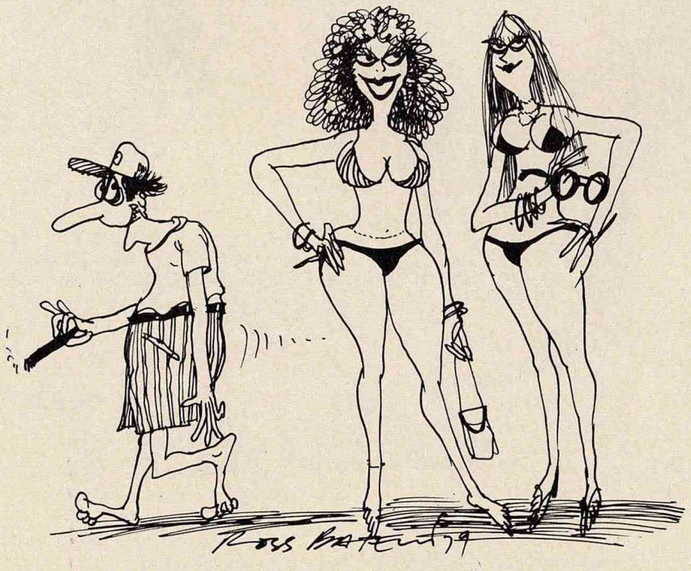
Gibson at once regretted sending it. Pouring another brandy, he thought it would be seen as grovelling on his part. His tone had been too wheedling. Presumably she had another lover; he suspected the fashionable photographer who had accompanied her on the Bali assignment. He could see her showing this new man the card, at least mentioning it to him, and dismissing him in a pitying way, implying that their relationship had been one-sided, that she had been only marking time. She could make their two years sound like a dull three months. Meanwhile, she would gain great emotional satisfaction from receiving the postcard, noting the detail in the drawing and imagining the time he had spent thinking of her. Her ego would lap it up. She had always been spoilt; people coddled her too readily. Her politics were conservative. The fashionable photographer wore shirts unbuttoned to the waist and snug denims. If Gibson could have torn up the mail box by its roots, smashed it open with a crowbar, he would have, and retrieved the absurd postcard.

But now it was in the postal system. Gibson drank brandy and anticipated its route: the postcard arriving in the post office, being sorted by postal workers, arriving in the mail room of the magazine company, then, delivered by a teenager from the mail room, being placed in the mail tray of her department and then in the personal in-basket on her desk. Her desk was apple-green. At least six people besides her would peruse the postcard. There was no privacy with a postcard; he should have realised that. People felt compelled to trespass. His drawing style was recognisable.

Until the trouble with management, he had been a daily political cartoonist, an abrasive stylist with a faithful following of readers. Forty-seven idealistic protesting letters had been sent to the editor when his cartoons abruptly ceased to appear. Most of the letter writers smelled censorship and some of them castigated the newspaper proprietor. All the letter writers were hurt and indignant – 32 of them were women. The editor had prevented any of the letters from being published in the Letters to the Editor page. When Gibson had left the paper, the editor had handed him the letters with a smile of cynical goodwill.

"You might as well have these," he said. "Might do yourself some good with some of these dames."

His work was well known – well known rather than "popular". And his initials were on the postcard. Snoopers would put two and two together and gossip about his low state.



"His body's lousy, but his credit is good."

Women who worked on fashion magazines were great annunciators of failure, especially career or heterosexual romantic failure. He was taking things badly, they would say at restaurants and dinner parties. Sending a sentimental begging postcard to his former lover – how pathetic! Acquaintances would momentarily be delighted at the news. He had been regarded as a clever and idiosyncratic cartoonist, very "political" and no sufferer of fools or compromisers. "It's sad," they would say, meaning "delicious", coming on top of his lack of objectivity and over-confidence.

For two or three days, the postcard incident kept Gibson in a deep depression. But he also optimistically anticipated the time she would take to reply, making allowances for delivery delays, postal strikes, weekend shift work. Every morning he watched for the postman. Otherwise he kept to his schedule, striding down to the beach each noon for air and exercise. In anticipation of meeting the blue heeler, his stomach tightened and his heart beat faster. Strangely, when it wasn't there, he felt somehow cheated and foolish and tossed his stick into the bushes at the side of the track. At the beach, he ran the full length of the shore and back, about five kilometres. Often the sand was soft and slushy or the shoreline too steeply inclined, but he persevered. He was anxious to establish mental and physical habits; order and routines seemed very necessary at the moment.

The table on which he worked in the sunroom must have come originally from his landlord's surgery. It was small and made of oak and he imagined it smelled of methylated spirits. He sat on a chair that must have come from the surgery waiting room, wondering how many sick and worried people had sat on it over the years, how many damp-palmed patients had clutched its arms – and if any were still alive.

Gibson's pens were set out on his right, and a pile of loose-leaf drawing pads on his left. He had a leather case of fine quality artists' and designers' pens and a box of brushes and another of assorted inks and tubes of paint. Back in his cross-hatching phase, he had favored an ancient steel-nibbed pen and Indian ink, but for the past five years he had used cheap and efficient artists' supplies from Japan: a box of black Ball Pentel pens, 6D, with nylon tips. He used Tudor loose-leaf drawing pads.

He began a cartoon. Since his arrival, he had finished only three, excluding the postcard caricature of himself. Before he moved back to town, he wanted to complete a folio of at least 50. This would be a solid log of work to have behind him, to re-establish him. Working away without much inspiration, he jumped when the telephone rang sharply. A woman's voice, neither young nor old – 40ish – nasal and imperious, gave the surname of his former lover and asked whether anyone of that name was currently living at that address.

"Who is this?" he asked sharply, his pulse racing.

"Oh, this is a private call," the woman said vaguely, then repeated her question.

"No, there's no one of that name here," he replied.

The woman then mentioned his former lover's full name. "You know her, don't you?" she asked.

"We're acquaintances," he said, stammering. "What is your name?"

"That doesn't matter. Where can I find her?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he said, and hung up. His hands were shaking.

That noon at the beach, there was summer in the air. As usual, Gibson jogged north along the shore. Suddenly he was jogging among nudes; naked women and a few men sauntered from the ocean, water streaming from their hips. They were tanned all over yet, until that day, they had not been there. Two slender dark girls ran from the water and up the beach, the surface sand squeaking under their toes. Carefully, Gibson looked straight ahead. These people were very relaxed, and flashed smiles at one another, but their nakedness had an air of potential umbrage about it.

Back in the sunroom, he drew several more cartoons while a red wasp, frantically buzzing, died slowly on the window sill. It curled back on itself in agonies of frustration.

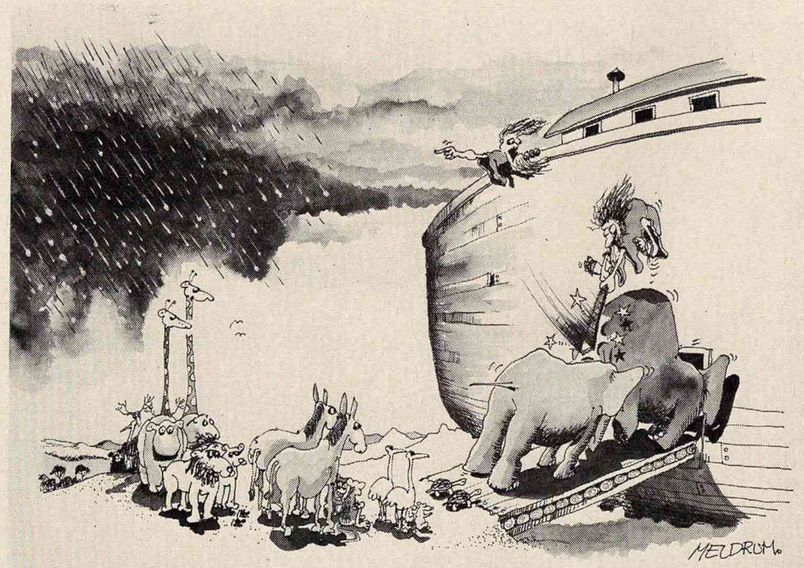
The postman walked up the incline to the cottage between 9.15 and 9.30am each day. From the sunroom window, he watched for him, but when the postman stopped, it was only to stuff the mail box with magazine subscription invitations.

The blue heeler continued to rush at him with no diminution of enthusiasm; he continued to thresh at it with a stick; neither connected.

After his runs on the beach, he lay on the sand, thinking of his former lover. As the weather warmed, cars began to arrive from distant suburbs. He glanced among them for her car. It was easily recognisable; a white Alfetta, usually dented. She was an aimless driver with a long record of traffic offences. The car was elsewhere.

The heat brought the mosquitoes out in force. He lowered the mosquito net over his bed, and burned coils left by the dead woman. He kept a can of insect spray for tarantulas in the bathroom, funnel-webs in the laundry. Daily, he upset the balance of nature. Nevertheless, it thrived; bees hovered constantly over the lavender bushes fringing the veranda, and butterflies flapped over the daisies and geraniums. Creatures rustled about in the fallen gum leaves.

Each morning at eight, his florid neighbor rang a breakfast bell for the kookaburras. She threw them handfuls of chopped meat, assuming a most proprietary air, scolding and crooning. Gibson felt that she was trying to entice the birds away from his cottage, to break up domicile patterns, to keep them away from his sinister city



influence. So much for the balance of nature! She tinkled her little bell much too smugly for his liking.

So he got up specially at 6.30 one morning. The kookaburras were already waiting patiently in the eucalypts around the cottage for their breakfast bell. He threw them tasty chop tails, steak fat and bacon rinds. By 7.30, they were sated; even the scavenging currawongs and magpies had had their fill. Through the sunroom window at eight, he pleasurably watched them ignoring the neighbor's offerings. Shaking her head in surprise, she went disconsolately inside.

In his briefcase, Gibson still had the letters protesting at the departure of his cartoons from the newspaper. He re-read them. He had regarded the editor's remarks about the letters as typically crass and cynical, but now he sorted them into piles – 15 in the male pile and 32 in the female pile. From the female pile he eliminated those signed "Mrs" or with a shaky elderly handwriting. This left 16 which appeared to have come from women who were, in all likelihood single, idealistic and youngish. To these women he replied, writing 16 identical chatty letters in black ink:

"Dear . . .

"Thank you for all your kind and generous support. It was extremely gratifying, coming as it did during a troubled time for those of us trying to strike a blow for better things.

"Since I left the paper, I have been holidaying up here on the coast. It's amazing what some sea air will do to restore the juices! My old cottage has become a regular venue for jaded and battle-scarred outcasts from the city. Please regard this as my personal invitation to drop in for a drink if you are ever up this way. It would be a pleasure to meet you."

Then he gave the address and directions to the cottage from the main coast road.

Often at the beach he thought he saw women who may have been his former lover stooping to gather shells or stretched out sunbathing. His pulse would race as he came closer to them. Of course, she could have changed her hairstyle, lost weight, got a suntan. He had to peruse the women closely before he realised they were not her.

At the north end of the beach, naked sunbathing was now well established. Self-consciousness lessened as the weather grew warmer. He jogged along the shore through scattered clumps of nudity. Most of the nudists had fit youthful bodies. Gibson began to recognise individual bodies as he jogged among them each day.

He had no callers, and there was no letter from his former lover. The postman did, however, bring a reply from one of the letter-to-the-editor writers. This woman explained that she was the "co-ordinator" of a school for creatively gifted children in an inner-city suburb. The school had an Aboriginal name. She invited him to an "open day" at the school next month. She knew this was imposing on him, but could he possibly donate 20 or 30 of his cartoons for auction on open day? The proceeds would go towards improving still further the school's cultural environment. The "friends" of the school already included many leading figures in the world of the arts, and she was sure he would want to be included among them.

He threw the letter away.

Mosquitoes were aggressive at night. The smell of burning mosquito coils pervaded the cottage. Gibson was very restless, and could not work or even read a magazine for more than half an hour at a time. He found himself waiting for the publication day of his former lover's magazine, the second Wednesday of the month. On publication day, he went down early to the village to buy a copy, feeling slightly foolish buying a women's magazine, but strangely anxious to receive information about her.

He was at first struck by relief to see her byline, appearing on a fashion display which had been photographed on the island of Moorea. She had thus travelled again recently. Or perhaps not so recently – the magazine was a monthly, produced three months ahead. It was now November. She had been on Moorea perhaps in July. The photographer also had a byline. Gibson noticed, a tremor in his chest, that he was the same man who had accompanied her to Bali. His pictures showed attractive models frolicking in the Pacific, riding outriggers, lounging wet and sleek on rafts. Tahitians gambolled democratically with them. Bare breasts were equally common on Polynesians and Caucasians. He looked beyond the edges of the photographs and clearly imagined his former lover in a Tahitian print bikini directing these photographic sessions. She had a hibiscus in her hair and a drink waiting under the palms. She had a deep tan from nude sunbathing and laughed happily from behind large sunglasses. She basked in the desire of rangy Club Med organisers and sulky Tahitian boys. In the air space in front of the photographs, he saw the fashionable photographer clicking his camera. He was bare-chested, with a medallion or two around his neck, a necklace of shark's teeth. He was wiry and extremely brown from nude sunbathing. He wore cut-off jeans and European boating shoes in case of coral cuts. He was elegantly shabby and wiped spray from his lenses with a devil-may-care bandanna. He had a drink waiting under the palms and the night planned.

Gibson tossed the magazine aside and drank half a bottle of brandy. His temples pounded. He thought long and deeply about his former lover; at the same time he doodled with a nylon-tipped pen. Quick savage cartoons appeared; of carnal abandonment and mayhem involving people, real and imaginary, wild beasts, deep-sea fish and cruel serrated objects. His former lover's body was the central motif. He drew it from memory, in fine detail, from many realistic angles, attempting to capture filmy textures, velvety anterior and ventral tissues and tiny blemishes he had once caressed. He brought out his old steel-nibbed pen, pencils hard and soft. The representations of his former lover filled many pages of his drawing pads; her life-sized face peered at him from a dozen angles. Gibson's mind was fired with energy. His pen raced over the paper until it ran dry, and he grabbed another. He drew his cartoons until he heard the kookaburras tapping their beaks on the veranda rail and he realised it was dawn. His eyes suddenly burned with fatigue, and he collapsed on the divan in the sunroom.

When he woke at noon, he remembered past misty progressions of time in a new sequence and with increased clarity. The cartoons disturbed him more than he thought possible. He stumbled down the track to the beach. It was hot and crowded. Trudging through the sand fully dressed, he peered into the faces of naked women and muttered about those cartoons, repeating his former lover's name. Private tears shot from his eyes. Acting on the complaints of their wives, three men bustled him off the beach. They pushed him fiercely towards the road, but his demeanor prevented overt violence, and they merely shook their heads and swore at him. On his hazy way home, the dog rushed him; he flapped haphazardly at it, and it tore his calf.

In the sunroom, he placed the cartoons in his folio of work accomplished, then locked the door and kept out of the room. Now he stayed indoors all the time, opening the front door only to feed the birds, and endeavoring not to think of the cartoons or the images they represented. In another moment of clarity a few days later, however, he destroyed them in case the authorities, in possession of the postcard to his former lover, should come up the coast in search of him, to continue their inquiries.

THE SEXUAL MISADVENTURES OF DAVE THE RAVE IN THE STAR RIOT

SATIRE BY TERRANCE HARRISON

A CRI DE COEUR FROM THE COALFIELDS.

ON THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 19, 1979, NEWCASTLE, NOUVEAU WOLLONGONG OF THE '80s, WAS ROCKED BY THE BIGGEST SOCIAL EXPLOSION IT HAD SEEN SINCE THE BANNING OF COMPOUND ANALGESIC HEADACHE POWDERS. A NIGHT ETCHED FOREVER ON THE MUCH BLOTTED COPYBOOK OF AUSTRALIAN DRINKING MYTHOLOGY, IT WAS A DRINKING MAN'S **EUREKA STOCKADE**.

LAST MONTH WE LOOKED ON IN HORROR AS DAVE WAS KICKED OUT OF THE FAMILY HOME INTO A FLAT IN TRENDY COOKS HILL, NEWCASTLE'S OWN EXPERIMENT IN COUNTER CULTURAL URBAN RENEWAL, BASTION OF THE **DENIM-MONDE**, IT'S A CRAZY CROSS BETWEEN KATMANDU AND PARRAMATTA ROAD AT 5 O'CLOCK.

A THIRD WORLD SUBURB WHERE COMMOS AND STUDENT RADICALS ARE PREPARED TO TOLERATE THE ODD DRAG QUEEN OR TWO.

THERE'S 350,000 PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN AND I WANT TO SCREW JUST ONE OF 'EM.

I DON'T LIKE YOUR CHANCES DAVE!

PIMPLE REMOVER

AND WITH THOSE HIGH HOPES IT WAS OFF FOR ONE LAST RAGE AT THE STAR...

IN A CITY LIKE THIS, WHERE FLOWERS IN PUBLIC PARKS ARE REGARDED AS GIMMICKS, WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE STAR'S POPULARITY? ITS 3 BARS SUMMED UP THE MARKET FOR ANYONE WANTING TO BUY INTO THE BOTTOM END OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM.

ALL THE **GAIETY** AND **EXCITEMENT** YOU COULD GET IN EXCHANGE FOR A **DOLE CHEQUE** OR THE **DESERTED WIVES' PENSION**.

IT WAS A NIGHT FOR RELIVING OLD MEMORIES,

OR JUST HANGING AROUND IN THE FRONT BAR WITH THE HOOKERS, WAITING FOR SOME CHARISMATIC DEMAGOGUE TO EMERGE AND GALVANISE ALL THIS GRASS ROOTS FRUSTRATION INTO A REVOLUTIONARY COUP D'ETAT.

ERR! NOT YOU AGAIN

SHE'S STILL A VIRGIN

WELL IT'S HER OWN BLOODY FAULT.

TIME PLEASE GENTLEMEN

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THE STAR HOTEL NEWCASTLE'S ANSWER TO STUDIO 54

ROMANCE IN THIS CAMELOT OF THE SOCIALLY DISADVANTAGED WAS BASIC BUT VARIED.

JUST SHITS PASSING IN THE NIGHT.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING, YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER YOU MAY.

EVEN IN THE BOGS IT WAS AN ENDLESS SOCIAL PROMENADE... TO SEE AND BE SEEN.

OR THE CAMP BAR... WHERE ALL THOSE BIG, MACHO MEN IN NEWCASTLE COULD DRESS UP, LET DOWN THEIR HAIR AND HAVE A BIT OF A GIGGLE.

YOU CAN'T PICK 'EM, CAN YA DAVE?

GAZZA'S HAVING AN AFFAIR

OH! THATS NICE, ANYONE HE KNOWS?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE BI IN THIS TOWN JUST TO DOUBLE YOUR CHANCES.

IT WAS IN THE BACK BAR, ROCK AND ROLL VALHALLA OF THE LOWER HUNTER, THAT DAVE FIRST SAW KITTY LITTA. SHE WAS DANCING ON TOP OF THE BAR IN A SORT OF GYRATING CULT CELEBRATION OF FERTILITY THAT DROVE THE CROWD CLOSER TO HYSTERIA WITH EACH TANTALISING GLIMPSE OF THE TAN MARKS LEFT BY HER BIKINI.

SURFIE MOLL BY DAY, R.S.L. DISCO QUEEN & GLAMOURPUSS BY NIGHT, {AND SHE KNEW IT!}, KITTY HAD THE CROWD, OR HAD AT SOME STAGE HAD MOST OF THEM, IN THE PALM OF HER HAND.

THREE SUMMERS SPENT BEACH BUGGYING FROM SEAL ROCKS TO BUDGEWOI, AND A FACE THAT HAD BEEN ABOARD IF NOT EXACTLY LAUNCHED A THOUSAND GREEK SHIPS, HAD TURNED THIS GATESHEAD WEST GIRL INTO... ...A GATESHEAD WEST WOMAN.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BUM THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'S CHEWING A CARAMELLO?

DAVE WAS SMITTEN!

OBVIOUSLY DAVE HAD SEEN IT.

WE MUST FIND HER, JOHNNO

BUT DAVE, SHE COULD BE UNDER ANYONE!

DESPITE THE GAY EXTERIOR ALL WAS NOT WELL AT THE STAR AND WHEN TROUBLE ERUPTED AFTER THE LAST **PULL OF THE PUMP** IT CAUGHT MANY CUSTOMERS WITH THEIR **PANTS DOWN**.

HEY!

WHAT?

WHERE?

REALLY?

WHO WILL EVER FORGET THOSE HEARTRENDING LAST MOMENTS WHEN SCORES OF OLD PATRONS WERE THROWN INTO THE PADDY WAGONS... STILL CLUTCHING THAT LAST SCOTCH & DRY OR BACARDI?

WORKERS CLUB

DIRECTOR

THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD SHOW FOR SOMEWHERE AS "OFF BROADWAY" AS NEWCASTLE

IF YOU THINK THIS IS GOOD YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT LAST SATURDAY NIGHT!

MEANWHILE, UP ON GLAD BAG HEIGHTS ESTATE, WHERE BACKYARDS BACK ON TO NATURE'S OWN WONDERLAND, EILEEN'S MARRIAGE TO CROATIAN TRUCKIE (FRED) WAS LOOKING GRIM.

THIS IS A BIT OF A GIVEAWAY!

YEAH, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND AT THE BOTTOM OF A BOX OF CORN FLAKES THESE DAYS.

VIBRATE

SUBURBAN MEANINGLESSNESS WAS KILLING HER. SHE WAS EVEN SICK OF WAITING AROUND HALF NAKED IN A NEGLIGÉE HOPING THE POSTIE WOULD MAKE A DROP.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE, ANOTHER LETTER FROM FRANCE!

DO YOU HAVE TO BLOW THAT WHISTLE EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A DELIVERY?

ON THE NIGHT OF THE RIOT NORMA, MOTHER OF TWO AND KITCHEN DYNAMO, WAS HOME CHEWING HER OWN DOMESTIC BONE AND TOYING WITH THE IDEA OF A MID LIFE CRISIS.

IF I HAVE TO FAKE ANOTHER ORGASM SO HELP ME I'LL SCREAM!

GRUNT SNORE BURP..

GIN

VALS

NORM WAS TEMPORARILY INCOMMUNICADO WHEN NORMA TURNED ON THE TELE TO WATCH "THE SURVIVORS."

LOOKS LIKE A 'LIFE BE IN IT' ADVERT... RIOT... STAR... THEY'RE RIOTING AT THE STAR!

FRANTICALLY SHE BARRICADED HERSELF INTO THE RUMPUS ROOM. WHEN SHE TURNED AND SAW DAVE'S FACE FLASH ACROSS THE TV SCREEN, HER MOTHERLY OLD HEART ALMOST BROKE.

THAT LITTLE MONGREL. HOW CAN I SHOW MY FACE AT ANOTHER BINGO NIGHT AFTER THIS!

HOWEVER - BACK AT THE RIOT

THEN HE SAW HER AGAIN... SEDUCTIVELY POSED AGAINST A PALM TREE ON THE MEDIAN STRIP... THE FLAMES FROM BURNING POLICE CARS ILLUMINATING THE MADONNA LIKE CALM OF HER FAR AWAY EYES...WITH A CIGGY HANGING COYLY FROM THE CORNER OF HER IRIDESCENT PEARL PINK LIPS AND HER RUBENESQUE BREASTS HEAVING BENEATH A TIGHT DEPT OF RAILWAYS FASHION T. SHIRT... DAVE FELT HIMSELF HEADING FOR AN EMOTIONAL DERAILMENT.

BEER

DO NOT LOOSE SHUNT

AFTER A SNATCH OF MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE... A GROPING FOR THE RIGHT WORD THAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY... HE KNEW THE PRIZE WAS HIS.

HOW ABOUT IT KITTY?

I DUNNO, WHAT STAR SIGN ARE YA?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AM I "THAT" KIND OF GIRL?

SUDDENLY THE TORRENT OF PASSION BEGAN TO EBB... PERHAPS HE'D HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK? MAYBE THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF GETTING THE LAST SCREW AT THE STAR HAD OVERWHELMED HIM? IT MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN THE HEAVY FRAGRANCE OF AEROGARD STEAMING OFF KITTY'S HOT, NUBILE BODY... BUT DAVE JUST.... JUST ... COULDN'T!!!

BUT I THOUGHT ONLY TARTS KISSED WITH THEIR EYES OPEN.

DISASTER

C'M ON AUSSIE, C'M ON

WAS IT DESTINY OR JUST A CASE OF THE HOTS THAT HURRIED THEM UPSTAIRS TO FIND AN UNLOCKED ROOM? WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? BECAUSE WHEN DAVE SAW THOSE BIG JUGS FIGHTING FOR THEIR FREEDOM HE KNEW THAT, NEXT TO VEGEMITE, KITTY WAS GOING TO BE HIS FAVOURITE SPREAD.

KITTY HUNG FIVE AS THE NEXT BOLT HIT HER FROM OUT OF THE BLUE

I HAVEN'T GOT A PANEL VAN EITHER.

AAH!

AS SHE DASHED FOR THE DOOR, WITHOUT SO MUCH AS RETOUCHING HER MASCARA, DAVE MADE ONE LAST DESPERATE GRAB PLEA FOR LOVE.

WHACK!

WHAT A DUMPER. I'VE HAD BETTER RIDES ON BIKES!

FOR THE STAR, NEWCASTLE'S HEARTBREAK HOTEL,

THE BIGGEST BLOW UP HAD COME AT THE END. DAVE HOWEVER, SUBURBAN SUPERHERO AND TRAINEE SEXUAL ATHLETE, WILL HAVE TO WAIT ANOTHER MONTH.

BEX OR SEX? NORMA ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

WHO IS DICK PULLAR? AND IS HE THE BIGGEST IN NEWCASTLE?

WILL EILEEN FIND FRED... FLAGRANTE DELICTO WITH THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR?

JOHNNO TRAVOLTA?

FIND OUT NEXT MONTH WHEN SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER HITS HUNTER ST.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

COME IN SPINNER

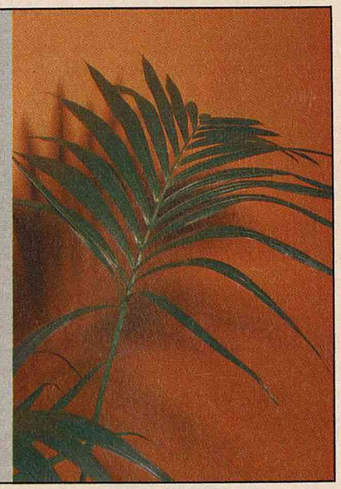
"Two-up", "The School", and "Swy" (from the German zwei, meaning two) are names for Australia's most famous gambling game. Although officially discouraged, the cry "come in spinner" has been heard from the gold fields, through two world wars to back streets and drovers' camps. (The spinner is so-called because he tosses the two coins from a paddle-shaped piece of wood called a "kip".) Now the game is marketed openly — with 22-carat gold-plated King George V pennies and costs from $8-$10.

BOUND TO BE A TEARAWAY SUCCESS . . .

Ever found yourself at a loss how to invite out a mysterious stranger or ask your girlfriend to give you a sensuous baby oil massage? The Lovers' Pleasure Book has come to the rescue with invitations for all occasions, from a weekend of loving to a champagne bubble bath or candlelit shower for two. There are 14 tear-out invitations, one blank which you can fill out yourself. From newsagents and gift shops for $3.

PETRIFIED PALMS

This palm tree needs none of the usual tender loving care — or even water. Nor is it affected by light, smoke, air-conditioning, grubs or insects. It is in fact a real palm tree with the leaves dipped in a special preservative and then air-dryed. Prices range from $95 (five-leaf variety) to $330 for larger palms. Available from Palm Tree Manufacturing Company, Sydney, (02) 789 3869; Swing Gifts, Melbourne, (03) 240 0328; Fabien Interiors, Brisbane, (07) 36 1322; Tony Christov, Perth (09) 385 8856.

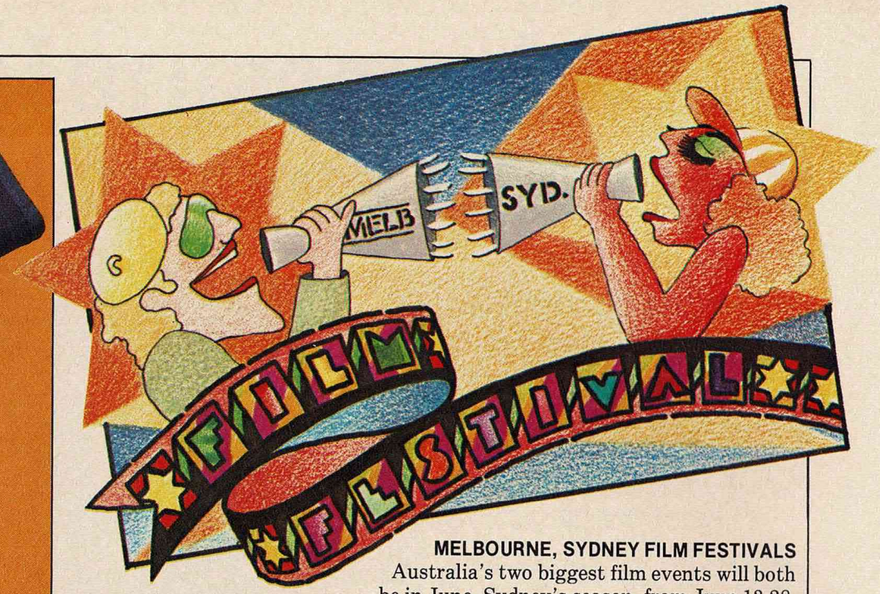


CAR SAFETY DEVICE

This latest safety measure is to prevent a different kind of accident. Unfortunately the Teaser Key Ring is just that — a tease. It doesn't work!

LATEST IN BEACH WEAR

A new type of wallet which you can take to the beach, skiing or sailing is marketed by Rainbow Wallets of California. Made of tough nylon, it is not damaged by water. Women's models $16, and men's $10, from surf, ski, sailing shops.

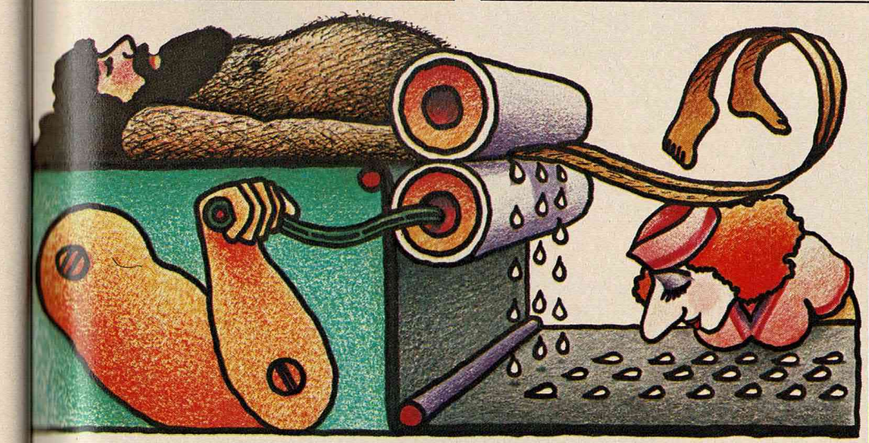


MELBOURNE, SYDNEY FILM FESTIVALS

Australia's two biggest film events will both be in June. Sydney's season, from June 13-28, includes Experimental Film Fund movies. Cost: $55-$90 (students $35). Write to Sydney Film Festival, 405 Glebe Point Road, Glebe 2037. Melbourne has a French theme and a look at Asian films, from June 6-21. Tickets $60 (no student ticket) at Melbourne Film Festival, Box 357, Carlton South 3053.

COOL RELIEF

Ancient Greeks fought raging hangovers by racing up the nearest icy mountain and slapping wads of snow on their aching foreheads. The modern day headache victim can do the same without a mountain — by buying a Medi Mask Compress Pak (from sports stores at $8.95). Put it in the freezer and half an hour later apply to your aching cranium. Larger versions available for the aching ligaments.



IT'S THE NEW TURN-ON — BOTTLED BODY ODOR

A new aphrodisiac called Aeolus-7, based on the same ingredient found in the sweat of man's hairier parts, has gone on sale in England. The perfume, with the active ingredient androstenol, is reputed to repel men — and to attract women in their droves.

WHAT A BASH!

It has been billed as Australia's biggest party — and at $300 a ticket, everyone is welcome to the star-studded Thumpin' Tum 15th Anniversary Ball which will rage for three days on the Gold Coast from June 7. The wild weekend celebrates the start of Australia's first disco — the Thumpin' Tum au-go-go in Melbourne in 1965. Your ticket covers top-flight entertainment (including Britt Ekland), a Fancy Dress Ball, gourmet food, booze and luxury accommodation at Surfers' International. Tickets must be bought before April 30 from Ken McMillan Pty Ltd, PO Box 293, Toowong, Qld 4066.

A bad exposure leaves you with next to nothing.

The dark picture is a bad exposure. The camera forced the photographer to rely on guesswork. To miss such a shot is almost indecent.

The other picture was taken with a Minolta 35mm SLR. A beautiful exposure.

With Minolta you needn't concern yourself with exposures.

Take the Minolta XD7. Simply switch to an automatic setting and it will select the exposure for you. Correctly.

There's no risk of over, or underexposure. Your pictures reveal all, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Well, in this case, maybe just a little.

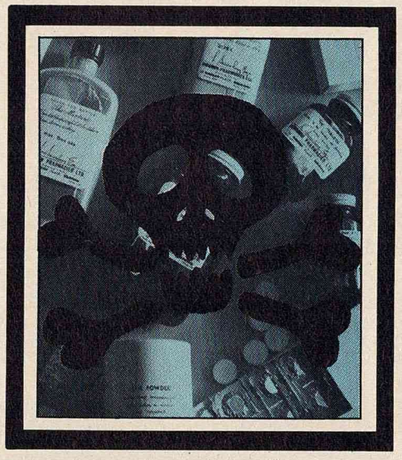
Minolta

Catches the one that normally gets away.

Imported, distributed and serviced by Photimport.

SCALI PM080

HOW TO PLAY SAFE WITH POISON



Playboy's Pipeline

IN ANCIENT Rome, one of the most fashionable ways of getting rid of your enemies was to add the odd drop of poison to their favorite tipple. To this day, poisoning continues at an alarming rate, but people are now victims of their own stupidity and carelessness more often than they are of an enemy.

The most recent figures from the Bureau of Statistics show that 175 people died from accidental poisoning during 1977. The greatest killers, drugs and medication, claimed the lives of 57 males and 55 females. Gases and vapors were the second biggest killers, taking 25 male and 11 female lives. The Poisons Information Service says aerosol sprays seem to be the prime offender in this instance: people seek a drug high by inhaling from a spray-filled plastic bag. Solids and liquids make up the remainder of poisons which frequently kill.

In Sydney, the Poisons Information Service receives between 80 and 90 calls a day. Of those, 40 percent are from the medical profession. The information service told PLAYBOY that, because of the vast number of poisons available, most general practitioners did not know exactly how to diagnose or treat some cases.

Nearly 60 percent of all poisonings involve children aged less than five years. Household medicines, such as aspirin and tranquillisers, along with turpentine and caustic drain cleaners, are the major causes of childhood poisoning. Most result from one of two common occurrences: keeping household cleaners and medicines in food areas, and storing poisons in soft drink bottles.

Under Federal Government legislation, all poisons and drugs must be fitted with child-proof caps after June this year. Although children may be able to reach a container, the new cap will make it much more difficult to open.

The most common cause of adult poisoning is bad food. The symptoms—stomach pains and nausea—are familiar to many. In NSW last year, almost 2000 people were affected by oysters thought to have come from Sydney's Georges River. However, the ardent oyster eater can take heart: government health regulations have now been tightened to cloister the wayward oyster.

Industrial conditions also contribute a large percentage of the sum total of adult poisonings. Over-exposure to alkalines, corrosive acids, solvents, petroleum and pesticides, and inhalation of caustic gases, are among the dangers facing some industrial workers. A 23-year-old Sydney factory worker was admitted to hospital for 10 days of intensive physiotherapy after mercury had penetrated his gloves. Eventually, he was diagnosed as having suffered brain damage from over-exposure to mercury. Tests by a neurologist revealed physical damage to the nerve cells of the brain and impaired sensory functions in the arms and hands—recognised results of mercury poisoning.

In 1976, a university study in Tasmania revealed that garage workers risked developing highly dangerous levels of lead in their blood. The lead level of the 48 vendors studied was more than twice that found in a similar number of clerks and students. Seven of the vendors' lead counts were above the international "level of concern". The survey implied that the excessively high lead count was the result of exhaust fumes, petrol vapor and work environment.

Worker poisonings are not confined to the factory floor; office workers can also be affected. Early last year, 150 staff of the ABC in Sydney evacuated their premises when it was alleged that there was asbestos in the air-conditioning ducts. Inhaling asbestos can lead to asbestosis, a deadly lung disease.

Another macabre incident occurred in 1978 when a young woman in Scotland, trying to give up smoking, inadvertently poisoned herself. Consuming vast quantities of anti-smoking lozenges, she became ill, and doctors found she was suffering from silver poisoning. Overdosing on the lozenges, she had absorbed dangerous levels of silver salts, causing small grey-black particles to "develop" in her epidermis—similar to the photographic negative process.

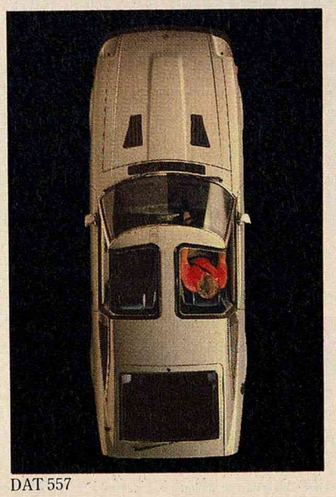
If you have reason to believe that your working environment may be potentially hazardous, it would be wise to investigate certain established safety procedures. Then, if an accident does occur, you will know exactly what to do. If someone has been poisoned, or you suspect a poisoning may have occurred, report the accident immediately and seek advice. At home, make sure all poisons are clearly marked and safely locked away.

If you have to attend to someone who has been poisoned, the best advice is to call the Poisons Information Service. They'll tell you what immediate action should be taken. A spokesman for the Poisons Information Service warns that information on some charts and books may be out of date; therefore you should be wary when consulting them.

Emergency numbers for the Poisons Information Service are: Sydney (02) 51 0466; Brisbane (07) 253 8233; Melbourne (03) 347 5522; Hobart (002) 38 8485; Perth (09) 381 0222; Adelaide (08) 267 4999; Darwin (089) 89 2211; and Canberra (062) 43 2154. — JON VIDLER

NEW DATSUN 280ZX WITH T-BAR ROOF

Alas, many people will find the look of our beautiful new 280ZX 2 + 2 with T-bar roof just a little too daring. A shame, because in reality it is a very sensible luxury car. A logical alternative to those rather staid and expensive saloons.
The problem is that to some people it doesn't look entirely sensible. Frankly, it looks as if it will go like the wind. And we must confess that those accustomed to the sedate manners of ordinary cars will find its performance rather breathtaking. The outstanding roadholding and the exhilarating acceleration provided by our race-proven 2.8 litre fuel injected engine have to be experienced to be believed.



But performance and appearance aside, it is a first class, fully-imported, luxury vehicle. With air conditioning, multi-directional stereo and ZF designed power-steering. And with a T-bar roof which very sensibly allows you to take advantage of our excellent climate and fine scenery.

It's just a pity that it looks so distinctive.

People tend to notice you.

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

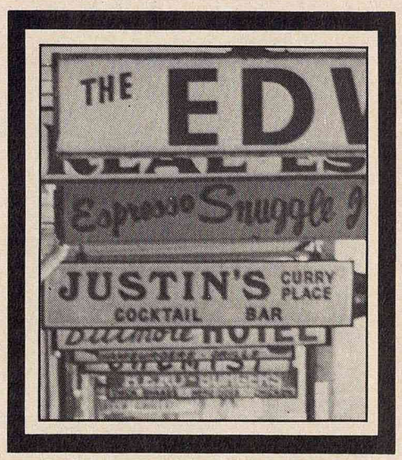
NEW DATSUN 280ZX

DAT 557

SMALL BUSINESS CAN BE BIG TROUBLE

HOW MANY times a day must a chair in an unlicensed French restaurant be used before the proprietor makes a profit? And how much pressed ham, cheese, salami, yoghurt, olives and liverwurst must every employee in a delicatessen sell to keep the wolf from the door?

Questions like these occur to about half the men and women who decide they will go out on their own. They're the half who actually survive their brave new venture into the world of small business. Statistics show that about 50 percent of small businesses will fail within their first two years of operation.



Playboy's Pipeline

For the 250,000 proprietors and five million people involved, Australia's small business sector has never been better geared for getting the right advice. There are agencies in all States and the ACT which offer free guidance. (Look for development authorities in the State Government pages of the telephone book.) NSW also offers a subsidy on work performed by professional consultants.

Last year, more than 15,000 inquiries were received at the NSW Small Business Agency, where six counsellors conducted some 2000 in-depth interviews with men and women preparing to start or buy a business, or trying to rescue themselves, after some short bitter experience, from the brink of disaster. The trend has been coast-to-coast, with the WA Small Business Advisory Service handling 3200 inquiries in the 12-month period.

The agencies cover the whole gamut of advice, from simple accounting to export marketing, from school canteen operations to manufacturing industry.

So – feeling the entrepreneurial urge? First, says the NSW Small Business Agency, you need *guts:* an ability for hard, slogging persistence. You also need to be alert to the "Seven Deadly Sins of Business", which are reflected in the clichés: "I'd like to, but I haven't got the time" (to plan efficiently); "My bank manager doesn't love me" (I can't manage my finances properly); "My accountant doesn't want to see me anyway" (you're paying him – whether he wants to see you is irrelevant); "Books, books – who needs records?" (proper records were what the half who failed did *not* keep); "Trade associations? What can they do for me?" "Marketing? That's for the big boys" (what made them big? Increasing the size of the market for their goods); "I know what I'm doing" (great, say the agencies, but don't let that stop you asking questions).

A major breakthrough in advice for the entrepreneur has been the Small Business Profile, which can help newcomers with key information on gross and net profits, wages and overheads, sales per employee and other performance indicators. Commissioned by the NSW Government, the profiles were launched by the University of New England at Armidale.

The University's Financial Management Research Centre provides industry profiles at $50 each on a diverse range of businesses, including restaurants, milk bars, newsagents, private hospitals, real estate agencies and beauty salons.

Studying a number of businesses within a particular industry or profession, the centre averages their incomes and expenses, grouping them according to size of the firm. Not generally available previously, these profiles are now being hailed, says NSW SBA chief Allan Stuckey, as being of tremendous assistance to accountants and others advising the small entrepreneur, as well as to the individual contemplating going into business for himself.

Important ratios can be estimated through the profiles. For example: how many square metres are required for every $1000 sales turnover, and how much has to be sold in a given period in relation to the number of employees.

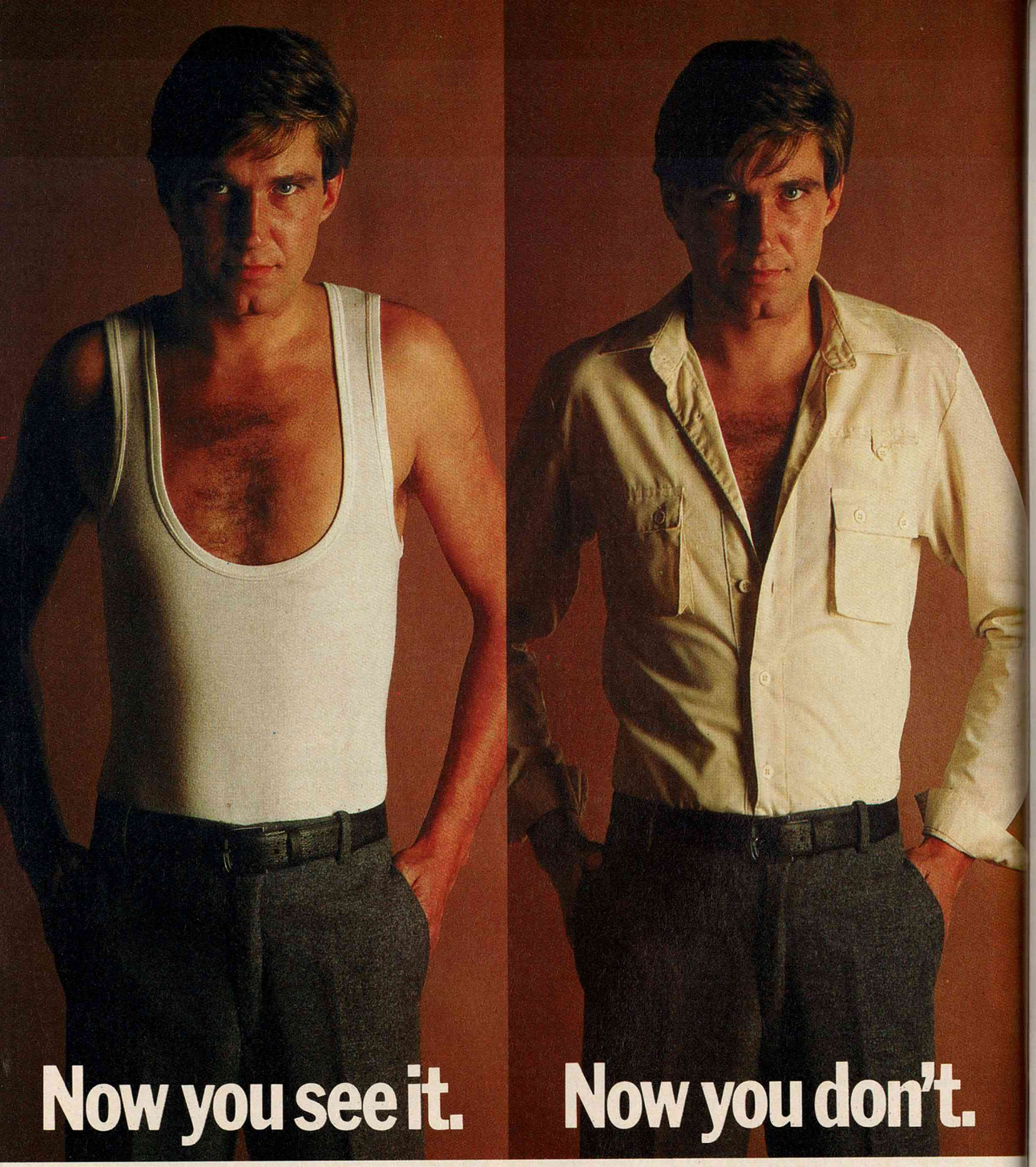
In a restaurant, average daily sales per customer might need to be, say, $9 if there is no liquor licence, and $13 if there is. The difference need not mean more spent on alcohol, but on food itself, before it reaches the table.

On the other hand, explains Stuckey, the use of seating might need to be 134 percent in an unlicensed restaurant (where customers tend to come and go quicker) and only 109 percent in licensed premises. "Figures show that seats in the unlicensed restaurant are used 13 times for every 10 available, but only 11 times in a place where you can sit over drinks."

Titles of handbooks available through small business advisory bodies are fair indicators of what they offer: *Evaluating a Franchise, Checklist for Starting a Business, Cash Flow and Cash Management, Repair Services, Building Trades, Job Costing and Estimating.*

The isolation of the small businessman necessitates continuing education and information. Trade magazines, seminars, chambers of commerce and even talks with competitors are recommended. An SBA memo notes: "How effectively would a livestock buyer function if he did not attend or read about his markets for 12 months?"

Some persuasive facts are aired in the University of New England's brochure on Small Business Profiles. "Our surveys indicate fewer than five percent of small businesses budget or organise their information in a way that assists management decision making. Fewer than four percent have regular accounts, let alone cash flows with specific expense and income targets."– JANE GRAHAM



Today's fashion shirts are meant to be unbuttoned at the neck. For at least the top two or three buttons.

Trouble is, if you wear a singlet, they were all designed for shirts that button up.

The solution to this problem is a Holeproof Undershirt.

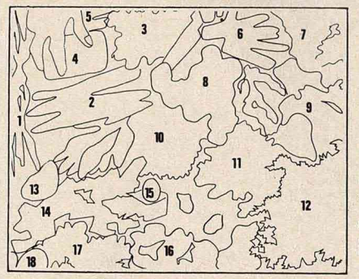
They've all the qualities of a normal singlet, but because of their deeply scooped neck they don't show, no matter how open the neck is.

Holeproof Undershirts.

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening ands who's making it happen

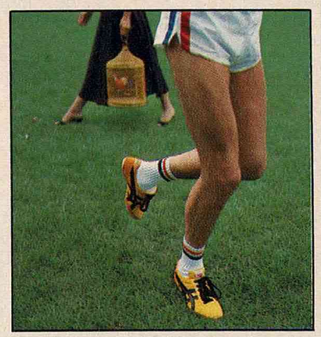
TONGUE FOOD

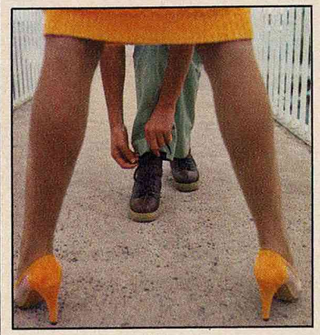


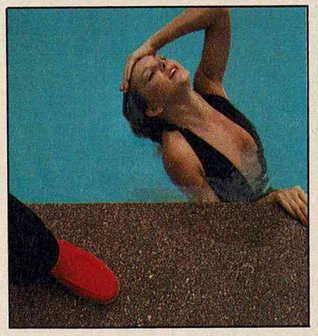
Chinese foodstuffs shown are — (1) bean curd (2) dried fish for soup (3) long life noodles (4) dried winter melon (5) new year rice noodles (6) chinese sausages (7) pork skin (8) deep fried bean curd (9) dried squid (10) red melon seed (12) dried kelp and seaweed (13) dried salted fish (14) herbal dried plants (15) medicinal aphrodisiac (16) preserved plums in ginger sauce (17) vegetable soup mixture (18) 100-year-old egg.

A knowledge of martial arts isn't a necessity any more in order to emerge successfully from a food foray in Chinatown — it's not the dangerous and frustrating mystery it used to be. Occidental interest in oriental cuisine has prompted Chinese shopkeepers to identify and explain the uses of their more exotic and tasty food products. Get down to wok — and start practising your karate chops with a cleaver in your hand — ayahhh!

WHOSE SHOES?







Top left: Madras boots, $175; Pino Giardini evening shoe, $159; tan Marelli casuals, $145. Available at Clive Richards. Bottom left: Desert boots, $40, by Florsheim. Prices for all footwear shown are approx.

Top right: Tiger running shoes, $28. Bottom right: Florsheim red canvas slip-ons, $30. Far right: Two-tone cowboy boots, $120, and Rod Stewart suede boots, $140, both from Gentry Cobbler.

BECOME a celebrity in your own right — and left: start looking good from the ground up. Walking is the world's most popular outdoor sport, and it's also great preparation for the one that's most popular indoors. It makes your body tighter, stronger and better to look at, through weight regulation and increased muscle tone. You'll also feel as good as you look. A strident revolution afoot calls for physical well-being stepping ahead of layabout slackness. So start the heeling process, and clothe your feet in a pair of shoes that's made for walkin'. Better take a walk on the wild side — it's healthy as well as being soleful.

Photography by Luis Martin

TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. KAHLÚA

GREY 1412

MOVIES

redford rides into the sunset of another success

I TAKE heart these days when I see a film that is described as "slow-moving". It usually means that there isn't a car chase. The car chase and its variations (known collectively as the *Bullitt* syndrome) serve much the same function in the modern thriller as the bar-room brawl in an old-fashioned western. They are thrown in when the pace is flagging and no one is quite sure what to do next. The same diagnosis can be made of any movie containing one of the following scenes: any extended sequence of tracking shots through roadside scenery accompanied by pop music or folk songs; in a western, any encounter with a rattlesnake; any nude scene before the end of reel one; any skiing or underwater swimming sequence which is not the actual climax of one of the James Bond movies; and any cameo appearance by Laurence Olivier as a Nazi war criminal. (Further suggestions are invited.)

It can be said of the chase sequence in **The Electric Horseman**, Sydney Pollack's engaging celebration of American pastoral virtues, that at least it is relevant to the story. And a good story it turns out to be, though not entirely an original one, as I shall show in a moment. This time the police are pursuing a horse across the back fences of a desert shantytown somewhere in the backblocks of Nevada. The horse is ridden by Robert Redford (or, more probably, a stuntman) who successfully out-manoeuvres the mechanised might of the pursuing lawmen; the eventual pile-up of police vehicles is among the funniest things I have seen on film for ages. It is not the only laboratory-tested ingredient in Pollack's expensive two-hour movie but, like most things in *The Electric Horseman*, it works; the film is so well done that we can let pass those lurking hints of bathos and predictability with which it abounds.

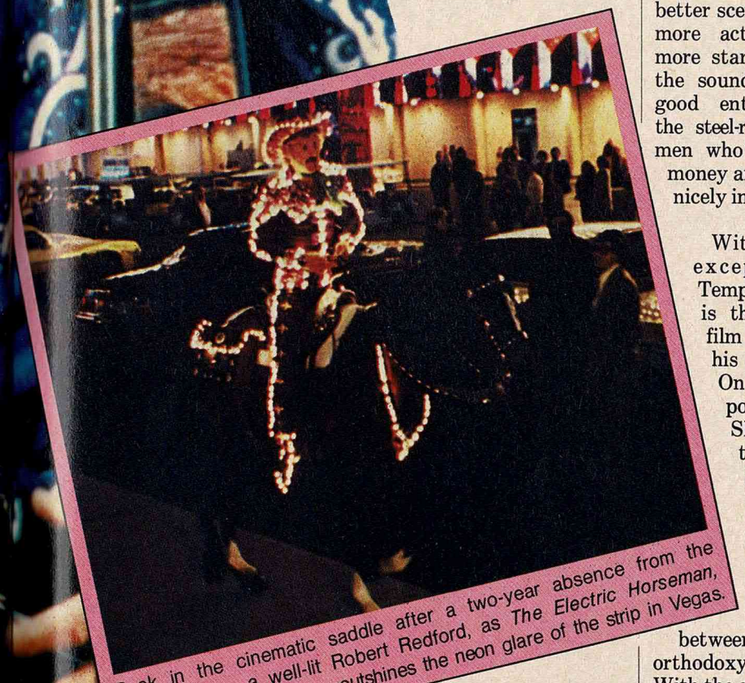
For a director with a certain fondness for bold themes *(They Shoot Horses, Don't They?)*, Pollack plays things safe in this one. To start with, there's Jane Fonda, America's most respectable radical, repeating her well-tried and successful role as an intrepid TV reporter from *The China Syndrome*. Then there's Redford, repeating his well-tried and successful performance — as Robert Redford. The variation this time around calls for some whisky-slurred speech and a couple of days' facial stubble for the part of Sonny Steele, a has-been rodeo star whose simple honesty and home-spun gullibility are ruthlessly exploited by the steel-rimmed corporation men.

Redford's trouble, so I gather from the publicity sheet, is that the man holds aspirations toward directing, usually a sign of terminal self-aggrandisement in the movie business. It appears that Mr Redford had a lot to do with the planning and production of *The Electric Horseman*. He takes credit for the general idea of the film and apparently had a hand in the casting of it.

Pollack's movie has a charming air of synthetic social relevance to it. *Horseman* is the American movie business being as comfortably outspoken as only it can. It made me think of the song in *Oklahoma!* about all the farmers and the cowhands settling their differences — the blandest expression of a controversial "issue" anywhere in showbiz.

When we first meet Sonny, he's pissed to the eyeballs. A couple of assistants are helping him board his horse for a rodeo appearance. The man is past his peak and knows it, but he's a national figure whose face adorns hoardings and helps to sell cornflakes. It is one of the minor inconsistencies of the character that, for one who has made his name and fortune as an entertainer, Sonny is strangely unsophisticated about the wiles of corporate bigshots who want to manipulate his image in media promotions. Disillusionment sets in when he is asked to ride toy horses for a TV commercial. On the eve of a big concert in Las Vegas, Sonny discovers that the valuable horse he's supposed to ride onstage has been sedated with drugs. Indignation and resentment get the better of him. He rides off on the horse through a crowded casino, out on the neon-lit Las Vegas strip and into the desert, leading cops and news media on a merry chase. The horse turns out to be the corporate symbol of a big industrial enterprise currently involved in a take-over deal, for whom adverse publicity could prove a fatal obstacle to their financial shenanigans. Horse and rider must be found at all costs. The trouble is that no one except Jane Fonda knows where they're hiding, and like a good newspaper reporter with an exclusive story, she ain't telling.

We are treated to what the publicity describes as a "bitter-sweet" romance — presumably on the grounds that Redford and Fonda part company at the end without the audience seeing Fonda dressed in anything more seductive than a sleeping bag. Robert Garland's screenplay provides Redford with some excellent funny lines and some fairly familiar ones. "Where do you go from here?" asks Fonda when the fun is over. "Just move on to the next place, I guess," says Sonny. We don't exactly see the sun setting in the west, but a good filmmaker has to draw the line somewhere.



Back in the cinematic saddle after a two-year absence from the silver screen, a well-lit Robert Redford, as *The Electric Horseman*, an aging rodeo star who outshines the neon glare of the strip in Vegas.

Back in 1962, there was a memorable, touching and underrated movie called *Lonely Are the Brave*, about an old-fashioned cowboy at odds with the slowly encroaching world of freeways and gas stations, diners and bus depots and TV. He gets into trouble with the law, and there's a sequence when he's hunted across the mountains by cops in radio-controlled helicopters. In a final wounding shot, horse and cowboy are bowled over on a freeway during a rainstorm by a semi-trailer loaded up with "sanitaryware". Heavy symbolism, no doubt, but I loved the film because it seemed true and honest and unpretentious in what it said about passing values and the conflict between an innocent, doomed way of life and modern industrial civilisation. There were no great heroics and no lectures, and I doubt if the filmmakers were particularly concerned about producing a big box-office success, which is probably why the film was not a big box-office success. If they had been, *The Electric Horseman* is the sort of film they would have made. It has bigger and better scenery, more laughs, more action, more color, more stars, more songs on the soundtrack. It's damn good entertainment. And the steel-rimmed corporation men who've invested their money are going to do very nicely indeed.

•

With the possible exception of Shirley Temple, Ronald Reagan is the only American film star to have made his mark in politics. On the whole, I think, posterity will rank Shirley Temple as the more successful film star and Ronald Reagan as the more able politician, even though there appears to be little difference between the right-wing orthodoxy of their views. With the exception of *King's Row*, I cannot remember any film in which Ronald Reagan has appeared. The point I am making is that, while it is common for actors to play presidential candidates in films, Mr Reagan is the only actor who has actually run for the presidency. Is there any discernible difference between an actor in the part and the real candidate? I doubt it.

I wonder how Reagan would have gone if he had played the lead in Jerry Schatzberg's new film **The Seduction of Joe Tynan**, which is about a bright young liberal senator from New York with his eye on the main chance. Reagan, of course, is neither young nor very liberal these days, but I'm sure he would have been brilliantly convincing portraying the superficial charm, the glib banality, the opportunism and ruthlessness of the cynical politician on the make. Alan Alda, who plays Joe Tynan, is disturbingly good in the part because one suspects that, of all actors, no one else in real life is more naturally glib, charming and superficial. In fact, Mr Alda is so realistically endowed with second-rate qualities that his impact in the role is somewhat flat and forgettable. He is too well cast.

Tynan's seduction — political and sexual — is at the hands of an ambitious Texan civil rights lawyer (played by Meryl Streep), who persuades him to lead a campaign against the nomination of a racist judge to the Supreme Court. Joe unmakes a few friendships and betrays some old loyalties in his climb to the top, as well as straining the bonds of marriage with his wife (Barbara Harris) and his emotionally unstable daughter. The script (by Alda) is witty and generally compelling in its details of the American political scene, with all of its backroom conspiracies, the humdrum routines and the spurious air of earnest decency which is earnestly projected on the surface. Alda's speech to an empty Senate chamber in support of a public works

bill, with which the picture opens, is perfectly judged. The domestic entanglements are less convincing. A pity, too, that an essentially serious movie should lapse more than once into near slapstick and burlesque.

Streep, an actress of surpassing talent who is running a slight risk of overexposure at the moment, gives a superb portrayal of icy ambition and beguiling bitchery, and there are some excellent people in minor parts. I particularly liked Rip Torn as a womanising southern senator, and veteran Melvyn Douglas as a senile political operator who is prone to rambling quotations from Stendhal during congressional committee hearings. *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* lacks the sharp ironic edge of the best American political dramas *(The Best Man, All the President's Men)* or the homespun charm of a classic work like *Mr Smith Goes to Washington.* But it's worth seeing for its high professional polish and sharp, knowing insights into the American political world.

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Harlequin, a new Australian thriller directed by Simon Wincer, not to be confused with Morris West's novel of the same name, achieves some sort of first for the local industry by combining politics and the occult. It's *Joe Tynan* with a dose of *Patrick.* Producer Tony Ginnane and scriptwriter Everett de Roche are back in familiar psycho-kinetic territory, with plenty of close-ups of staring eyes and objects that go bump all by themselves. David Hemmings is Senator Rast, who lives with wife Carmen Duncan in a huge mansion. Their nine-year-old son is dying of leukemia. After a senior political figure drowns in a swimming accident (thank you, Harold Holt), a magician arrives mysteriously at the senator's home, insinuates himself into a children's birthday party, wins the affections of Carmen Duncan and cures the boy's illness. All this, it turns out, has something to do with a political conspiracy — and there are parallels, I'm told, with the story of Rasputin.

The motives for what appears to be an extremely elaborate deception are never very clear, but I gather the idea is to install Hemmings as a compliant State governor. In the old days, the convention of coercing tame politicians was simply to bribe them, but this would scarcely call for the battery of special effects displayed with noisy profusion in *Harlequin.* They seemed to be the film's real justification — levitation, spontaneously shattering crockery, bolts of lightning in the living room and a mysterious face appearing on the kitchen floor.

Robert Powell is effective as the sinister magician and veteran Broderick Crawford postures discontentedly in the background.

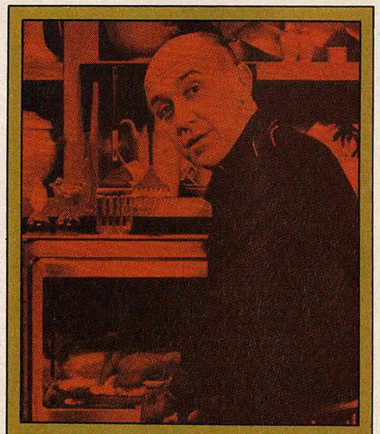
•

Everyone by now has praised the ravishing surface and moody depths of Terrence Mallick's **Days of Heaven,** which I caught up with belatedly in a suburban release not very long ago. Mallick's first feature film, *Badlands,* was inexplicably denied a general release in Australia when it came out in 1975, but bobbed up on telly last year (the electronic media being less inclined to discriminate against motion pictures which cinemagoers might find too highbrow, or merely too shoddy, for their taste). Mallick's story of itinerant American farm workers around the time of the First World War is a haunting and unforgettable work which I recommend without reservation. It was shown in Sydney on its first release in a converted newsreel cinema with back-projected screen and seats as hard as pews. Yet the film was made, and is meant to be shown, in a 70mm print. Grateful as we should be for *any* release of *Days of Heaven,* it's time to protest at the cavalier manner in which audiences have been treated and the film's images trivialised. — EVAN WILLIAMS

SHOWBIZ

bernard king cooks up a fortune wowing the blue rinse set across america

Bernard King, the balding former primary school teacher of north Queensland, will make $2-$3 million during the next 12 months just for broiling the occasional chop and tossing the occasional salad for American television. Bernard's somewhat, er, fruity, approach to the culinary arts did much to impress the blue rinse set on the Mike Douglas afternoon chat show earlier this year, and from June a major syndication outfit will be flogging his show, *King's Kitchen,* to a couple of hundred stations across America. Bernard, however, remains in Sydney, where he tapes the show, and looks after his public relations business which boasts 50 client companies. And what does Bernie think of American tucker?



Bernard King: "I'd rather eat an inner sole of Billy-Jean's tennis shoes than some of America's restaurant steaks."

"Oh my dear, it's just ghastly," he informed your correspondent, "It's bland, tasteless, wallpaper paste — just like muzak for the mouth. I would rather eat my way through an inner-sole of Billie-Jean's tennis shoes than try some of these American restaurant steaks again. And the salads were like lawn clippings . . . dreadful, really dreadful."

Isn't it amazing what the Americans will pay for honest vitriol?

•

Wanted: Television director to handle $1 million drama programs. No experience necessary. Technical training a disadvantage. Apply ABC, Sydney.

Sounds bizarre, right? But good old Aunty really is looking for directors with no experience. Geoff Daniels, the innovative head of ABC drama production, who has done so much to rev up the joint over the past two years, believes the only way to find new talent is to give fresh blood a go. To this end, two secretaries and an officer from the ABC's accounts department have been given a lash at directing a half-hour program.

And the results? "Brilliant," says Daniels. "We've found a couple of people with extraordinary potential, and we'll find more. They have an uninhibited approach which is really refreshing."

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Speaking of movies, it looks as if a bit of hard-headed (show) business sense is finally about to be injected into the local film industry. Paul Dainty, the young, quietly spoken rock entrepreneur who has been responsible for bringing stars David Bowie, Paul McCartney, Bryan Ferry, Linda Ronstadt and Fleetwood Mac to Australia, has wanted to make films for years, and he's decided to do it here. Dainty, an Englishman, has settled in Melbourne with his Australian wife, journalist Suellen O'Grady, and he says he wants to get his first film project underway as soon as possible. As well as being a highly successful — and rich — rock music entrepreneur, Dainty is an Olympic-class expert at playing his cards close to his chest, so precise details were not forthcoming when I spoke to him. Meanwhile, he continues to save for the films through his two latest tours, Leonard Cohen (the writer of suicide songs for the over-30s) and classical guitarist John Williams' new pop group, Sky.

•

Mr Reg Livermore, Australia's hottest theatre property and noted impersonator of crook sorts, is rapidly catching up to Frank Sinatra in the I'm-going-to-retire-for-ever-or-until-I-get-a-good-offer stakes. A couple of weeks ago, the daily blats were full of stories about how Reg was going to devote himself full-time to drawing and painting. And the next thing we know, he's running yet another hit in Melbourne at Her Majesty's, and is about to open at the theatre of the same name in Sydney in mid-May. Where will it all end? Reg is certainly a talented painter (he sold well at Sydney's Holdsworth Gallery last year), but as a stage performer he's not only talented; he's unique. How else could you describe the bloke who spends a good portion of his time being Betty Blokkbuster, or Wonderwoman?

•

Speaking of drama, there's a hell of a lot of it going on at Channel 10's Sydney studios. With the advent of the disastrously rating *Arcade,* and the continued production of *The Restless Years,* the channel is now turning out almost five hours of television a week — the equivalent of two feature films. As a result there's often more drama off screen than on: actors losing their tempers after being forced to queue for an hour to get into the canteen, extras getting in everyone's way and harassing the wardrobe department, and make-up girls working at three times the normal pace, are just some of the daily occurrences among cast members desperate to prove themselves to the new owner, Rupert Murdoch. But there is one happy result. Love has sprung forth among the soap suds. *Arcade's* Patrick Ward is escorting Lenore Smith, star of *The Restless Years.* — ANDREW SAW

Carry On team coming

How's this for a ghastly proposition? They're going to make a Carry On film in Oz called *Carry On Downunder.* Filmways, the Melbourne-based movie distributors, have offered to pay 50 percent of the usual undisclosed budget, and the Brit producers are scuttling about trying to sign the old hands who have been churning the things out since the mid-'50s. So far they've talked to Kenneth Williams, Hattie Jacques, Kenneth Connor and the somewhat aged sex siren with the constantly bouncing tits, Barbara Windsor. The Australian artists believed to be in the running are everyone from Ugly Dave Gray to Sir Robert Helpmann, but obvious candidates would have to be Messrs Kennedy, Gunston and Hogan. Production dates vary, but late April or early October are the most popular choices for a start of filming in Sydney (that's according to Filmways, anyway). So far, we've been unable to ascertain much about the plot, but the thought of Kenneth Williams and Hattie Jacques dealing with kangaroos, koala bears, boomerangs, Rolf Harris, Surfers Paradise, Ayers Rock and the Bondi Beach dunnies is too horrible to even begin to contemplate.

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BOOKS

pigs, faggots, jailbirds and conned-men — a wild menagerie of novel figures

NOT ONLY does Kenneth Cook have that enviable talent to weave simple language into unpretentious yet fine literary cloth, but he is a conscience-nudger. Without intruding into his readers' enjoyment of a well-spun yarn, he can leave after-questions smouldering in our minds. He did it in earlier books such as *Wake in Fright* by questioning Australians' worship of the gambling idol. And he has done it again with his new book *Pig* (Schwartz), in which the secondary theme gently probes the values by which we pay so little respect to our environment.

Pig is true to its title — the nerve-jabbing story of a huge wild boar and its harassment of outback families. Apart from its size, the animal is not an ordinary pig. It appears to have the power of reasoning and a hatred for the men who seek to hunt it down. Its victims — faced with a chain of slaughtered stock, hunt it with lasso and set traps. The pig always manages to escape, shepherding other wild pigs back to marshland sanctuary in its flight. The pig tastes human blood, and this feeds its hate.

Finally, the pig forces a showdown with Alan Treval, a ranger with the National Department for Conservation, and the finale is a damned close thing between man and boar. *Pig* is a chilling, plausible tale, refreshing in that Cook needs no more than a hint of sexual attraction between Treval and the daughter-in-law of a beseiged grazier to keep the reader's juices flowing.

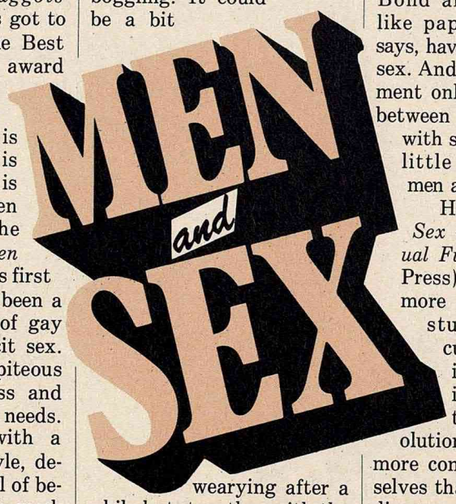
Through all the thrills, Cook is really asking: If we continue to loose domesticated and introduced animals into the Australian environment, who have we to blame save ourselves if hybrid throwbacks to something primeval come back to torment us? – RUSS DESTEY

•

Sex sells — in print at least. And "deviant" sex is an even hotter property. So a novel entitled *Faggots* (Random House) has got to be a real mover. The Best Commercial Instinct award goes to author Larry Kramer. But, in this case, maybe the title is justified; it certainly is descriptive. Kramer is best known as a screen writer — he did the adaptation for *Women in Love*. *Faggots* is his first novel. It could have been a grubby exploitation of gay life with super-explicit sex. It could have been a piteous dirge about loneliness and unsatisfied emotional needs. Instead, Kramer, with a Roth-like wit and style, develops a moving novel of believable characters who spark response through their human qualities rather than their sexual persuasion. He adopts an episodic, almost soap opera-like style which allows him to portray an entire socio-sexual world. Although there is a central thread running through the four days the novel covers (playwright Fred Lemmish's quest for true love before he turns 40), it is more a means to hold the novel together than anything else.

There are dozens of plots and subplots. And, like any good soapie, all are interconnected. From the steamy sleaze of the Everhard Baths to the glorious galas of Fire Island, Kramer takes the reader on a voyeuristic "shock the straights; this is how we live" journey.

The book is sex-obsessed, but within the context is entirely credible. Kramer chronicles a strange, frenetic world filled with men hyped on drugs, no sleep and continual emotional turmoil, carrying on the most energetic sex imaginable. The characters screw each other with an intensity, frequency and a fantasy fulfillment that is quite mind-boggling. It could be a bit



wearying after a while but, together with the compassion he creates for his characters and the rapid-fire changes of scene, Kramer's sense of the absurd keeps you laughing through the heavy bits.

In this wacky world, the author raises an important question which he never answers — why aren't the vast majority of homosexual men able to form long-term emotional, sexual relationships? All his characters — and they certainly are a diverse lot — are thus afflicted. But none ever questions his homosexuality. He just wants to be able to live happily in that context. After all, as Kramer states on the very first page; "There are 2,556,596 faggots in the New York City area . . ." When you've got those kind of numbers, you don't worry so much about what you do as how you do it and, perhaps, to whom. – JERRY DEAL

•

When it comes to sex, it's no accident that men feel so anxious about their performance. "Most men," writes American psychologist Dr Bernie Zilbergeld, "are trapped by male sexual mythology", which demands that every man should be built like Tarzan, ride like Steve McQueen, do a James Bond and use up women like paper cups. Men, he says, have been conned about sex. And the women's movement only widened the gap between men overflowing with sexual bravado (and little else) and women men are supposed to love.

His book, *Men and Sex — A Guide to Sexual Fulfilment* (Souvenir Press), is the result of more than six years of study. The message culled from surveys in universities, clinics and homes is that the sexual revolution left most men more confused about themselves than ever. They can't discuss sex in terms of their needs. "They still think they're coming too soon; that they are abnormal for not wanting sex every night;

and they're too scared to say they don't enjoy the sex they have."

A series of exercises to encourage the reader to recognise and communicate his sexual values, feelings and preferences is offered. They are free of gimmicky formulas or sexual gymnastics. The book talks about affection, touching, how to relax and deal with your partner, and sex for older people. It doesn't lecture; it suggests, perhaps best in these words: "The sexuality best suited to you is the one you develop for yourself." — DI COUTTS

•

The Watergate scandal has spawned any number of literary efforts, but the most bizarre must surely be Kurt Vonnegut's latest novel, *Jailbird* (Jonathan Cape). For the thousands of devoted fans who have turned Vonnegut into a virtual cult figure, it is a long-anticipated re-assurance that the master is still supreme.

Jailbird contains much nostalgia for the Vonnegut devotee. Many of the old causes are trooped out — Word War Two, Sacco and Vanzetti, giant corporations, even Kilgore Trout makes an appearance, this time in the guise of a science-fiction-writing lifer in a minimum security prison.

But there is a host of wonderful new characters in *Jailbird*, from hero Walter F. Starbuck, the Watergate-busted Nixon adviser on youth affairs, to the shopping-bag lady with millions of dollars stuffed in the toes of her oversized sneakers, and the man with the French-fried hand.

The novel traces the career of Starbuck, an ineffectual little guy who never really makes it in terms of the American Dream. It opens with Walter being released from prison for his Watergate crimes. However, Walter's part in the affair, like most things in his life, was really no part at all. He was the unknowing holder of a trunk of illegal campaign funds. Walter is the nice guy with limited vision and a self-absorption which has negated his youthful idealism. He is the embodiment of the '70s Me-ism: "I may have problems but, as long as I acknowledge them, it's okay," he says.

As in many of his earlier works, Vonnegut uses his black humor and brilliant sense of the absurd to point lots of bones at lots of human frailties. His visions are incisive, but he chides rather than chastises. He makes his point by forcing every situation to the limit, taking the perfectly plausible and pushing it just over the edge to absurdity.

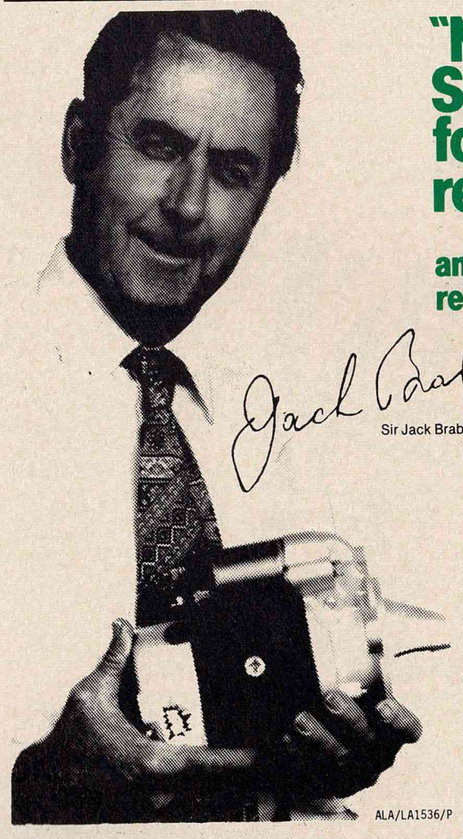
It is Vonnegut's sharp eye and amazing imagination which make *Jailbird* compelling reading in spite of its rather languid plot.

What weird and wonderful situations will Vonnegut dream up next? What strange twist can plot or character take? The images pile up with amazing credibility but with bizarre results. It would all be screamingly funny, but it's just a little too close to the truth. — EDNA DENNIS

there's gold in them thar hills

The Australian PLAYBOY Perisher Valley Gold Ski Pass winner is Peter Cohn of East Roseville, NSW. Peter will be carving a name for himself regularly for the next five years in the snow slopes at Perisher. Watching him cut a swathe on his skis through their Carrera International Playboy Ski Goggles are the six runners-up in the competition — Martin Ziegler, Janice Lawler, Luke McCauley, Warwick Smith, John Hamer, Jim Downing.

The correct answers: The nearest established ski resort to Jindabyne, NSW, is Smiggin Holes; Katy Buckland-Weiman represented Australian PLAYBOY in the 1979 Freestyle Ski Grand Prix; Karen Pini was our first playmate and the official launch date of Australian PLAYBOY magazine was January 12, 1979.



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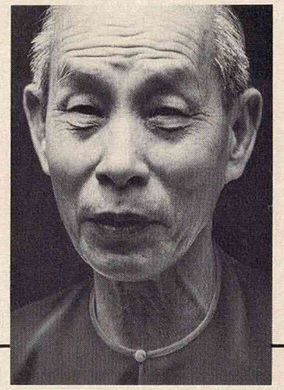

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MUSIC

there's enough talent here to ignite new faith in the old r & b formula

SOUTHSIDE Johnny's great, beefy rock and roll voice washes sweet as the 10-man backing sound rolls out of the speakers like a great ocean swell. Flying again under the collective banner of Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, the New Jersey outfit have blasted out their latest — simply called *The Jukes* (Mercury). It sounds fine, and just might be timely enough to rekindle some jaded R and B faith.

With ace producer Miami Steve Van Zandt almost permanently ensconced in the camp of that other Jersey king, Bruce Springsteen, Southside Johnny Lyon has called in Barry Beckett to pull this one together, and the man who has co-produced Dire Straits and Dylan has pulled it off again. The writing triumvirate of Lyon, guitarist Billy Rush and bass player Allan Berger has knocked together a great collection of tunes that grab the ear from the very first guitar chop.

•

20/20, another American group, are also bringing new life to R and B. They're originally from Oklahoma, and their black garb and '60s haircuts will probably earn them a New Wave tag. That would be a bit unfair because *Portrait*, their self-titled debut album, is nothing more than a pleasing dose of unpretentious rock and roll. A sharp synthesiser, a strong guitar lead and lightning drumming— especially on Yellow Pills, To-night We Fly and Obsession — give strength to the suggestion that we might again be in for an era when the singles charts are ruled by quality-commercial R and B outfits.

•

Jimmy Messina's *Oasis* (CBS) is one Californian chocolate box of an album that has coated syrupy love lyrics with unimaginative music to provide an overdose of pure fudge. Perhaps Jimmy has tried to tread the same path which successfully got Boz Scaggs out of flannelette shirts and into sports jackets. If so, former country rock pillar Messina has been badly let down by the lack of diversity on *Oasis*. The whole thing is just so sedate that there must be a risk of sending even a live audience to sleep.

It's a pity, because the musicianship is excellent and might have just about resurrected the entire effort if permitted to launch into a bit of variety. It is not until the final cut that Messina breaks the run of sameness with a brilliant song called the Magic of Love. The subtle Mexican mood outweighs the blandness of what has preceded, and for once Jeff Elliott's trumpet blows up a beautiful Tijuana breeze to cool Messina's lyrical Mexican acoustics.

•

The two-disc compilation and heavily detailed inner-spread biog. notes on *The Essential Jimi Hendrix* (Polydor) tell you just about all you would want to know about the great guitarist. Released under the supervision of Alan Douglas, the man responsible for unearthing and releasing a lot of previously unheard Hendrix material, this latest compilation offers re-mastered selections from his best studio albums spanning 1967 to 1970, the year in which he died. The real value of this album is that it has sorted some of the real quality from the bad concert recordings, poor technical efforts, and ordinary backing performances which marred a lot of his best work. For those who never really grasped the Hendrix magic before his death, this one just about says it all.

•

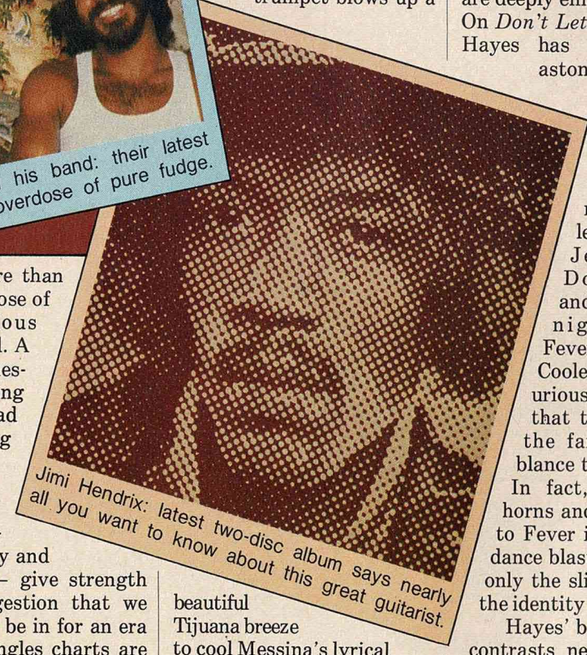
The march of time and introduction of cross currents will never disguise the fact that Isaac Hayes' roots are deeply embedded in soul. On *Don't Let Go* (Polydor), Hayes has assembled an astonishing array of musicians and vocalists to interpret his complex arrangements of five lengthy tracks. Jesse Stones' Don't Let Go and that old hot night hummer Fever (Davenport/Cooley) are so luxuriously re-arranged that they bear only the faintest resemblance to the original. In fact, the Atlanta horns and strings intro to Fever is such a soul-dance blast that it offers only the slightest clue to the identity of the song.

Hayes' basso profundo contrasts neatly with the backing vocals of Debra Carter, Dianne Davis, Pat Lewis and Rose Williams. Hayes' lush arrangements demand a mighty contribution from the girls. This album doesn't get by without the old Hayes' soul rave, and he really gets into his cups on Someone Who Will Take the Place of You.

•

Oh Susie (CBS) by Secret Service proves Sweden's most

Jimmy Messina (bottom left) and his band: their latest album, *Oasis*, adds up to a big overdose of pure fudge.



Jimi Hendrix: latest two-disc album says nearly all you want to know about this great guitarist.

noteworthy exports are still tennis players, in the shape of Borg, and manufactured goods in the shape of Volvos, Husqvarna sewing machines and Abba. Secret Service do not bear the obvious packaging of Abba, but their flashy pop/disco ingredient holds enough threat to suggest these swinging Swedes could easily clutter up the charts if only they would really put their minds to it.

•

Carolyne Mas' self-titled debut album (Mercury) has had her New York hometown reviewers shouting Lou Reed, Janis Joplin and even Bruce Springsteen comparisons, but the Steve Burgh-produced work bears more similarities to the style of Patti Smith woven on Janis Ian fabric. All that aside, this Big Apple girl has enough spark of her own to rate independent status. However, it is easy to see where the Springsteen comparisons can be drawn: Crispin Cioe's sax and David Landau's (brother of Springsteen's producer Jon) guitar set the scene, with some towering lead work on the opening track, Stillsane, which has a rubbersprung rhythm line to support Mas' commanding vocals.

There have been more ballads bred on the streets of New York than just about anywhere else, so there is no shock element involved when she drops the rock-a-long bit for the softer Sadie and Snow. It all serves to lull the listener into a state of unpreparedness for the snappy side two opener — Quote Goodbye Quote; clever stuff that puts the Mas/Landau writing combo at the head of the class. She uses her voice for mood, and measures her transition from poetry to rock statement with calculated care. For such a tiny lady she can pack a parcel of power into a song, and her Do You Believe I Love You will have you nodding in absolute conviction.

•

Johnny Mathis' *Souvenir Album* (CBS) should prove a suitable after-dinner lubricant — especially if your guest has passed her 30th year. Begin The Beguine, Evergreen and My Funny Valentine make this album lambswool-rug-and-fireside stuff. If you tire of that sort of music, just leave this one out when your mother-in-law visits. If she borrows it, you can bet you'll never see it again. — NEIL JAMESON

•

The new Dave Brubeck Quartet must have proved a rude shock for many Australians who heard them in January. Those who expected the cool, limpid sounds of the former beloved group that featured the late Paul Desmond, must have gone home in disbelief. This current quartet is a far cry from the one that made Brubeck a household name. It now seems a long time since that 1954 tape I made with Dave among the garbage cans behind San Francisco's Black Hawk Club.

Those who so often criticised Dave for unimaginative, unswinging playing would have had to eat their words upon hearing his young, virile style of today so adequately captured on *Back Home* (Concord), just released here.

Much of the freshness must be sheeted to the talented Jerry Bergonzi, whose inventive tenor playing was first heard in Australia on the Two Generations of Brubeck tour of 1974. Since then, he has matured remarkably, and is today one of the most talented reed men in jazz, one who takes his base from John Coltrane — and who had added plenty of himself along the way. He has a fire and assurance that augurs well for jazz.

On Cassandra, he flies high in a Sonny Fortune-like bag with the mighty Butch Miles spurring him on with some of the tightest drumming since Dave's Joe Morello days. I have never been greatly enamored of the electric bass, but Chris Brubeck is fair enough, especially as one is spared the distracting body movements that go with the in-person performance.

Dave himself is magnificent throughout, both as a soloist and as an accompanist. He is at his most lyrical on The Masquerade Is Over, a tune that never sounded better than at the hands of the new Brubeck Quartet.

There is less of the heavy left-handed piano that used to drive his audiences to frenzy — and so-called critics up the wall — even though he comes on pretty strong in the basic Hometown Blues.

Yesterday boasts a more beautifully conceived piano introduction before Jerry slides in against a Latin beat to embroider one of the loveliest modern tunes.

On Brubeck's celebrated opus, Two Part Contention, Bergonzi takes over the bass, allowing Chris to demonstrate his very considerable talents as a trombonist with some fine Buddy Rich-like breaks from Miles. Chris gets a Bennie Green sound from his bone before the old man takes over to give one of his best solos of the album that moves from swing to stride.

Caravan is the flag-waving finale. It is taken at breakneck speed. Bergonzi is again the star with a series of inspired choruses.

A great release from one of the truly progressive musicians of jazz and a new inspired — and inspiring — group that must win him an enthusiastic young audience in his 60th year, something of which he must be justifiably proud. — KYM BONYTHON

NEWSBREAKS

Ol' Blue Eyes ain't about to go quietly . . . **Frank Sinatra** has released a triple album set that features a very cunning new concept in presentation. None of the material has been previously released, and each LP features a different producer/arranger. The first of the trilogy, produced by **Don Costa**, features old standards. The second is a collection of more modern '70s covers and the third, adventurously, is entirely new material collected especially for Sinatra.

Out now or very soon: albums by **Jon English** and **Pete Townsend** (whose last sans Who release was the enjoyable *Rough Mix*, with The Faces' **Ronnie Lane**), **Chaka Khan**, **Michael Franks**, **Chick Corea**, **Emmylou Harris** (strongly rumored to tour), **Spike Milligan** with **Harry Secombe** and **Peter Sellers** *(How To Win An Election)* and Player One (alias Aussie producer/engineers **Russell Dunlop and Bruce Brown**, who scored a national hit with their first single *Space Invaders).* **Mental As Anything**, whose *Get Wet* album has been released in England on Regular through Virgin, have a second set-up coming here. A mini-tour of England is on the cards around June, which may not delight guitarist **Reg Mombassa** as much as the rest — he's just become a father. *Cold Chisel* tie off the ends for their third LP, said to be more controversial than *Breakfast At Sweethearts.* One track, Star Hotel, is set around the famous Newcastle gig which closed in a riot.

The Radiators, whose **Feel The Heat** album was released recently boasting an R-rated single *(Fez's Song* b/w *Give Me Head)* given free with the first 5000 copies, had some fun in New York while they were mixing the set. While the band's **Brian Nichol** and **Jeff Turner** were getting their heads together with producer **Charles Fisher** at Atlantic Studios, a familiar face appeared at the door. **Mick Jagger** was looking for rolling papers. The boys came good and a cigarette was shared. So in return, Jagger provided front-table tickets to see **The Stones** the next night . . . but mixing duties stopped them going.

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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Whose shoes (page 162): Clive Richard shoes from Clive Richard stores in Double Bay, MLC Centre and the St James Centre, Sydney. Florsheim shoes from Florsheim shoe stores.

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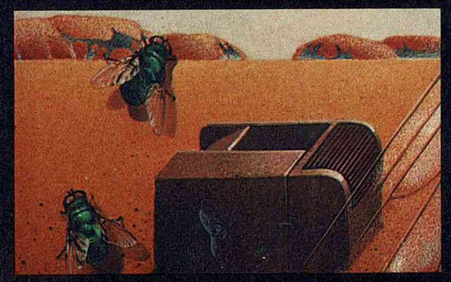

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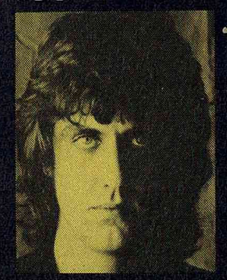

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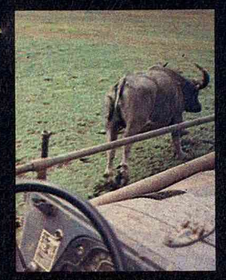

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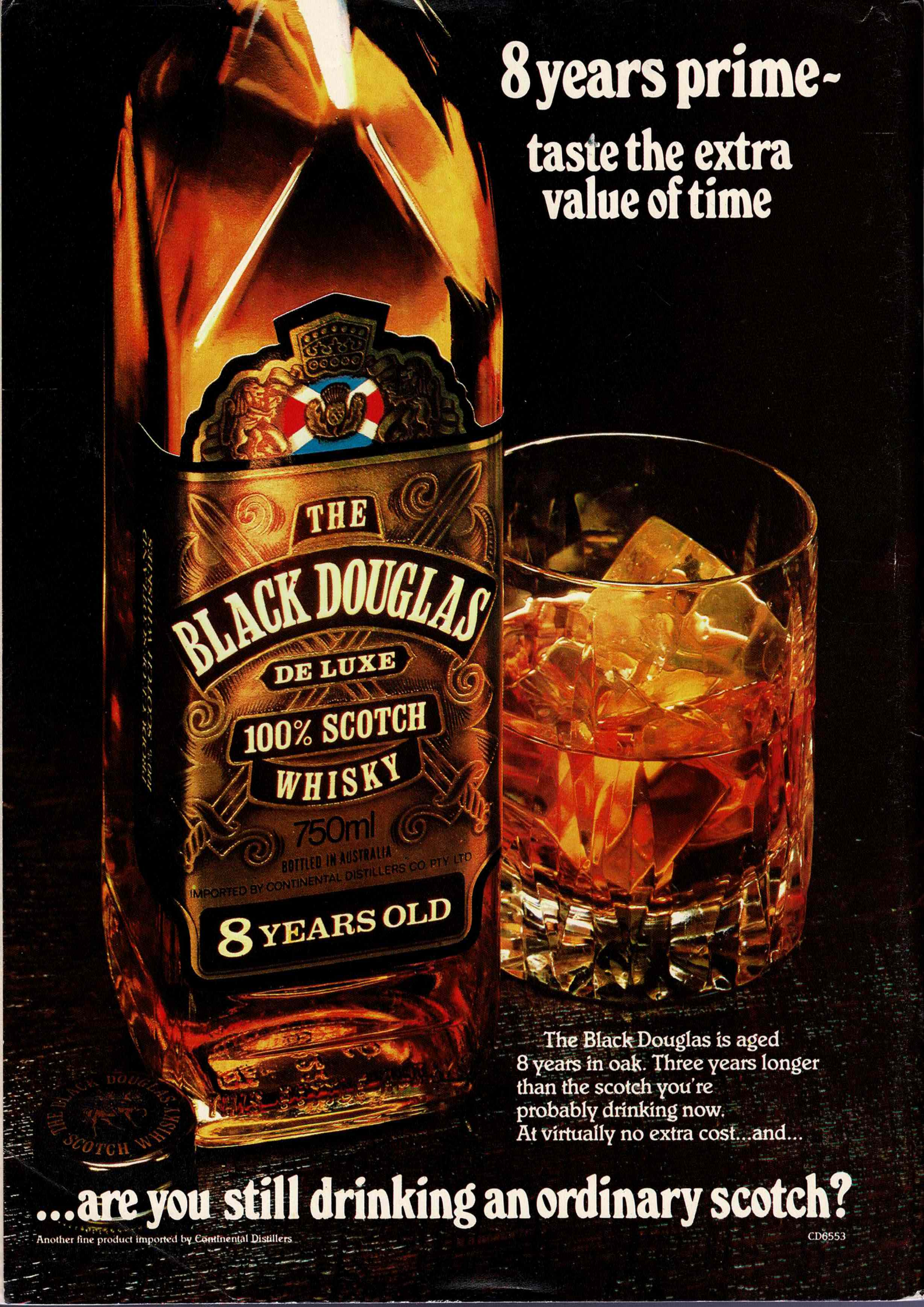

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